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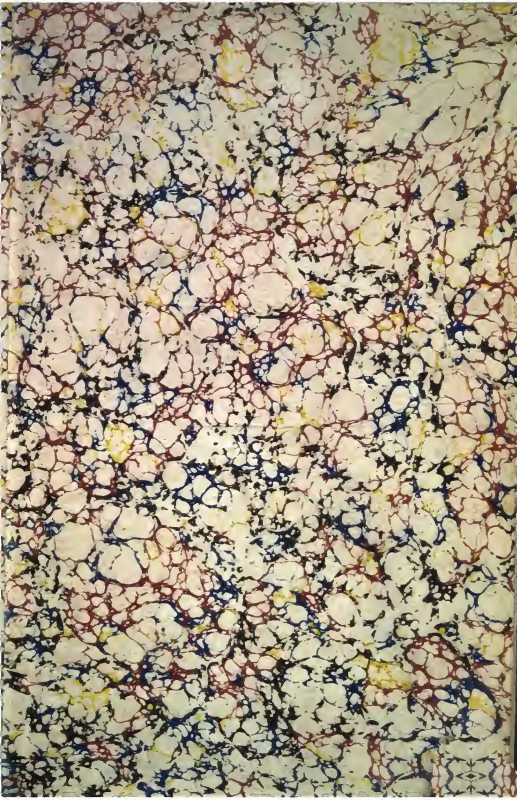
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RUINS
OF THE RHINE.





Il castello del

di A. Schuler del non accipio



RUINS

OF THE RHINE

THEIR

TIMES AND TRADITIONS

EDITED

BY CHARLES WHITE,

Author of *Almacks Revisited*, *Belgie Revolution*, etc., etc.

WITH

EIGHT ENGRAVINGS AFTER ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY PAINTERS
OF THE DUSSELDORF SCHOOL.

PARIS

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AIX-LA-CHAPELLE AND COLOGNE, LEWIS KOHNEN.

—
1838

A WORD

FROM THE EDITOR.

It is no ways intended to put forth the following collection of tales and traditions as original compositions. Independant of some being already known to the lovers of legendary lore, a few glances at the first pages will suffice to show not only that they are translations, but that the translators have endeavoured, as far as possible, to maintain the

quaintness and simplicity of the original German. They appear, indeed, to have sacrificed every other consideration to this point and I have thought it best to follow their example. Consequently, notwithstanding the romantic character of the ground work and the extensive field which it affords for embellishment and enlargement, my editorial labours have been confined to the transposition of a few sentences of the manuscript and to the ordinary correction of the press. In so doing I believe that I have best consulted the taste of the public and above all the wishes of my friend, the learned antiquarian and publicist D^r Alfred Reumont, who, with a few other contributors more or less distinguished in German literature, is the compiler of the “*Rheinlands Sagen*,” whence the “*Ruins of the Rhine*” have been converted into English.

Attached to a distant diplomatic mission *,

* His Prussian Majesty's legation at Rome, where D^r Reumont's researches into the history and antiquities of Italy have rendered his name as much respected amongst men of letters in that country as it is distinguished amongst the rising *Literati* of Germany.

and thence unable to attend in person to the production of a volume destined to be printed at Brussels, D^r Reumont was anxious to discover some friend who would superintend the publication. The M. S. were therefore forwarded to me, with a request that I would undertake this task and prefix my name as Editor. I have complied, as will be seen by the title page, not with any expectation of that name being of any service to the work, but in order to afford a proof of my regard and esteem for the author and his respectable publishers.

To introduce a volume so unpresuming by a laboured preface, would be as totally out of character, as it would be to usher in a repast of milk and herbs by a flourish of trumpets. — I shall therefore limit myself to the above explanation and merely add, that, although the “ Ruins of the Rhine ” may be inferior in poetic beauty and picturesque descriptions to the publications of Bulwer, Planché, Grattan and others who have trodden the same ground, they will be found to contain much graphic matter and to possess considerable legendary

interest, for those who either visit in detail or rapidly pass beneath those noble relics of chivalrous grandeur, whose true history is, for the most part, shrouded amidst the darkness of the middle ages.

Brussels, 10 June 1838.

ST. GERTRUDE'S PLEDGE.

When the holy St. Gertrude was a modest maiden of this world, the name of " Wellbeloved " was most justly bestowed upon her, for all who saw the beauteous girl, acknowledged the charms of her grace and loveliness.

Amongst the most devoted of her admirers was a knight of proud name and heroic deeds who abandoned himself so entirely to the fascinations of the young and gentle queen of his heart, that his mind was diverted from all other duties and occupations. So completely subjugated was he, that he might correctly have been compared to a lion

who suffers himself to be led by the hand of a child.

Gertrude was charitable even beyond all moderation. A virtue that had displayed itself in her earliest childhood, when the little maiden would frequently return from her excursions with no other vestment than her under garment; having bestowed all else that she possessed, upon the poor. In later years, when modesty forbade such a mode of proceeding, her boundless liberality often left her so destitute of money and jewels, that being unable to relieve the distress she witnessed, her days were past in tears. Upon one of these occasions, when she had been applied to by a poor woman whose husband laid dangerously ill, the aforementioned knight was present and modestly offered a jewel for the relief of the supplicant. Gertrude accepted it with eager gratitude, and hastening to the cottage of the afflicted, named the noble donor, and left the inmates overwhelmed with joy.

The readiness with which his gift had been received awakened delicious hopes in the bosom of the knight. A short time however sufficed to convince him, that benevolence and not earthly love was the motive for the maiden's promptitude in obliging him.

Nevertheless, the joy and gratitude, with which she accepted his offerings and hastened immediately with them to the relief of the distressed, afforded him so much happiness, that he unsparingly bestowed upon her the most rich and costly

gifts. These mutual acts of charity awakened in the heart of Gertrude a sincere friendship for the knight. Too artless however to think, that her beautiful form had raised a more ardent flame in the bosom of her friend, she attributed his benevolence to the same motives, which she was conscious actuated herself.

When the maiden had attained her eighteenth year, she communicated to the knight her resolution of retiring from the world to a cloister, and of devoting the rest of her life to the service of our Lord, and his beloved apostle St. John, for whom she entertained a special reverence. Gertrude's manner while making this vow was so pure and angelic, that the knight dared not express his profound sorrow at her resolution, but he nevertheless ventured to inquire if she had no desire to insure the happiness of a lover, and be blessed with the caresses of children. She replied with modest grace but without blushing, that she could never acknowledge an earthly lover; her affections being devoted to St. John, and that she already possessed children as innumerable as the sand upon the sea-shore, — for the poor and afflicted were all her children. The knight feeling that he had no chance of success against such rivals, continued silent, and by a vigorous effort, regained his self-possession.

At length the evil hour arrived and he saw Gertrude depart from the castle of her ancestors to embrace the solitude of a cloister. His sole

happiness now consisted in frequently visiting the beloved maiden, which was not forbidden by the mild rules of the order, and in presenting rich offerings not to her, for that was no longer allowed, but to her convent. Gertrude always rejoiced at these visits and the name of her friend daily ascended to the throne of heaven mingled with her pious orisons. At the same time the noble donor felt in his conscience, that his gifts were less intended to benefit the afflicted, than to afford satisfaction to the adored maiden, whose gratitude gladdened his heart. But alas! the blessing of increase was not destined to shine upon his worldly goods. The stream of his riches rapidly diminished, and ere long, the last drop flowed into Gertrude's convent.

Gloomy despondency oppressed the knight's soul upon this discovery, for he now dreaded, lest he should no longer merit the smile of the beautiful devotee. Saddling one morning his war-horse, he spurred wildly and despairingly over the neighbouring heath reflecting the while, how he might procure the means of preserving Gertrude's favor.

Suddenly, he was roused from his anxious meditation by his horse, starting at the sight of a dark and shadowy thorn-bush. As the gallant animal stood snorting and pawing the earth, a cloven-footed huntsman, arrayed in green, his bonnet surmounted by a cocks feather, issued from beneath the shade and appeared before the knight,

whom he saluted and then courteously entered into conversation.

Indeed, ere many minutes had elapsed the wily huntsman made such progress in the knight's friendship, that he became the confidant of all his sorrows. Having ascertained this, the former suddenly exclaimed : " Cheer up, sir knight, I have a remedy for all thy cares. The treasures of these mountains are mine. There is no miner, who can dig so deep. Behold this parchment—sign it with thy blood, and during seven years thou shalt possess all thy heart coveteth. "

Regardless of his soul's salvation and only thinking of Gertrude's smile, the knight quickly bared his sinewy arm, and with his dagger's point opened a vein. Then taking the cocks feather from the bonnet of the cloven-footed tempter, he signed the parchment with his blood, and having thus abandoned himself to Satan, galloped homewards.

His coffers were now constantly filled with gold, which he expended in costly presents to Gertrude's cloister. Never however did he employ the smallest portion of these dangerous treasures for his own necessities, but lived a life of simplicity and austere self-denial. Months, years, rolled on and Gertrude became Abbess.

At length the fatal day, destined to terminate the career of the poor man's protector arrived. With a sorrowful heart the knight resolved once more to visit his beloved, and at midnight to de-

liver himself up to his infernal purchaser. Having passed some time together he rose to depart and informed her, that he was about to proceed upon a journey and should not again see her for many years. "The Lord's will be done!" replied the pious maiden, "but there is one request which thou must not refuse me." He bowed assent and she continued: "Pledge me thy troth and remembrance, ere thou biddest me adieu. — For I would not have thee forget me, when thou art far away. Drink, I beseech thee, the wine in this goblet is consecrated to my Saint, it will preserve thee from all evil!"

With contrite heart the knight took the cup and drank to Gertrude's remembrance. Then bestriding he dashed his spurs into the flanks of his horse, and galloped towards the heath, where he had sworn to encounter the destroyer. His heart quailed when from afar he now saw the green huntsman, with scroll in hand, standing beside the dreary thorn-bush. Upon this he drew up his rein and rode slowly onwards, his mind occupied with Gertrude's image.

Having nearly reached the spot, the knight was surprised to see the huntsman spring suddenly backwards, and cast away the parchment — wrathfully exclaiming: "There — there — take back thy contract. See! See! she sits behind thee in holy splendour and shields thee from me."

The knight upon this looked around, the hunts-

man had vanished, and nought remained upon the barren plain, but the scorched and rumpled parchment — Having recovered from his astonishment he joyfully sped homeward, where he found all his treasure untouched within his coffers. Gertrude's pledge had hallowed the gold and rescued the knight from the power of the Demon.

THE SWAN-TOWER.

At the period of our story the town of Nym-
engen, in the Netherlands, presented a scene of
unusual bustle and activity. Knights and squires
rode to and fro. Horsemen and yeomen paraded
the streets in their armour and rich costumes.
The windows of the lofty, pointed-roofed houses
were filled all day long with gentle dames and
gallant cavaliers, so that the numerous strangers,
who arrived from all sides, could with difficulty
find lodging for themselves and their followers,
or stabling for their horses.

The cause of this unwonted gathering was this.

King Charles had come to Nymegen to hear the complaint of the Duchess of Brabant against her brother-in-law, and, if possible, to bring their dispute to an amicable termination. The matter between the litigants stood thus. Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon and Brabant, on account of his approved wisdom and valour, had been chosen by the crusaders for their leader in the expedition to the Holy land. By the conquest of Jerusalem and the deliverance of the holy sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels, he had rendered himself the most renowned of all the Christian heroes in Palestine, where he died without male issue. He directed however in his will, which was acknowledged by his vassals, that his states should remain under the government of the Duchess and her daughter. This disposition was however not respected by Godfrey's brother, the powerful duke of Saxony, who founded his claims upon the Salic law, which excludes women from succession. He therefore made himself master of the country, over which his brother had ruled, paying no attention to the representations or remonstrances of the widow and orphan, who determined at length to apply to the king himself for redress.

The duke of Saxony had also come to Nymegen to answer the charges adduced against him. Most of the persons present secretly favoured the widowed Duchess and her beautiful daughter, Beatrice, out of a natural sympathy for the afflicted

princesses ; but they despaired of the good success of their cause.

The trial was about to commence, when it was suddenly interrupted by a loud and continued shout, which seemed to proceed from the banks of the Rhine. The King went to the window to ascertain the cause of the tumult and perceived a snowwhite swan swimming up the stream, and drawing after him, by a silver chain, a small boat in which lay a knight asleep, with his head resting upon his shield, and his helmet, gorget and hauberk of mail by his side. The swan piloted this heavy burthen skilfully through the flood and against the stream — for the boat had neither sail or mast. Charles and the whole court were amazed beyond measure at the strange sight, and as the little vessel approached the strand, the complaint of the Princesses was forgotten, and all hastened down to the bank of the river, where the people stood in dense crowds, beholding the miracle, with many an exclamation of astonishment. In the mean time the knight awoke, girded on his armour and stepped upon the shore. The king received him courteously and taking him by the hand, led him to the castle. The knight then turned to the bird, which accompanied him, and dismissed him with these words : “ Fly home again, my dear swan ; if I ever require your service in future, I will call you, and you will return to me faithfully. ” No sooner did the swan hear this, than he flapped

his dazzling white wings, and in a few moments disappeared with the boat from before the eyes of the astonished spectators. All looked with curiosity upon the strange knight, and whispered to one another as they went; for the adventure seemed so very mysterious, that it afforded them ample scope for speculation.

Charles returned to the lofty hall, and having taken his seat as before, commanded the disputants to adduce the arguments, upon which they founded their claims. In the mean time he directed that the stranger, whose arrival had interrupted the trial, should be conducted to a place of honor amongst the other princes and nobles.

On the one hand the Duchess of Brabant, with her daughter Beatrice at her side, stated her case and appealed to the decree of the late Duke, which had been approved by all his vassals. On the other the Duke of Saxony referred to the universally observed custom and the existing laws, for a confirmation of his title and to justify his occupation of his brother's territory. Seeing, however, that the king delayed to pronounce sentence, uncertain which way to decide, he offered to maintain his right with the sword, and demanded that the Duchess should find a champion to defend her cause.

Charles willingly gave his consent to this proposal, for in fact he found himself thereby extricated from an awkward dilemma, as the decision was thus made dependent upon the fate of arms. The Duchess on

the contrary was greatly alarmed : for the Duke of Saxony was a valiant warrior, and a very giant in stature, so that no one dared to oppose him. In vain her eyes wandered through the circle of knights : they met indeed with compassionate looks, but they found no one who would venture to enter the lists in her behalf. Beatrice seeing this shed tears and thus addressed the bystanders :

“ Alas ! must our opponent triumph, because not a single knight will raise his arm in our cause ! ” Upon this the youth who had been drawn to land by the swan, presented himself before the king, and declared himself to be the princesses’ champion.

Many who heard this assertion felt relieved as it were of a heavy burden, although they feared that the stranger, would be no match for the Duke either in strength or address. The princesses who despaired of the successful issue of the affair, shewed their gratitude nevertheless by their looks. The spot fixed upon for the combat, was the open space before the royal palace ; thither the Duke and the knight of the Swan returned with their visors down, after having retired to equip themselves. An innumerable concourse of people surrounded the nobles and yeomen of the guard, who could with difficulty keep them back. The contest was long and obstinate ; for both combatants wielded their weapons with admirable force and dexterity. At length the Duke received a terrific blow upon his helmet, staggered, and after a few instants sunk to

the ground. On raising his visor, they found that life had fled.

The victor was greeted with the loudest acclamations of joy. Even the king left his elevated seat, to lead him into the presence of the Princesses, who had awaited the issue with intense anxiety, and now received their deliverer with the most heartfelt expressions of gratitude. Charles instantly awarded to the Duchess the sovereignty of her husbands states, there being no other competitor to contest her right. When all the assembly had dispersed, after having congratulated the illustrious ladies on the fortunate issue of the combat, the stranger gladly accepted the Duchesses invitation to accompany her on her return to Cleves, where she usually resided.

The knight of the Swan, who was known by no other name, passed his days happily at the castle of Cleves. The people received him with cheers, wherever he appeared, for they loved the Duchess, and looked upon him as her deliverer. The beautiful Beatrice soon confessed by her looks, that she entertained stronger sentiments towards him, than those of gratitude. Her mother saw with joy their mutual attachment, for she knew now that she could present her people with a brave and noble-minded sovereign, as a compensation for the loss of her valiant and beloved consort. After a short time, Beatrice became the happy bride of the knight, but he did not place the ring on her finger, until she had given him a solemn assurance, that she would

upon no account make any inquiries respecting his country or family : “ If thou dost , said he , I shall be irretrievably lost to thee , for my fate depends upon that question . ”

Year after year passed away . The country was tranquil and happy , for the knight ruled it with firmness and moderation , and the fame of his valour and wisdom preserved his dominions from all hostile aggressions . Beatrice was the mother of two boys , who bade fair to resemble their noble father . Often however in her hours of solitude , had she wondered in her mind what motives could possibly induce him to conceal his descent . More than once was the question on the point of escaping from her lips , but she was restrained by fear , as well as by her promise . But when a long time had elapsed , and she could no longer bear to remain in ignorance as to the origin of her children’s father , she one night asked the forbidden question . The knight full of sorrow and dismay thus mournfully replied : “ O Beatrice , thou hast , thyself , given the death-blow to our happiness . I must depart hence ; as I stated upon our wedding day ; nothing can longer detain me here . ”

The next morning found the whole ducal castle in commotion . The Princess was overwhelmed with grief , whilst her husband wandered silent and melancholy through the spacious apartments , to bid a last farewell to the spot which had so long witnessed his happiness . When the sun was already

high in the heaven, a swan was seen sailing majestically up the river, drawing after him a little bark. The knight having put on the same suit of armour in which he had entered the town of Nymegen on the eventful day of trial, he ordered his two children to be brought to him and kissed them. Then clasping the afflicted mother once more in his arms, he hastened to the square contiguous to the Rhine. The swan had swum to the bank and seemed to await his arrival there. All the inhabitants of the town had collected together, and fell at the feet of their Lord, earnestly entreating him not to forsake them: but, alas! the accomplishment of their wishes was not dependent upon his will. The knight addressed a few parting words to the assembled people, thanking them for their affection and loyalty, and gave them his blessing. He then stepped into the boat, cast a last fond glance at the castle and the multitude who were witnessing his departure with heavy hearts, and floated down the Rhine, never to return.

At first the whole occurrence seemed to Beatrice like a dream. Alas! she soon became conscious of its melancholy reality and rejected all consolation, whilst her mother, the old Duchess found the evening of her days embittered by seeing her beloved daughter fade away in the spring of life and the zenith of her beauty. She was often observed to sit all day long upon the lofty terrace of the castle, overwhelmed with grief and remorse, her head resting upon her

hand, looking wistfully in the direction in which her noble consort had disappeared from her sight. At times when a white sail appeared in the distance, her heart would beat high, with the hope that he might return; but her sighs and hopes were vain. Many months had not thus passed away, ere her aged mother and loving subjects had to bewail a double loss. The lovely and inconsolable Beatrice soon fell a prey to grief and despair.

The good old Duchess though alone in her desolate castle, brought up her grand children in piety and noble sentiments. From them descended many illustrious families. Those of Geldern and Cleves, with the counts of Rheineck and other Renish nobles still bear the swan in their escutcheon, in remembrance of their origin. Although the castle of Cleves has long lost its last Lord of that lineage, its lofty battlements are still adorned with the figure of the swan, which seems to overlook the stream and country far and wide. To this day the memory of Beatrice and the unknown knight is coupled with the Swan-tower.

THE SOLINGEN BLADE.

It was the dawn of Christmas-day in the year 1561. The morning-star still glittered brightly in the clear heavens; the church-bells of Solingen chimed forth a merry peal, the lights burned upon the altar, whilst the inspiring tones of the organ, mingled with the voices of the peasants, who poured forth their heartfelt thankgivings, in commemoration of the birth of our Lord and Saviour. The voices still echoed through the cloisters, when a maiden hastily issued from beneath the church porch. Anxiously listening and looking round, she rapidly descended the steps of the sacred edifice into the church-yard,

where she remained with her head reclined on her bosom, apparently listening to the chant of the choristers and the thrilling melody of the organ. Presently, however, she lifted up her eyes towards heaven, and praying spoke thus : " Thou knowest, oh Almighty God, that my mother, on her death-bed, placed my hand in that of Severin, and with faltering voice said, "Cling, my child, to it both in sorrow and in joy. A secret foreboding tells me that you are made for each other. Should misfortune assail thee, submit with patience, for the afflictions of your hearts will serve but to indear thee the more fondly to each other. " Alas ! father in heaven, grief and misery have now befallen me, enable me then, I beseech thee, to do as my mother commanded. "

" Martha, dearest Martha, " whispered a voice from behind the old yew trees, whose gnarled and snow-covered branches stretched over the church walls like the marrowless arms of ghosts. " Is it thou, Severin ? " demanded the maiden. " Yes, I await thee at thy mother's grave ! " was the answer. " I come, replied Martha, may the Lord forgive me the sin of leaving his church, to hear from thee, the result of my father's decision. " Upon this she approached her mother's grave, on which the cross and the faded wreath of flowers, waved in the wind, and Severin thus began : " Dearest Martha, do not reproach thyself, for listening to me. The almighty Father protects all, who are not guilty of evil. Surely he would not prevent thee from speaking to me for the last time ? " " For the last

time!" said Martha trembling violently: "What, art thou going away?" "Listen," replied he; whilst poor Martha struggled to conceal her emotion. "I thought it better not to disturb thy father, early last night, but to wait until the windows were illumined, with the lights suspended to the Christmas trees, as I then hoped to find thee with him; but Hedwig told me he was still in his workshop, occupied in finishing a suit of armour, and that he appeared unusually irritated, when any one disturbed him. However, having promised thee to speak to him, I mustered courage and went in. He received me with angry looks, inquiring what I wanted. "Master," said I: "I have not served you, as long as I could wish, — but what matters that, grant me your blessing, and say: I give thee Martha, — thou shalt be my son in law." I should have continued speaking, but he closed my mouth by uttering the most fearful *No!* — that man could hear. Seeing me overwhelmed with grief, he added that I was an industrious workman, and an honest apprentice, but that he disapproved of my intimacy with his daughter, and my connection with the Calvinists. "Have I not often told thee so?" exclaimed Martha. Severin shook his head, and replied: "My sole motive for associating with the Geneva armourer is, because he imports new models from his native town. I shut my ears but open my eyes, for, rely upon it, I will live and die a good catholic; thus I answered thy father. He heard me attentively, and for a short time appeared to be combating with

his feelings. — At length he sighed heavily and said : “Thou art in troth an expert workman, but thy labour is of no use to me.”

This astonished and irritated me, and I therefore answered : “If my happiness depends upon the anvil, try my skill, Master, it is not inferior to yours.” He smiled contemptuously and replied : “Well then — know in one word that I am a ruined man. Notwithstanding the most expensive researches and experiments, I have failed to discover the secret to make Damascus blades. My only remaining hope is my daughter — she is beautiful — by her means I may obtain a rich son in law, whose money will probably melt, as well as mine, for I would sooner ruin fifty sons in law than not discover the precious secret.” After these words he turned his head and stamped on the ground — I stood thoughtful and undecided. God or the devil then tempted me, for I said to my Master, that, if he would give me thy hand, I would soon satisfy him. With a heart full of hope and happiness I added that I would forthwith proceed to Damascus, and remain there as apprentice until I had learned the art from the Turks, and that I would then return and claim thee as my wife. He smiled and said : “Go to Damascus! For a year I will keep Martha for thee. If by that time thou hast not broken thy word I will fulfill mine ;—as to my daughter, thou need est feel little anxiety for her. Now begone — and prepare for thy journey.” I then left him, and flew to communicate the result of our interview to

thee." Martha listened to Severin, with sorrow and despair. At length she took his hand and exclaimed: "And wilt thou really attempt so wild a scheme?" "Yes, and that instantly," answered Severin tenderly pressing her tiny hand, "See, here is my knapsack, within a few moments I shall set out on my pilgrimage to Damascus. — Farewell, dearest Martha — think on me, and pray God that he will assist me in my enterprise. Should I not return" — Here his voice faltered, and he paused. — The silence was soon broken, however, by the following words — "May God bless, and speedily unite thee." In an instant more an old man, with silver-white hair and beard, dressed in a black ridingdress, stepped from behind a tombstone and joined the hands of the two lovers. Martha shuddering with fright laid her face on Severin's shoulder, trembling like the cypress leaves agitated by the winter's blast.

"Tremble not for me, maiden," said the stranger. — "Ill dost thou interpret my words and looks, if thou thinkest I would do thee harm. Evil is far from my thoughts. No, young man, my desire is to help thee! On St. Sylvesters night, when, God be praised, we shall be one year nearer to eternity — towards midnight, when darkness shrouds the world, repair to yonder wood; proceed until you discover lights burning in a tower; call then upon the name of Johannes — the door will open, and your journey to Damascus will be unnecessary."

Severin after gazing attentively at the stranger, who

appeared through the mist of the morning, like some unearthly spirit, exclaimed : “ Are you an armourer, Friend? ” “ An armourer ! ” answered the other, “ Yes that I am, but alas ! my whole life has been passed in sharpening arms against myself. I feel their points rankling in my heart, and would fain help thee, in the hope, that a good action may one day be rewarded. Come ! ” — “ Excuse me, Sir, ” — replied Severin hesitating. The stranger however quickly interrupted him saying. “ Fool ! then let it be so ! ” — but striking his forehead violently, he instantly continued : “ No ! leave her not—part not thus from the object of your affection ; the goal you seek is distant ; and man’s life is transient. If thou wouldst ensure thy happiness, have courage and come at the appointed hour. ” The stranger now took his leave, and Severin with a loud voice exclaimed : “ I come ! ” — “ What hast thou done ? ” said Martha terrified. — Severin answered : “ Nothing, I trust, against the commandments of that God, who watches over us, when in danger. ”

The bells now tolled and the pious crowd issued from the church, so Martha approached nearer to her lover and said : “ I must speak with thee oncemore ere thou fulfillest thy engagement. ” But, ere she could utter another word, Hedwig, her old nurse, made her appearance in the cemetery. Fearing to be detected with her lover she hastily joined the old woman and left Severin to return to his humble lodging.

A thousand conflicting sentiments agitated the heart

of the latter when he rose upon the following morning. Dissatisfied with himself, he avoided his calvinist friend, the Geneva armourer, and proceeded to the church, where he sought relief in prayer and was enabled to exchange a few words with Martha who earnestly dissuaded him from his purpose, but he remained immovable. The Sylvester festival at length arrived. On the eve of that day, as the clock from the church tower tolled the ninth hour — Severin seized his crucifix and stole towards Martha's abode. But although he heard his old master's voice in conversation with his beloved, still nobody was visible — so with a throbbing heart he hastened from the spot and rushed out of the town. — It was a mild winter's night; the earth, slightly covered with snow, as if it had decked itself out in bridal array to receive the new year, and the stars twinkling in the dark blue firmament, inspired the poor adventurer with hope and confidence. Severin's first thought was to implore the aid of God and his patron Saint. Then, with throbbing heart and agitated mind he searched through the forest until at last he saw the tower before him, to discover which he had vainly attempted during the day time. Scarcely daring to breathe he stood gazing on the torch, whose lurid flame flickered through a narrow casement—and his tongue failed him, as he endeavoured to call upon — Johannes. Recovering himself at last, he laid his crucifix upon the threshold, and with a loud voice pronounced the magic name. At length the door

opened, and disclosed a dimly lighted chamber, in which he perceived the stranger, whom he had met in the church-yard, attired in the same garb as the last time, but with this difference that his white head was now bare, and he held a ponderous iron clasped book under his arm. Near him, was an anvil with divers tools and implements necessary for the use of an armourer. "Enter," said the old man sternly, "and let us proceed to work forthwith, no time must be lost." Severin hesitated a while, but quickly summoning resolution he complied, exclaiming at the same time: "Sir, I am come that you should not think ill of or accuse me of cowardice. But, rely on it, I will not purchase endless happiness at the price of sin. — Speak then, will you assist me with God's help or that of?" — He could not say more, for the old man interrupted him with a short and fearful laugh. Then arranging his tools, he roared out: "What! are you one of those fools who mistake knowledge and science for the fiery works of Satan? In our miserable planet wisdom is truly of little use; but the time will come when darkness will be dispelled, and the difficulties, which obstruct the road to knowledge, will be removed."

"Strike lustily therefore, friend, on that bar of iron; and call upon one of your Saints at every stroke, if that is your fancy. — What! do you hesitate when the road to happiness is open to you? Work away in whose name you will, t'is all one to me."

The old man then seized a bar of iron, and thrust it

into the mass of burning coals on the hearth. The flames roared and sparkled, and before the dawn of day the astonished apprentice, who carefully followed the mysterious strangers instructions, drew from out the furnace one of the finest tempered Damascus blades, he ever beheld. "Will you try your hand once more?" asked the old man. "No, master," replied Severin; "when I have once had a lesson, my memory never fails me. But what must I say? Who is my benefactor? To whom do I owe my knowledge?"

"To whom!" replied the other—"why to him who is the terror of fools and silly children. To a being hateful to himself, because he has nothing left to learn or love. My name is John Faust. — Tremble not! men number me since long with the dead — too early and yet too late. But, begone — in God's name, and think only of me, when you require my assistance." Thus speaking, he struck his staff into the flames, whence arose such clouds of smoke and vapour that they drove Severin senseless into the open air. When he recovered he fancied that he was awaking from a fearful dream, but the bright blade, which he held in his hand, proved to him the reality of his strange adventure.

The morning was already far advanced, ere he reached Solingen, where he found Martha pale and dejected in her father's chamber. With a countenance beaming with joy, Severin recited his adventure, and presented the sword to his master, assuring him, that he could easily make a thousand similar to it.

The master took the blade and examined it, while anger and envy were alternately depicted on his countenance. At last he exclaimed: "What! have I spent the best part of my life in useless researches after a secret, which has been made known to thee, by an accursed demon. Hast thou discovered without trouble, that which has ruined and reduced me to premature old age? What! has that knowledge which has deprived me of sleep, come to thee as in a dream? Must the master stand gaping before his servant like an ignorant fool?" Martha and Severin endeavoured to calm him, in the mildest and most affectionate terms, but he only waxed more angry: "You promised to proceed to Damascus, and you have not done so," said the old curmudgeon after a pause. "My engagement is therefore cancelled, but I will hold to it, nevertheless, on one condition. I can support the idea of having failed in my object, but I will never permit such swords to be made by another man. Until my eyes are closed no one shall know the secret; nay your sons alone shall learn the art and obtain the glory of this discovery. Will you swear to comply?" "I will!" said Severin, and presented his hand to Martha.

Severin kept his oath. Often in the hour of necessity, he might have benefitted richly by disclosing his secret, but he continued labouring at his anvil gaining his bread, by the sweat of his brow. Nay, when Martha, after the death of her father, advised him to get himself released from his oath, in the holy city, he

shook his head and worked the more cheerfully, conscious of having resisted temptation. In the mean while his eldest son, named Peter after his grand-father, grew up rapidly. When old enough, he learned the trade by which Severin had earned an honest livelihood. This son was the prop of his aged parents and at their death became possessor of their secret. According to history, his name was Peter Simmelpuss (Severin's family name) and he is regarded as the first inventor of Damascus blades in Germany. Of the old tower, on the Wupper, Severin never beheld a single vestige after his meeting with Faust, nor has any other person been more successful.

ALTENBERG CLOISTER.

Upon the summit of a lofty eminence near the river Dhün, where formerly stood the feudal fortress of Berg, whose lordly towers overlooked the neighbouring castle of Brauweiler, now stand the decayed ruins of a cloister surrounded by a group of venerable oaks and beech trees.

It was in the autumn of the year 1100, that the old walls of this castle resounded with accents of general rejoicing. Its noble and kind-hearted Proprietor, Count Albert, designated by his vassals " the Mountain-Lord " had hitherto been a prey to disappointment and violent grief; but he now sat with a smi-

ling countenance beside the couch of his consort, the beautiful Margaret, Countess of Kefernberg, who having accompanied him from Thuringen to the banks of the Dhün, had this day presented him with two lovely boys, after eight years childless marriage. The happy father alternately rocked the infants upon his knee and pressed them to his heart, and it seemed as though, the remembrance of past sorrows would henceforth be effaced by the delights of paternal enjoyment and domestic happiness. Tradition states that the Count's grief arose from the following circumstance. His father, a noble knight, had in early youth wooed and won a beauteous maiden, Adela of Lorraine, and after several years of connubial felicity, had likewise rejoiced in the birth of twins. But scarcely had the young Countess recovered from her confinement, ere a treacherous friend raised suspicions of her fidelity in the mind of her husband. Impelled by groundless jealousy, the deceived, though noble minded man, caused the unfortunate Adela to be beheaded, whilst her infants were abandoned beneath the walls of the castle, to the fury of the elements and to the savage beasts of the forest.

The unfortunate Adela who had resigned her modest neck without a murmur, to the headsman, had nevertheless lifted up her voice to heaven, and in her last moments earnestly supplicated that the Almighty would vindicate her innocence, for the sake of her boys.

As soon as the dreadful and unjust sentence had

been carried into execution, her husband caused the corpse to be unceremoniously buried, in the most solitary part of the neighbouring forest, and upon his hunting excursions, carefully avoided passing the place of death. Returning late, however, one evening to the castle, the Count entered a path, with which he was unacquainted, and ere long found himself upon the border of a desolate and unknown tract of country. Surprised at this, for he knew of no such wilderness, he reined up his horse, and with astonished eyes, gazed upon the marvel, that presented itself to his sight.

In the midst of a barren inclosure, formed by rugged rocks and precipitous cliffs, there appeared a couch of the richest verdure representing the perfect form of his once lovely wife, and upon the spot, for such it was, where the gentle heart of the beautiful martyr had ceased to throb, bloomed a lily, from amidst whose golden petals there issued a concert of harmonious sounds, soft and enchanting as the voices of a thousand nightingales. For a while the Count stood motionless, alternately gazing upon the wondrous sight and listening to the entrancing sounds, which thrilled with awful emotion through his veins. Suddenly however, he turned pale, his lips quivered and he smote his anguished breast. A ray from heaven penetrated his heart. The conviction of the martyred Adela's innocence and of her cruel, and unjust death flashed across his mind. With a contrite heart and tearful eye he sprung from his saddle

and prostrating himself beside the flowery tomb, kissed the ground. Having given way for a few moments to the pangs of sorrow and repentance, he again raised his head and sought once more to catch the heavenly sounds — but the flower and tomb had disappeared. Overwhelmed with mingled grief and awe, he tore himself from the melancholy spot and soon reached the castle, where he gave orders for the instant removal of the unfortunate Countess's remains to the vault of her ancestors, where she was interred with the greatest pomp.

His next care was to adopt every possible means for the discovery of the children, though his repentant soul trembled lest the poor victims should have fallen a prey to wild beasts, or have perished from the severity of the weather and the effects of hunger. All his efforts however were fruitless.

Four years employed by him in the severest mortifications of the body and in the strictest piety and repentance had rolled heavily and sorrowfully away, when, as he sat one day near the tomb of his wife, lamenting his cruelty and rashness, and bewailing his childless and unhappy fate, a favoured vassal demanded an audience. This request was instantly granted and no sooner did the latter enter, than the Count started with joyful surprise and gratitude to heaven, for the man bore upon each arm a lovely boy; one of whom looked up to the knight with the soft dark orbs of his sainted Adela, the other with his own bright blue eye. When he had somewhat recovered from

his emotion, the serf stated that being on his return from a journey into Swabia, he had discovered the two children, amidst a band of wild Bohemians. Being attracted by their beauty, he had made inquiry as to their origin and quickly ascertained that they had been found, five years before, in a basket near the walls of Berg. To rescue them from the clutches of the freebooters was his first care — to hasten with them to the feet of his Lord his next.

The Count listened to this recital, with feelings of mingled joy and astonishment. Being satisfied from particular marks, which distinguished the children, that they were those he sought, he richly rewarded his vassal, and received this token of divine forgiveness, with the utmost gratitude and contrition. Henceforth his whole time was devoted to the education of his two sons, who were reared with the most careful solicitude. He moreover taught their infant lips to lisp the following pathetic prayer, which proved his deep repentance and humility. — “Listen to us, o Lord, and pardon our cruel father, who caused our innocent mother to be barbarously and unjustly executed!” At first the children mechanically repeated these words, unconscious of their import, but at a more advanced age, when their mother’s miserable fate was disclosed to them, and they were able to comprehend the enormity of her cruel murder, their young hearts recoiled in horror from their father, to unite more tenderly one with the other.

To the painful circumstances attending their birth, doubtless was to be attributed the deep melancholy, which constantly pervaded their youthful minds. In fact so profound was this impression that Bruno, the younger, early embraced a religious life, while Adolph, the elder, though highly accomplished, and excelling in every knightly exercise, evinced no relish for the pleasures or gallantries of his age.

Their father having died however, shortly after they attained their majority, Adolph soon engaged in the war then raging in Thuringen, where he saw and won the heart of the beautiful Margaret of Kefernberg.

The love which united this young and noble pair, though deep and devoted, was of a more melancholy character, than the gay and buoyant passion, that usually inflames the bosom of youth. For it was not until the end of eight years, that the birth of the beautiful twins appeared to crown, though in reality it destroyed the happiness of their parents.

The Countess after giving birth to her infants declined rapidly in health and in a few days closed her eyes for ever upon the joys and sorrows of this world.

The Count, disconsolate and overwhelmed with grief, confided his children to the care of their uncle Bruno, and having soon fallen a victim to the melancholy that preyed upon his heart, for the loss of his wife, ere twelve months had elapsed he was laid by her side, in the grave. The mutual affection of the young

Adolph and Everard rivalled that which their father and uncle had entertained for each other. Neither knew a joy, or sorrow, that was not participated in by the other. Their gentle and amiable dispositions were linked in a bond of holy fellowship, which seemed to be the result of heavenly inspiration. In the mean time, their chivalrous valour, their skill in the use of arms, their courtly gallantry, liberality, and piety, proved them to be worthy sons of that glorious Rhine-land, which is so highly favoured by the Almighty, that it seldom produces other than valiant and illustrious children. From early infancy the brothers had resolved never to separate, but this resolution was soon fated to be broken. Soon after they had celebrated the anniversary of their twentieth year, they received an invitation from the Count of Cleves to assist at the approaching nuptials of his eldest daughter, Gisela, with their cousin Count Sieghardt of Kefernberg.

Rejoicing at the prospect of amusement thus offered to them, Adolph and Everard set forth, attended by a gallant train of knights and men at arms, and on arriving at the Castle of Cleves were warmly welcomed by their illustrious host, who forthwith conducted them to the apartments of his countess. Upon entering they started with admiration, and well they might, for, by the aged Matrons side stood her two young and lovely daughters — twin stars glowing with equal, though different lustre.

“Heaven grant,” whispered Adolph to his brother,

“that the beauteous maiden on the left, be not the bride.”

“And heaven grant,” rejoined Everard, “that it be not the one on the right.” But, alas! it was the betrothed Gisela, who stood upon the right of the Countess. Thus the first step of the youthful Everard amidst the flowery bowers of love, caused the destruction of all his hopes: whilst the wonted smiles and joyful expression that had hitherto beamed on the lovely features of the maiden, also disappeared in a few days. The truth is, both hearts had been pierced by the same shaft; both were doomed to the same torture.

Whether Everard and Gisela had an opportunity of explaining their mutual passion remains a mystery. A lapse of seven hundred years has left us no record of such a circumstance. Suffice it to say that in less than three weeks after the arrival of the brothers at Cleves, the nuptials of Count Sieghardt and Gisela were duly solemnized, and a few months later, Ada, the young sister, was led a smiling bride to the castle of Neuenburg, by the happy and enamoured Adolph. Everard’s blighted affection now centered entirely in his brother; but fearful of intruding upon the felicity he witnessed, he retired to the neighbouring fortress of Berg, presented to him, by the generous Adolph who took up his own residence at the castle of Neuenburg upon the banks of the Wupper. Nevertheless, the brothers met daily and separated only at night, when they retired to

rest, either to dwell with grateful remembrance upon the hours thus passed, or to anticipate with joyful presentiment the coming sunrise, which would again unite them. The vicinity of their castles presented every facility to their constant intercourse. Indeed the echo of their horns, as they saluted each other, across the dew clad hills, was wont to be heard at early dawn, resounding from the lofty turrets of their respective abodes. These signals, indicated the hour of their meeting at home, or their place of rendezvous, when they joined in the noble pleasures of the chase. In short their unprecedented fraternal affection became, and has since continued proverbial throughout the land. Unequalled for valour, they were no less renowned for wit and learning, their education having been carefully superintended by their Uncle the Archbishop of Cologne, who spared no pains to cultivate their minds. Of the two, Adolph was perhaps the most bold and chivalrous, whilst Everard was the most pious and learned. Indeed the latter rarely quitted his retirement in the lovely valley of the Duhn, where he lived far from the world's tumults and vanities, devoting himself with constant ardour to the pursuit of knowledge.

This life of solitude and study had continued for some years, uninterrupted by any other distractions than the visits of his brother, or the occasional diversions of the chase, when a feud unfortunately broke out between Walram Count of Limbourg, and Godfrey Duke of Brabant. Adolph and Everard, being

united by early ties of regard to the latter, hastened to join the standard of their friend, who after a long and sanguinary contest near Thaldorf, obtained a decisive victory, over his antagonist. Infinite, however, was the grief of Adolph. — For, when the knights assembled round their respective banners after the battle, Everard was no where to be found. A blow from a battle-axe had felled him senseless to the earth, where he remained unnoticed amidst the heaps of dead and dying warriors. Animation having at last returned the fallen knight became conscious of his situation. Raising himself upon his knees, he found that he was the only person who had escaped with life amongst those who surrounded him. Bodies mutilated and stripped of their garments, fields trodden down, villages burnt, and castles sacked, such was the dreadful sight that met his eye. He turned his head and thought with anguished heart, that he himself was an agent in this fearful work of destruction. Upon a mind so deeply imbued with piety and disposed to meditation, the scene was calculated to produce the most serious and profound impression. Its effects were decisive upon that of Everard; his determination to abandon the career of arms, and all its fearful attendants was instant and irrevocable. Seizing a horse whose master had fallen beside him, he hastily quitted the field of carnage, and galloped onwards until he reached Altena, on the Lenna, where he resolved to remain concealed until his health and strength were restored. Thanks

to a robust constitution and the intercession of the holy Virgin, his wounds quickly healed. Being resolved to devote himself henceforth to prayer and penance, in order to atone for his passed sins, he took the road to Italy and reached Rome, where he solicited the Popes benediction and thus obtained absolution and remission for all his faults. It was not in the power of the Holy Father however to destroy the gnawing worm of conscience, or to pacify his troubled soul. He therefore continued his pilgrimage and directed his steps over the Pyrenees to St. Iago de Compostella. Here he performed his devotions before the altar containing the bones of the holy Apostle, which had been enshrined there by the great and pious Charlemagne. From thence he returned to France, where he visited the most celebrated and sacred resorts of native and foreign pilgrims. But all his efforts were vain. Neither prayer, penance or pious works could restore his peace of mind. Thinking that all his prayers and mortifications were unacceptable to the Almighty, he sought to obtain repose for his troubled spirit by still greater devotion, and still more incessant exertions for the benefit of his fellow creatures. "Often said he to himself, has the impious ardour of battle inundated my burning brow, with unholy perspiration, henceforth the dew of useful labour shall cool its fevered heat. By cultivating the fields that, I have hitherto only helped to destroy, I will endeavour to offer some trifling atonement to heaven for my past crimes.

Having disguised his noble and manly figure beneath the dress of a serf, he entered the service of a farmer, in the neighbourhood of Thaldorf, near the bloody spot, where he was first awakened to a sense of his errors. Here he continued during five years, serving his master with indefatigable zeal, and worshipping his God with equal humility and ardour. It chanced however upon a burning summer's day, while occupied in the labours of the field, near the high road, that he was accosted by a nobleman, a vassal of his brother, who, accompanied by another warrior, was upon his road to the shrine of St. Egidie in Champaign. Scarcely had the old knight remarked his noble bearing or heard him employ expressions so different from the ordinary language of a peasant than he examined him attentively, and lifting up his eyes with emotion exclaimed: " Surely, if I err not, thou art no other than our long sought for Lord, Count Everard. " A momentary confusion had well nigh betrayed Everard's secret, but immediately recovering his self possession, he assumed an appearance of such entire unconsciousness, that the bewildered soldier regarded him with mingled confusion and astonishment. The farmer chancing also to approach, laughed at their mistake and assured the stranger that he questioned whether his herdsman had ever heard of so exalted a personage as the Count.

The Nobleman replied not, but continued gazing upon Everard, who on account of the excessive

heat, had opened the collar of his doublet. Scarcely had the Count done this, ere the old knight fell upon his knee, and clasped his hands: for he instantly perceived a red cross, surmounted with the letters, **J N R J**, engraved upon Everard's bosom. This evidence was incontrovertible, for he knew that Archbishop Bruno, had caused the cross and letters to be traced upon the breast of his nephew, during his infancy. Overcome by his feelings and this testimony of his identity, Everard found further dissimulation fruitless, he yielded himself therefore to the respectful embrace of his brother's vassal, whilst he kindly pressed the hand of the friendly farmer, whose astonishment at the rank of his guest had deprived him of the power of speech. Adolph having been informed of this extraordinary discovery, hastened to assure his brother of his unaltered affection, and to restore to him his estates, which he had faithfully administered.

Everard gratefully accepted the assurance of his brother's undiminished love, but no persuasion could induce him to again take up his abode in the castle of his ancestors.

The neighbourhood resounded, in the mean time, with rumours of this strange event which ere long reached the ears of the Abbot of Morimont, through the medium of Everard's master. The Abbot, a learned and pious member of the family of the Margrave of Austria, upon hearing the circumstance, repaired immediately to the young Count, and by the

advice of this holy man, Everard was induced to retire with him to his monastery. Where being profoundly versed in all the mysteries of our blessed faith, he was without difficulty received as a brother of the community, and continued to reside with them during many years.

At length Adolph could no longer endure this continued separation from his beloved brother, or support the thoughts of his being thus exiled for ever from his native land. So deep indeed was his affliction, that Everard was persuaded to return to the castle of Berg, the favourite residence of his youth, where he forthwith determined to found the Abbey of Altenberg, which in the year 1133 was duly consecrated by Archbishop Bruno, whose virtues and piety were celebrated throughout all Christendom. Having been joined by the Abbot of Morimont and twelve of the brothers, whom he had induced to accompany him, Everard now took up his abode, within the walls of the sacred edifice. Several years thus rolled on in tranquillity. At length as he was seated one morning in his cell, absorbed in holy meditations, he was roused by the approach of a train of dames and horsemen. At their head rode a Lady attired in deep mourning, and mounted upon a white palfrey, who bade the porter bear her greeting to the reverend Abbot and at the same time demanded hospitality for herself, and her retinue.

Her request was forthwith accorded, and while her attendants were being entertained in the refectory,

the Lady solicited permission to speak awhile with Count Everard. The worthy Abbot obeyed the summons and his agitation may be well imagined when he found himself ushered into the presence of Gisela, the object of his first, his only youthful love. Albeit the time for worldly emotions had long since fled for him, yet for a moment, his heart beat wildly, his pulses throbbed, and his pale and noble countenance was flushed with blushes. But the calm dignity of the still lovely woman, the holy expression of her pure lofty forehead, quickly soothed the passing agitation, and silenced every earthly thought.

“What seekest thou, my Sister?” inquired Everard.

“To see thee once more, in all thy sanctity, beloved cousin, and crave thy blessing,” replied the beautiful Gisela.

“Where is Sieghardt of Kefernberg, thy husband?” again interrogated the monk after a short pause.

“Asleep with God,” was the answer.

After a few hours sojourn in the cloister, most of which were passed in conversation, the noble widow knelt to receive the Abbots blessing, which Everard bestowed upon her, with faltering voice, and overflowing eye. Then requesting his prayers for her sons, she bade him farewell, and rode slowly from the Abbey walls. The monk watched her receding form until the darkness hid her from his view, then uttering a deep sigh and dashing a tear from his eye, he betook himself to his cell, where he passed the whole night in fervent

prayers and supplications to the throne of heaven. Two years had scarcely elapsed, when Everard, who had partly recovered his peace of mind, was induced to abandon the cloister of Altenberg, in order to establish a monastery at the Castle of Jorisburg, presented to him by Gisela for that purpose. Here he presided for several years as Abbot, but upon the death of the Countess he again returned to Altenberg and resumed his former monastic habits.

Many years after Everard was joined by Adolph, who upon the death of his consort resigned the regency to his sons, and sought a solace for his loss in the affection of his brother and the tranquillity of the cloister. Thus had their fraternal love remained unabated during their whole lives. It continued as undiminished, when they were stretched upon the bed of withering age, as it had when the roses of youth bloomed around them. At length Everard's weary spirit took its flight, foretelling to his brother a speedy re-union.

Adolph heard this intelligence with joy. Having bidden an affectionate farewell to his children he was once more united to his beloved Everard, under the same gravestone, in October 1152.

THE
LEGEND OF ST URSULA

AND

The eleven thousand Virgins.

It was in the year of Our Lord 220, that Vionest and Daria reigned in Britain. Only one thing was wanting to complete their happiness; they had no children. Daily however did they offer up their prayers to heaven for a son, in order to perpetuate the royal dynasty. At length the Almighty partly granted their request; he sent them a daughter, and this daughter was a Saint, who from her earliest youth, devoted herself to God, and vowed before his altars to belong only to him. However, as she increased daily in grace and beauty, and as the renown of her virtues spread abroad, even to the most

distant countries, Agrippinus, a German prince, demanded her in marriage for his son, and dispatched ambassadors to the Court of Vionest, loaded with presents consisting of glittering arms, money and provisions of all kinds.

Vionest had witnessed with pain his daughter's consecration to the service of God, and regretted secretly, that a maiden of such great virtue should be lost to the world. Nevertheless he respected his daughter's vows, and replied to the ambassadors, that being no longer master of her hand, he begged them to take back the presents to Agrippinus and assure him of his regret. The ambassadors however did not abandon all hopes, but tarried some time at the Court of Vionest. One night as the king lay tossing about in his bed, tormented with grief at the resolution of his daughter, and at the futility of endeavouring to dissuade her from her purpose, an angel appeared to him, who declared that it was the will of God, that the marriage should take place: so that Ursula ultimately consented and dictated the conditions, according to the angel's advice.

All preliminaires being settled Vionest would not suffer his daughter to depart without a suite corresponding with her exalted rank. Eleven thousand Virgins of the most distinguished families of Britain were consequently selected as her retinue. The day fixed for their departure having arrived, and the vessels being ready, the eleven thousand virgins, with the princess at their head, assembled on the

sea-shore, attired in white and chaunting canticles. Before going on board, Ursula exhorted her companions not to be afraid of the sea, but to fear God alone, and as she had been inspired with the gift of science from heaven, she taught them the art of navigation, and dismissed all the men that were employed in the fleet.

These preparations being completed, they embarked. It must have been a gorgeous sight to behold these eleven thousand virgins, distributed throughout the ships, like swarms of white doves; some trimming the sails, some standing at the prows, and others at the helm, whilst the beautiful bride Ursula stood upon the poop of the principal vessel, commanding them all. It must have awakened profound emotion in the soul to have seen these eleven thousand virgins seated upon deck, singing harmonious canticles, when the wind blew fair and the vessels glided swiftly over the tranquil water.

After a few days, the miraculous fleet, guided by the hand of God, entered the Rhine, and ascended that noble stream to Cologne, where Aquilinus, the Roman governor, received Ursula and her companions with great honors. But they did not tarry long. Their design was to proceed on a pilgrimage to Rome, and they soon re-embarked in order to ascend the Rhine as far as Basle. There Pantulus, another Roman governor, received them with still greater distinction, than Aquilinus. Having quitted their vessels at Basle, they traversed Switzerland and the Alps on foot,

escorted by Pantulus, who resolved to make the pilgrimage to Rome, in their company. Having thus participated in the labours of the eleven thousand Virgins, he also partook of their glorious immortality. An altar in the church of St. Ursula, records the canonization of St. Pantulus

Having arrived at Rome, they were baptized by Pope Cyriacus, and, having visited the tombs of the holy Apostles, they prepared for their return to the Rhine. Pope Cyriacus, says the chronicle, renounced the Pontificate, that he might accompany them, with a great number of the clergy. At length the eleven thousand Virgins again embarked on the Rhine, and were joined at Mayence by Coman, the son of Agrippinus, who there awaited their arrival. Coman was a Pagan, but upon seeing his young and beautiful bride, with her suite of eleven thousand Virgins, of whom she seemed the queen, accompanied by the venerable and grey haired Pope, and a long train of clergy, he discovered that doubts about the religion of his fathers, were combined with the violent love, with which Ursula had inflamed his heart. It is probable that the angel who appeared to Vionest and decided upon his daughter's marriage, likewise influenced the mind of the young barbarian. But whatever may have been the cause, he was converted and baptized: after which the betrothed pair and their immense suite descended the Rhine to Cologne.

They had scarcely arrived in that city however, ere it was surrounded, besieged and taken by an army of

Goths. The eleven thousand Virgins were tortured in a thousand different ways. Some were crucified, as a barbarous mockery of the death of that Saviour, whom they adored. Others were cruelly beaten to death with clubs or decapitated, whilst the Pope and all his clergy perished in excruciating torments. The barbarians reserved Coman and his bride to crown this horrible scene of martyrdom. One of the pictures now in the church of St. Ursula at Cologne depicts the manner of their death. Coman pierced with wounds is represented turning towards Ursula, with perhaps more of love than resignation in his looks, whilst Ursula more saintly seems to defy death. Her tomb is in a little chapel near the picture, where her effigy is sculptured in white marble, with a dove at her feet. Thousands of bones are shown in this church as the relics of these Virgin martyrs.

THE ARCHITECT
OF
COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

The Archbishop Conrad de Hochsteden, wishing to erect a cathedral which should exceed all others in Germany and France, both in beauty and design, directed the most celebrated draftsman of Cologne to prepare a plan. The name of this architect remains unknown. Let this however not be attributed to what was the common lot of almost all architects who covered Europe with monuments in the middle ages; the reason was very different as will be seen presently. It was in 1248, that Conrad de Hochsteden issued this order, and in 1499, 250 years afterwards, the cathedral was still unfinished.

The architect to whom the Archbishop had applied, was sauntering one day along the Rhine, meditating upon his plan. Absorbed in thought he reached the Frank's gate, where at this day may be seen several mutilated statues. Here he seated himself. He had a small stick in his hand, with which he drew sketches upon the sand, then effaced them and then began others. He continued in this manner until the setting sun reflected its last rays upon the bosom of the Rhine. "Ah!" cried the artist, "how beautiful a cathedral would look, its towers soaring towards heaven, and catching the departing sun beams, while the Rhine and town would be involved in darkness; ah! this would be lovely!" And he continued drawing in the sand, perfectly satisfied with himself.

Not far from him was also seated an old man, who appeared to observe his movements with great attention. Indeed, when the artist, thinking he had attained what he sought, exclaimed aloud, "Yes, that's it." "Yes," murmured the old man, "that's it indeed, but it is the cathedral of Strasburg." He was right. The artist thought himself inspired, but his production was a mere effort of memory. This plan was therefore effaced and he commenced another. Every time that he was satisfied and had drawn a plan in accordance with his ideas, the old man chuckled and muttered: "Metz, Amiens," or some other city famous for its cathedral. "On my word, master," said the artist, tired of his jeers, "you seem to understand well how to blame the works of others, I should like to see

what you can do." The old man said nothing but continued his criticism until losing patience the artist exclaimed: "Come, come, try your hand!" And he held out the stick to him.

The old man looked at him in a peculiar manner, then taking the stick, he traced a few lines in the sand, but in such a masterly way, that the other called out immediately: "Oh! t'is plain you are an architect! Do you belong to Cologne?" "No," rejoined the old man drily, and he returned the stick to the artist.

"Why do you not proceed?" demanded the latter. "I entreat you to finish your design."

"No, you would copy it, and reap all the honour" replied the other.

"Listen, old Gentleman!" continued the architect, "we are alone!" And in fact, the shore at this moment was deserted, for the night was becoming darker and darker. "I'll give you ten golden crowns, if you will complete the sketch now before me."

"Ten golden crowns to me!" roared out the old man, and so saying he pulled from under his cloak an enormous purse, which he threw in the air—by the noise, it was evidently full of gold. The artist started back some paces, then returning, full of agitation and gloom, he caught hold of the old man's arm, and, drawing a dagger at the same time, cried out: "Finish it, or thou diest."

"Violence against me! Ah! ah! that will not serve you either—" said the stranger with a smile of

derision—then seizing his adversary he hurled him to the ground saying: “Well! well! now you know, that neither gold or violence can affect me, you may have the plan which I sketched before you, and the honour along with it, if you choose.”

“How so?” exclaimed the prostrate artist.

“Be mine, body and soul!” answered the stranger with a stern voice. At this the other uttered a loud cry, and made the sign of the cross, whereupon the devil, for he it was, suddenly disappeared.

On recovering his senses, the architect, who found himself lying upon the sands, arose and hastened home, where the old woman who waited on him, and who had been his nurse, asked why he returned so late. He did not attend to her, but hurried to his chamber and immediately retired to bed: where he dreamed of apparitions, and amongst others of the old man who presented himself to his imagination, tracing those admirable outlines upon the sand. “Ah!” exclaimed he upon waking the following day, “a plan of this cathedral that is to surpass all others, and has so long engrossed all my thoughts, does actually exist!” Whereupon he fell to work drawing towers, porches and arches, but nothing succeeded. The old man’s plan, the marvellous plan, was the only one that would do.

He therefore threw down his pencil and proceeded to the church of the Holy Apostles and tried to pray. Vain effort! This church is one of the smallest in Cologne. What it must have appeared in comparison with the

old man's drawing may well be imagined. In the evening he again found himself, how, he knew not, upon the borders of the Rhine. The same stillness, the same solitude, reigned there as upon the preceding night. Mechanically he reached the Frank's gate. There he perceived the old man, apparently drawing upon the wall. Every stroke was of fire. Although the burning lines crossed and interlaced each other in a thousand different ways, yet, in the midst of this apparent confusion, forms of spindrals, steeples and gothic fret-work might be distinctly traced, which, however, disappeared after sparkling an instant, although at times these brilliant lines seemed to combine and form a perfect plan. The artist now hoped he was about to behold the wondrous cathedral, but suddenly the whole became so confused that his bewildered eye entirely lost sight of the object.

"Well! will you have my plan?" said the old man to the artist. This latter sighed deeply. "Will you have it? Speak!" re-iterated the Demon, and as he uttered these words he drew the image of a portal in luminous tracery on the wall, and then as suddenly effaced it.

"I will do all you ask," wildly answered the artist. "To morrow then at midnight!" replied the other and they then separated. Next day the architect arose full of life and joy. He had forgotten every thing, save that he was at last to possess the plan of that invisible cathedral, which he had so long sought for. He then approached the window. The

weather was beautiful. The Rhine, illuminated by the rays of the glorious sun, formed a sparkling crescent. The city of Cologne stretching along its bank, seemed to descend in a gentle slope from the hill to the shore, and from the shore into the golden waves, which bathed the foot of the ramparts. "Let's see," muttered the artist to himself, "where shall my cathedral stand?" And he looked around for a suitable place. While thus occupied with proud and happy speculations, he saw his old nurse quit the house: she was clothed in black. "Where are you going to, nurse?" exclaimed he, "what means that mourning dress?"

"I am going to the Holy Apostle's church, to hear a mass for the deliverance of a soul from purgatory," answered she.

"A mass of deliverance!" ejaculated the artist. Then closing the window and throwing himself upon his bed, he burst into tears: "A mass of deliverance," repeated he, "Alas! no masses or prayers can avail for me! I am damned, damned for ever! damned through my ambitious perverseness." It was in this state that his nurse found him, when she returned from church. She asked what grieved him, but as he made no answer, she entreated him so earnestly, that he was no longer able to resist, and communicated to her his engagement. The old woman was thunderstruck with this recital. "What! Sell your soul to the demon! Is it possible?" ejaculated the worthy woman crossing herself. Have you forgotten the promises made at your baptism, and all the

prayers which I formerly taught you ? Go, go directly in God's name and confess ! ”

The artist sobbed bitterly. But at one moment the image of the marvellous cathedral sparkled before his eyes and fascinated his senses; then again the idea of eternal damnation arose so vividly and forcibly to his distracted thoughts, that he trembled like a leaf. The nurse being at a loss what to do, resolved to consult her confessor. Having told him the whole affair, the priest began to consider. “ What,” said the holy man after a pause. “ A cathedral that would make Cologne the marvel of all Germany and France ! ” — “ But, father ” interposed the old Dame.—“ A cathedral, to which pilgrims would resort from all parts of the world,” continued he speaking to himself! Then after having well reflected and meditated, he exclaimed aloud; “ Here, my good woman, here is a relic of the eleven thousand virgins, give it to your master, let him take it with him to the place of meeting. He must endeavour to obtain the plan of this wondrous church, from the devil, before he signs the agreement. As soon as he gets it into his hands, let him show this relic and trust in God for the rest.”

It was half past eleven, when the artist quitted his dwelling, leaving his nurse on her knees; indeed, he himself had been praying the greater part of the evening. Having concealed the relic, which was to serve as his protection, under his cloak, he proceeded to the appointed place where he found the Demon, who had laid aside his disguise and appeared in all his hideousness.

"Don't be alarmed," said he to the architect, who trembled from head to foot; "fear nothing, and approach." The architect obeyed. Upon which the Devil exclaimed: "Here is the plan of your cathedral, and here is the contract which you must sign."

The artist felt, that this was the moment upon which depended his salvation. Breathing a mental prayer to God for success, he seized the marvellous plan with one hand, held up the holy relic with the other and exclaimed: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost! By virtue of this holy relic, I command thee, Satan, to begone. Begone I say!" and he repeated the signs of the cross.

The Devil was taken aback. "T'was some priest who put thee up to this," said he in a fury; "none but a priest could have taught thee this trick." He then remained a while considering whether he should take back his plan, or throw himself on the artist and kill him. But the latter who was on his guard, pressed the plan close to his breast, and employed the holy relic as a shield. Seeing this, the Fiend exclaimed: "I am outwitted, but I will be revenged, in despite of your relics and priests. Listen, foolish mortal! That church, the plan of which you have stolen from me, shall never be completed. And as for thee, I will blot out thy name from the memory of men. Thou shalt not be damned, O builder of Cologne cathedral, but thy name shall pass away, be forgotten and unknown for ever!" And so saying the Devil disappeared.

These last words. "*Forgotten and unknown for ever*" made a singular impression on the architect's mind, and he returned home in a melancholy mood, although he was master of the marvellous plan. The next day, however, he directed, that a mass of thanksgiving should be celebrated, and speedily commenced building the noble cathedral, which rose higher and higher from day to day, so that the artist trusted, that the Devil would be a false prophet. As for his name, he determined to have it engraved upon a brass plate, affixed to the portal. But the dissensions which took place between the Archbishop and citizens soon interrupted the progress of the building. The architect died suddenly and under such circumstances, as caused it to be believed that the devil had hastened his death*. Since that time divers fruitless attempts have been made at different intervals to finish the cathedral. Fruitless also have been the efforts of the learned of Germany to discover the name of the architect; and the work still remains imperfect and his name unknown.

* It is said that Satan came behind him and pushed him off the top of the unfinished tower.

THE
PFAFFEN-THOR (PRIESTS DOOR)

at Cologne.

Notwithstanding the frequent and sanguinary contests which the wealthy city of Cologne had formerly to sustain with its Archbishops, it had risen, through the genius, commercial enterprize and industry of its inhabitants, to the highest rank of power and prosperity. No less determined than incessant were the struggles, which the independent and spirited burghers maintained against the powerful influence of their spiritual sovereigns. Within its stately walls resided a numerous and wealthy aristocracy, who were frequently disunited among themselves, whilst at other times they espoused the cause of the citizens against their oppressors, and as often

were found ready to aid and support the Archbishops, in their attempts to overthrow the franchises of the people. At no period however did the contest between the different parties rage more fiercely than during the reign of Engelbrecht of Falkenburg, who in the year 1261 succeeded Conrad of Hochsteden the founder of the Cathedral. The massive walls of the Beyenthurm, with its battlements, its barred windows, and heraldic emblazonry, as they may still be seen from the old tower upon the shore, bring to remembrance the reign of this despot.

On his first arrival the new Lord made his entry with all the emblems of power and pomp, and forthwith adopted every measure, that violence and coercion could suggest in order to subdue the spirit of the contumacious burghers. The latter patiently submitted for some time to this unwonted oppression, but in the second year the smouldering flame of revolt undisguisedly broke forth. The valiant citizens having flown to arms, were victorious under their popular leaders and having stormed the gates, drove the Archbishop's mercenaries from their intrenchments and planted the old standard of Cologne upon the walls. The exasperated Engelbrecht, however, soon assembled a powerful force and laid siege to the refractory town, but after a protracted contest in which he was repeatedly defeated, he was compelled to accede to the wishes of the people.

Amongst the most prominent partizans of the burghers, and the most determined opponents of the

Archbishop, were Mathias Overstolz, and the Burgomaster Hermann Gryn. The former, whose name repeatedly recurs in the history of the popular tumults of that unsettled period, was of most respectable family, which traced its origin to the times of ancient Rome. The latter who descended from one of the oldest and most noble houses of Cologne, had distinguished himself in the late manly contest for the interest, rights and privileges of his native town, and was universally beloved and esteemed by his fellow citizens. In consequence of this, Engelbreeht's adherents regarded him with the utmost dislike, and determined upon his destruction.

No opportunity offering itself to injure him publicly, at the moment of peace being re-established, they were the more anxious to invent means of destroying him in secret. Among the most violent of his enemies were two Prebends of the Cathedral, who, being impelled not only by their own dislike to the Burgomaster, but by the evil council of Hermann de Wittinghof, the Archbishop's confidant, being encouraged also, as was reported, by the Falkenburger himself, they eagerly watched for an opportunity, to work Hermans downfall. In order to attain their object, and to prevent any suspicion of treachery, they assumed an appearance of exceeding friendship towards the unsuspecting citizen, and with honey upon their lips, but gall in their hearts, feigned to take an equal interest in the prosperity of the town. The upright and noble-minded Gryn received their proffered advances with

friendly sincerity. Being further desirous to promote the welfare of his fellow citizens, and secure for them the favour of their spiritual Lords, he readily accepted an invitation from the prebends to a banquet, given in honor of their reconciliation.

Guileless himself, he had no suspicion of treachery in others, he consequently hastened at the appointed hour to the cloister of the cathedral, which in those times of civil commotion and discord was rarely visited by the citizens. On his entry, the prebends proposed to conduct him over the different apartments of the edifice, under pretext of beguiling the time until the arrival of their other guests. The Burgomaster willingly accompanied and united with them in admiring the costly splendour and glorious architecture of the magnificent pile. Thus they continued advancing until they reached a massive and strongly secured oaken-door, the end of a long narrow passage on the ground-floor. This, they said, contained the rich treasures, at jewels and relics of the cathedral, which as a mark of friendship and especial favour they would show to him. Thereupon one of his conductors drawing from his girdle a ponderous key, hastily unlocked the door, and Gryn entered a large and dimly lighted vault. But scarcely had his feet passed the threshold, ere the door closed behind him, while a long and appalling roar issued from a distant corner. He had no time for deliberation, for the dim-light of a lamp shed its feeble rays upon the gleaming eyes of an immense lion, whose natural ferocity was

increased by hunger. This sudden exposure to such unlooked for peril did not rob the valiant Burgomaster of his presence of mind. Wrapping around his arm, the long flowing mantle, which he usually wore, he drew forth his sword, and placing his back against the nearest wall, awaited his ferocious adversary's approach. Nor had he long to wait. After lashing his flanks with his tail, and shaking his shaggy mane, the lion sprung with wide extended jaws upon his prey, but the undaunted Burgomaster, firmly stretching forth his left arm, thrust it into its capacious throat, whilst at the same time he raised his right arm and plunged his trusty blade into its heart. The blow was decisive. The huge beast convulsively staggered for an instant, then with a groan resembling thunder, fell dead beneath his feet.

Although this had been but the work of a moment, the brave Gryn had scarcely time to congratulate himself upon his wonderful escape, ere the vaulted chamber rung with the echoes of loud noises arising from the street.

The treacherous priests, rejoicing at the supposed success of their murderous plans, had no sooner quitted the gloomy passage of the lion's den, than they hastened to the church square, tearing their hair and affecting the deepest grief and consternation at the fall of their guest, who, they said, had rashly entered the lion's den, and before assistance could arrive, had been torn to pieces by the monstrous beast. This intelligence flew like wild fire through the streets and in

an instant the populace assembled tumultuously, swearing vengeance upon the Priests and Prebends. At the moment however that they were preparing to rush upon the cathedral-door, loud strokes of a sword and the voice of the Burgomaster were heard from one of the furthest windows of the building. At this the Prebends turned pale with terror, whilst the populace eagerly rushed towards the cloisters and flew to rescue their beloved magistrate. The doors though strongly secured soon yielded to their efforts, and the worthy hero was quickly delivered and borne forth in triumph upon the arms of the people, whilst another band carried the dead trophy of his valour and the Priests treachery. As they passed along the streets the burghers looked down with astonishment upon the dead lion and could scarcely give credit to their eye-sight. In the mean time the dastardly Priests either hid themselves or sought safety in flight, but they were quickly seized by the raging multitude and, after a short but summary trial—condemned to death. They were then dragged to the place of execution and without regard to that priestly calling, which they had so infamously disgraced, they were hung up at a gate close by the cloister. It is from this event that the gate derives the name of the *Pfaffen Thor* (Priests door), though antiquarians have endeavoured to retrace its origin to the times of the Romans, and look on it as a corruption of “*Porta Paphia*.”

Over the portal of the ancient Town-Hall, the most

remarkable, and perhaps the most striking edifice in Cologne, however rich it may otherways be in memorials of the middle ages, may still be seen a "*Basso-Relievo*" representing the combat between the lion and the Burgomaster.



Maria, Mutter Gottes

H. d. Schuler sc



HERMAN JOSEPH.

In the ancient and celebrated city of Cologne, upon the Rhine, stands a magnificent temple of God, shaded by lime trees, called St. Mary of the Capitol, because on its site the Roman Capitol is supposed to have stood. On the south-eastern side of this building, there is an elegant door of gothic architecture, surmounted by four niches, in which the adoration of the three holy kings is represented in ancient sculpture. Near this gate, called by the people *Dreikönigenthorchen* (the wicket of the three kings), there lived, in former times, a poor but good and pious family. The husband, a shoemaker, sought to support

his little family to the best of his ability by the labour of his hands. The greatest delight of the parents was their only son Herman Joseph; a pious, good and virtuous child, who endeavoured, by obedience and filial affection, to repay all that their anxious love had performed for him.

Herman Joseph was sent by his parents to school, and never did he go thither without first offering up his infant prayer before a stone-image of the holy Virgin in the neighbouring church. On holydays, when the other boys were playing about in the streets and public places, he hastened to the image, and communicated to the heavenly child, which she bore in her arms, all that he had learned and still wished to learn. The infant Saviour listened to his narration with a kindly ear, and often invited him to come up and play with him, but it was always too high for the boy to reach the place where the image stood. When, therefore, he looked up with a sorrowful countenance, the holy mother consoled him by saying that he would one day be bigger, and would then be able to play with her blessed son.

One day, when his mother gave Herman a beautiful apple, he hastened with great joy to the sacred image, and offered it to the child, saying: "There, there is my apple for you." The blessed image then stretched forth its hand to him, and with an expression of marvellous kindness, took the apple.

Inexpressible was the delight of Herman Joseph; so that whenever he received presents either of fruit

or cakes, his first thought was to carry them to the image of the infant Jesus, who always accepted them with thanks and kindness.

Herman Joseph was now to become a shoemaker, for his parents could no longer afford the expense, and were, therefore, obliged to withdraw him from school. With a heavy heart, for he was still desirous to acquire knowledge, he stole, one afternoon, into the church to make known his sorrows to the infant Christ. And as he now looked up with tearful eyes to the child and its holy mother, our most blessed Virgin addressed him, saying : “ What ails thee, Herman Joseph ? ” Thereupon he related the cause of his grief, and stated how gladly he would continue to attend school, but that it was too great a burthen for his parents, and that he must consequently become a shoemaker.

“ That shall not be, Herman Joseph, ” answered the Virgin consolingly. “ Go to the cross-passage, there thou wilt see on the left hand of the door a stone, lift it up, and thou wilt find what thou needest.”

With tears in his eyes, Herman Joseph thanked his protectress, and hurried to the stone, which, although somewhat ponderous, he removed without difficulty, and beneath it found what he sought. He could now continue his studies, without being any burthen to his poor parents, for whatever he wanted he found under the stone.

Never did he cease offering up thanks to his patroness, and the statue of the blessed Virgin, in St Mary of the Capitol, continued to be his favorite place of resort.

Herman Joseph now studied very diligently and succeeded in every thing which he undertook through the assistance of the Virgin.

When he had arrived at an age to make choice of a career, he determined to devote himself to the church, and to enter the Benedictine order. He chose the monastery of Steinfeld in the Eifel ; where the pious youth was received with joy. He now applied with great assiduity to the study of Philosophy and Theology, and neither desisted day or night from his pursuit, so that he almost forgot his former patroness the holy Virgin. But some how or another all his exertions were fruitless : notwithstanding his ardent application he was unable to make any progress in the sciences. He therefore, again had recourse to prayer. Whilst, overwhelmed with the toil of the day, he lay prostrate one night before the altar in earnest supplication, a sweet sleep came over his eyes, and he dreamed a most exquisite dream.

He found himself in a garden of wondrous beauty, in which the most delightful herbs exhaled a delicious fragrance : beautiful fruits, such as he had never before beheld, glittered in profusion upon the trees, the branches of which were enlivened with birds of the most variegated plumage and melodious song. Strange music resounded through the air, intermingled with hymns of praise to the glory of the Lord, chanted by voices of heavenly sweetness, whilst refreshing rivulets meandered thro' the flowry meads. At length, the blessed Virgin of S^t Mary of the Capitol appeared before him,

leading the infant Jesus by the hand, who invited Herman with a friendly mien to come and eat with him, in return for the fine apples and other delicious things with which Herman had so often presented him.

Herman Joseph thankfully accepted the invitation, and whilst he sat at the costly table, attended by Cherubim of exceeding beauty, enjoying the heavenly repast, he awoke and the vision also vanished. But he felt himself wonderfully strengthened and completely changed in his inmost nature. His studies now proceeded at a rapid pace. Universally beloved and respected and above all celebrated for his learning, Herman Joseph continued long to live in the Abbey of Steinfeld, where he died, and where his tomb continues to be shown to this day.

In the church of *St. Maria im Capitol*, at the end of the southern aisle, is a stone relating to Herman Joseph, who was afterwards canonized, representing him as a school-boy, offering his apple to the infant Saviour. It was placed there to serve as an everlasting monument of this pious man.

RICHMUTH OF ADUCHT.

In 1574, there lived at Cologne a rich Burgomaster named Aducht, whose spouse Richmuth fell sick and died. They had been long married and their union had been as happy as is possible in this world. Richmuth was still young; she had been beautiful; and during her malady, her husband had remained day and night by her bedside. During the latter period of her illness, her sufferings were less acute; but her fainting fits became more frequent and longer until the moment of her death.

Every one knows that Cologne is a town which, for piety, may be compared to Rome herself; for this

reason, she was called in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, *civitas sancta* (German Rome, the holy city). Seeing her so pious in the first centuries of our era, one might suppose she was endeavouring to make it to be forgotten that she had given birth to Agrippina the ill-reowned mother of Nero. For many years she appeared only peopled with monks and clergymen; but afterwards students and that multitude of unfortunate beings who live on public charity increased the number of her inhabitants. The most common noise at Cologne, indeed the one which drowned all the others, was the sound of bells. There were as many churches and convents within her walls as there are days in the year.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter, one of the finest monuments of German architecture, though the edifice, such as the artist had designed it, has never been completed. The interior is divided by four rows of massive and lofty pillars, and is somewhat longer than that of the Strasburg cathedral. The principal altar is formed of a single block of black marble of Namur, on the Meuse, which was transported by the Rhine as far as Cologne. In the sacristy the faithful are shown an ivory wand which is said to have belonged to the apostle St. Peter. In one of the chapels is a magnificent sarcophagus of gilt silver, where are deposited the relics of the three kings *. Through an opening made in the tomb, one can see three skulls: two are white, those of Gaspar and Balthazar, and the middle one, that of Melchior,

* Now in the Cathedral.

is black. It will easily be conceived that these precious relics, sanctified by the veneration of several centuries, have a powerful effect on the imagination of the persons who behold them.

It was in this church that took place, with much pomp, the obsequies of Richmuth of Aducht, she was even interred here. According to the custom of that age, when death inspired feelings of piety and confidence, rather than of terror, her body was dressed in white silk and covered with flowers. A crown was placed on her head and her thin and livid fingers were adorned with precious rings.

She was put into a coffin lined with looking glasses, and laid in a little chapel, built in a vault under the choir. Several of her ancestors had preceded her thither. She had often visited their tombs, which she never could contemplate without a pious shudder. During divine service, she had more than once looked, through the apertures covered with glass, at their corpses darkened by time, which contrasted very strongly with their white skulls set in gold and jewels; and which made the difference more striking between what is perishable and what is lasting in nature.

The custom of embalming the dead had been for some time discontinued; there was beginning to be a want of room, and after Richmuth's interment, it was decided that there should be no other persons buried in the vault. She lay in her coffin in the rich costume we have described.

The gallant Aducht, her spouse, had followed her

to her last home, giving evident proofs of his profound grief. The enormous bell, weighing ten tons, placed in the steeple of the cathedral, had made the great city resound with its funereal knoll. The devout monks had chanted a *requiem*, without forgetting numerous tapers and incense offered to God. Now, pale and lifeless, she reposed in her coffin, and the immense clock, which is only wound up once a year, and which points out the hours of the day and the course of the stars, was the sole object that moved under the solitary and silent vault. The monotonous noise of its pendulum resounded above the mute tombs and the images of saints discoloured by time.

It was on an evening of the month of november, the weather being wet and gloomy, that Peter Bolf, sexton at the church of St. Peter, returned home after this splendid funeral. The poor devil had been married three years; he had one child, and his wife was on the point of being brought to bed of a second. He was very sad at heart when he set out to return to his miserable hovel, which was cold and damp, situated on the banks of the river, and exposed to the piercing winds of autumn. He was about to go directly to his wife; but little Mary, who was playing in the room with her doll, ran to meet him: — “ Papa, said she to him, do not enter! the stork is arrived; it has brought me a little brother, it has bit mamma’s foot, and she is lying very sick in bed.”

Soon after his sister in law presented to him his new born son, a fine healthy infant. His wife, however, was

not well, and her state rendered disbursements necessary which far exceeded the means of the poor sexton. In his distress, he ran to Isaac, the jew, who, a short time before, had advanced him a small sum; but Bolf had nothing to leave him as a pledge; all his hopes were founded on the mercy of Isaac, and, on that, much reliance could not be placed. Bolf knocked at the usurer's door. The jew patiently listened to his ardent supplications, often interrupted by tears; but when the unfortunate man had done, he replied to him with the utmost composure, that he could not advance money on a child just born, and that tears and groans were a kind of security that would satisfy nobody. Bolf went out in a state of consternation and despair. He had more than once applied to rich prelates and obtained assistance from them, but it was now too late to go to them. The obscurity was complete, the wind high, and the snow falling in great flakes on the square of the cathedral. The miserable Bolf was so deeply affected by his misfortune, that he mistook his way on this place, that he had so often crossed, and found himself, unawares, under the porch of the church, exactly opposite the principal entrance. The clock was then striking a quarter before twelve. Suddenly a thought, rapid as lightning, crossed his mind. He saw his little Mary, his sick wife, his newly born child pressing with his lips a bosom dried by want; then the grand lady, dead Richmuth, reposing in her coffin, her fingers loaded with precious stones. "Of what use is all this gold to her?" thought he. "Is it a sin to rob the

dead to feed the living ?” Tormented by these ideas, he went home after having changed his mind a hundred times. The sight of his wife, ill and in want of every thing, put an end to his hesitation. He lit his dark lantern, put the bunch of keys in his pocket, and went out. On his way, the earth seemed to him to be trembling under his feet ; but the thought that he was more unhappy at home, sustained and urged him. He consoled himself at the sight of the bad weather, which aided him, in some degree, by forcing every body else to stay within doors. He stopped some time before the entrance, at last taking courage, he put the key in the old lock, turned it, and found himself alone in the church, the door of which he left half open.

Were we to state that he was not trembling as he entered at an unsteady pace the nave of the church, we should deny the sanctity of God and the religious sentiments that are never entirely banished from the heart of man. If the sight of a temple inspires every pious man with respectful fear, what must not he have felt, at that hour of the night, who came to trouble its silence and solitude with the intention of committing an odious sacrilege ? The hand in which he held the lantern was agitated by so violent a convulsive movement, that he was more than once afraid the light would go out and leave him in profound darkness.

At certain moments, he thought he felt some one pulling his clothes to hold him back, and his disordered vision made him fancy that the two guardian angels, sculptured on either side of the pulpit, were

flapping their wings to prevent his advance. At this solemn hour, a thousand marvellous tales recurred to his memory. He remembered the lugubrious story of the seminarist, who had boasted that he would not be afraid at midnight to go into the vaults of a church, and who was, as a proof of the performance of his promise, to stick a knife into the wood of a coffin. For a long time, those with whom he had laid the wager waited for him in vain; then one was bold enough to go down and look for him the next morning, when the unfortunate man was found dead ! The fact was, he had stuck his knife through his cassock, and when he wanted to withdraw, he thought himself withheld by an avenging hand, and terror killed him ! All this was not calculated to reassure Bolf. However, he endeavoured to get over his fright. — “All these tales are imaginary,” said he to himself; “the noise I fancy I hear, is that of my blood which is boiling in my veins. Have I not come here a hundred times without anything happening to me ?” — He forgot to add, that it was the first time he came with a culpable intention. All his efforts to inspire himself with courage were nevertheless useless.

Each time that he passed before the painting of the grand altar and the light of his lantern was reflected on the figures, their countenances seemed to him to become more severe and their eyes to assume a threatening expression. He was particularly struck by a picture which represented the martyrdom of St. Peter : the head of the victim was leaning on the earth, his

feet were in the air, the saint was fastened to a cross, blood was streaming from his face, and his eyes were full of ardent devotion, whilst the silvery locks of his hair swept the dust. It was impossible to behold a more imposing and touching sight.

At this moment, Bolf thought he heard the pendulum of the great clock moving quicker and more noisily. He drew back a few steps.—“Oh! my God,” thought he, “what an abominable sinner I am!—The glorious St. Peter suffered with resignation this painful martyrdom for his master Jesus Christ, and I betray him!” Suddenly, Bolf heard without, the cock crowing, and recollected that formerly Peter had denied the saviour three times before the cock had crowed.—“He was a man also,” said he to himself, “and yet he had not, like me, either a little Jane, or a little Mary to feed, he had not a new-born child ready to die of hunger on the breast of its mother.”—This idea revived his courage. He passed quickly before the grand altar, opened the door of the choir, and descending the staircase, he arrived in the long and narrow corridor of the vault, which had on either side a long line of coffins disposed in perfect order. He opened Richmuth’s chapel and found himself before the corpse. She was pale and livid. Bolf fancied he smelt under these thick vaults, the fetid odour of a body in a state of putrefaction. The spangles interwoven in her hair, and the rings that adorned her fingers acquired new brilliancy from the reflections of the light of the lantern. Bolf put his hand to the coffin to raise the lid, but he stopped,

struck with terror. The face of the dead body appeared to him to grow animated.—“If I had time,” said he to himself, “I should prefer to carry off some mummy! there are persons who transport, without remorse, mummies from Egypt. Successive ages have proscribed the rights of the dead and abrogated the respect due to corpses.” —“But,” thought he again, “the bodies lying there are those of Christians and brothers! The Egyptians always professed the greatest veneration for tombs; it is their enemies who break and plunder them.”

Notwithstanding the horror he was a prey to, in this sinister place, he recovered his strength and courage; Richmuth's coffin seemed to him the easiest to open; he tried with pincers, but met with more difficulties than he had expected. The apertures covered with glass were too small, and there was besides wire work inside of them. He was compelled to cut the wood outside. The noise he made, rendered him more sensible than any thing else of the sacrilege he was committing. Before, it was only the ornaments of the church that terrified him, now he trembled for his safety, and he would no doubt have abandoned his intention, had not the lock suddenly yielded to his efforts the moment he touched the spring. He boldly cast a look behind him, as if to ascertain if any one was observing him; perceiving nothing, he fell on his knees:—“Holy defunct,” said he, “pardon me! These ornaments are useless to thee; one of these jewels that adorn thy fingers is enough to give life and happiness to a whole family.” He thought the deceased looked at him with more benevolence. —

With the audacity of despair, he seized her hand to pull off one of the rings; but who can describe his terror, when he felt the icy fingers of the deceased clasp his wrist and hold him fast? By a vigorous effort he freed himself from her grasp, and, forgetting his lantern, fled with all speed. Fear finds its way in the dark. He crossed, with the swiftness of a hare, the cloisters, the choir, and would probably have got out without accident if, in his precipitation, he had not forgot the great stone of the devil in the middle of the church. If we are to believe tradition, this stone was thrown by the devil across the vault; one thing is certain, that it fell from the roof, and that, even at this day, the hole is shown which it made in the vault.

The unfortunate Bolf fell against this stone, just as the clock was striking twelve. The violence of this fall left him for some time stretched insensible upon the flags like a corpse. When he came to himself, fear gave him new wings, he went out of the church, ran across the square and went instantly to the burgo-master's. He thought only of his crime, and saw no other means of escaping the vengeance of the defunct than by a complete avowal.

He was obliged to knock a long time before the door was opened. All the servants were fast asleep; Aducht alone was up; he was sitting on the sopha, on which his beloved Richmuth had more than once reclined beside him. Her portrait was opposite him, he was gazing at it, and tears were trickling down his cheeks. The violent knocking of Bolf at last awa-

kened him from his melancholy reverie ; he opened the window and enquired who was at the door.

— “ It is I, worthy burgomaster, ” replied the sexton.

— “ Who is that I ? ”

— “ Peter Bolf, sexton of the church of St. Peter. I have something most important to tell you. ”

The burgomaster took a candle, went hastily down stairs and opened the door himself.

— “ What have you to communicate to me ? ” demanded he with a serious air.

Bolf fell on his knees before the magistrate and related all the details of his adventure. Aducht heard him with wonder. His anger was mingled with a sort of pity. He ordered Bolf not to speak to any body concerning what he had just related to him under pain of the severest punishment.

He resolved to go himself with Bolf into the vaults to examine the theatre of this extraordinary scene.

“ You might as well propose to me to go to the gallows, ” said the terrified sexton, “ as to commit a second time such a sacrilege and again to disturb the repose of the dead. ”

Aducht was burning with an ardent desire to enter the church. A ray of hope had penetrated into his heart. On the other hand, however, Bolf's fright made a lively impression on him. This man, paler than the corpses he had just visited, trembling from head to foot, drew so moving a picture of his distress, which his wife's accouchement had aggravated, that the bur-

gomaster sought to tranquilize him. He gave him several crowns to defray his most pressing wants, and dismissed him, repeating his commands about secrecy.

When he was gone, Aducht called an old servant, in whom he placed great confidence.

"Art thou afraid of the dead, John?" said he.

"No, Sir," laconically answered the servant; "they are less dangerous than the living."

"Art thou bold enough to enter the cathedral at night?"

"If my duty prescribes it, yes! otherwise, no! One must not make a joke of the respect due to the dead."

"Dost thou believe in ghosts, John?"

"Yes, Mr Burgomaster."

"Art thou afraid of them?"

"No, I confide in God, he protects me, and his Almighty power saves me."

"Wilt thou come with me into the cathedral? I have just had a miraculous dream. It appeared to me that my beloved wife was calling me from the top of the church steeple."

"No doubt," said the valet, "that fool Peter Bolf has been here and has disturbed your brain with his absurd fantasies; the poor sexton sees ghosts every where."

"Light thy lantern, John. Hold thy tongue, and follow me, I command thee."

"Since you order it, Mr Burgomaster, I must obey, for you are my master and the first magistrate of the town."

Without further observations, John lit his lantern and followed Aducht.

The Burgomaster rapidly entered the church; but John, whose duty it was to precede him and give him light, stopped often to remonstrate with his master, so that the latter did not advance nearly so quick as he desired.

At the entrance shone the golden sticks placed above the door, to which one is added every year, to mark the length of each Elector's reign. "That's a good institution," said John, "we poor sinners have only to count these sticks to know how many years the Elector has governed us." Then as he passed near the magnificent sepulchres of brass and alabaster, John requested his master to explain to him the inscriptions. In short, he acted like a stranger who wished to profit by the opportunity to examine everything remarkable the church contained, though his whole life had been spent at Cologne and he had visited the cathedral more than a hundred times.

Aducht, who knew that all remonstrances would be useless, patiently supported the eccentricity of his old servant and merely answered his questions with as much brevity as possible. In this manner they arrived before the grand altar; but there, John suddenly stopped and the burgomaster could not prevail on him to advance.—"Make haste," cried Aducht, who was beginning to lose patience, and whose heart beat violently. "May all the angels of paradise assist us!" murmured John between his chattering teeth, while

with trembling hand he sought his beads. "What's the matter?" cried Aducht. "Look, Sir, who is that sitting on yon stone?"—"Where?"—"God forgive me, there is my lady! She is muffled in a long black cloak, she is there near the altar, drinking out of a silver cup."—John approached his lantern to the apparition. She was indeed sitting there, enveloped in a long robe of a dark colour, her thin and emaciated arm like that of a skeleton, was raising the silver cup to her lips. Even Aducht's courage began to be shaken.—"Richmuth," cried he. "In the name of our Saviour, I conjure thee, is it thou or thy spirit?" "Ah!" replied a feeble voice, "you buried me alive. I was going to faint; but a few drops of this wine have revived me. Take me home, dear Aducht! I am not dead, I am only weak; if thou dost not take pity on me, I shall die."—Aducht, trembling with emotion, rushed to the altar, and caught up his wife in his arms, who was restored to life in this miraculous manner.

After Bolf's flight, Richmuth had, in fact, awaked from her lethargy, and passed some terrible moments. Before she exactly knew where she was, she threw down the lantern left by the sexton by moving her trembling arms, and had again found herself in the dark. She then groped around her, but instead of finding warm sheets, she felt herself clothed in silk. She next touched her head and discovered the gilt ornaments with which it was adorned. She knew not what to think of this, for the obscurity was complete. After again examining every object that surrounded her she became

at last aware that she was reposing in a narrow coffin.

The gloomy clouds that veiled the sky now grew lighter and gave passage to the pale rays of the moon, which entered the vault through the narrow apertures and showed to the affrighted Richmuth where she was, who rose and wandered about the cloister uttering cries of distress. The appalling thought of having been buried alive occurred to her, — above all the fear of dying of hunger and of passing her last hours in the midst of all these corpses, raised her despair to the highest pitch. Bolf, in his fright, had shut the door; she knew that her cries could not be heard. The windows were too high for her to be able to reach them—and, besides, they opened upon a spot where no one ever passed. In all probability the tombs would not be visited for many days, and, in the interval, she feared lest she should die. She looked with horror upon the long row of leaden coffins, and the walls blackened by the smoke of funereal torches.

The only alleviation that her situation afforded her was that of recording the history of her sufferings on the planks of her coffin, by means of a long nail. The cold of the tombs in the mean time, chilled her frame—she sought for something in which she might wrap herself up,—at last she found the pall which covered her bier. She enveloped herself with it and its warmth gave her new strength. The moon now shed a vivid light and she knelt down before the window and prayed.

“Holy mother of God,” said she, “I can not at this moment prostrate myself before thy blessed

image. — But thy face is as mild and brilliant as that of the moon. I fancy it is thou, who thus benevolently lookest down upon me from heaven! Holy Mary, save me! ”

Having finished this heartfelt prayer, Reichmuth rose, approached the door, and collected all her strength to open it. Conceive her joy on perceiving that it was only half closed! She then rushed into the church, but could not advance beyond the grand altar. A deathlike coldness palsied her limbs and she was afraid of fainting. Recollecting, however, as it were by heavenly inspiration, that the priests were in the habit of placing behind the altar the wine used in the celebration of the holy mysteries, she went thither, raised the cover of the silver vase, and found in it enough of the generous liquor to revive her exhausted strength.

No one perhaps ever partook of the holy communion with more fervour and piety than she did at that moment, for new life flowed through her veins. It was at this moment her husband discovered her. As to him, the terror which this apparition first inspired him with, was of short duration — he soon recovered himself and, joyfully bearing his beloved wife in his arms, adopted the fittest measures to conduct her home and to conceal the true cause of her resuscitation. Great was his joy, on the morrow, when the physician declared that all danger was over. It was impossible, therefore, for him to remain angry with poor Bolf, whose crime produced such happy consequences. Bolf, however, was

more severe in judging himself; he resigned his functions, being unwilling again to enter the church as sexton.

Richmuth and Aducht took care of him and his wife and stood godfather and godmother to his child. What happiness they felt, when, a fortnight afterwards, the pretty child was baptised. The cathedral was splendidly adorned for this ceremony; the organ resounded through the vaults, green branches decorated the pillars and the sacred pile was filled with inhabitants of the town. The two spouses returned thanks to providence, and resolved not to abandon their young protégé, whose birth had saved Richmuth. Thus it was that a sad burial ceremony was superseded by the joyful solemnity of a baptism. Aducht, on that day, did not spare his old Rhenish wine; he caused several casks to be carried to the market place, and had them broached that the people might partake of his joy.





Alfred Rethel del.

Ernst Rauch sc.





FASTRADA'S RING.

The pleasant valley, in which is situated the industrious city of Aix-la-Chapelle, with its ancient fame and modern prosperity, boasts of many tranquil and agreeable spots, which seem perfectly adapted to afford a welcome retreat to those who love the poetry of past centuries, and the legends of the middle ages. There, one may enjoy that seclusion and repose, which is denied amidst the bustle and busy occupations of a city, in which recent innovations have gradually superseded the ancient character of the once celebrated capital of the holy Roman Empire. There, one may abandon himself to the interesting recollections at-

tached to the grey moss-clad rocks and allow the imagination to climb with the dark-leaved ivy which mantles around the old towers and crumbling walls. By-gone days there seem to rise again from the grave, and the soul may uninterruptedly indulge in its longing after those desired but unattainable objects, which lend additional charms to the golden dreams of youth.

Who is there that has felt the poetry of youth, and dwelled in ecstasy upon the images and recollections of past times, who can avoid gazing with melancholy contemplation upon the ruins of Frankenberg, whose half-decayed towers covering the woody declivity with their prostrate fragments. The modern postern of this venerable castle, a part of which is inhabited, is approached by a bridge, stretching across the sedge-covered lake, and is surrounded by luxuriant meadows, bounded by cool and verdant woodlands. In order to form an adequate idea of the richness and charms of this spot, it should be seen upon a fine spring-morning, when the dew glitters like diamonds upon the new-born grass; when the rising lark fills the air with its cheerful melody and the fresh verdure of the trees admits a partial view of the ancient towers of the neighbouring city, as they stretch forth their pinnacles through the early haze. It may then be imagined, how the puissant and illustrious Emperor, to whom the whole world, with all its glorious attractions, majesty and splendor, lay open, should have selected this sequestered spot, in preference to all the palaces of his boundless Empire.

Of the many anecdotes, which have been treasured up in old chronicles, songs and popular traditions, concerning the greatest Emperor, that Germany ever possessed, none are better known or more affecting than those of the love which held him a willing slave in the chains of his beautiful consort Fastrada. Although, by sometimes availing herself of the influence she possessed over Charlemagne, to effect her own purposes, she had given rise to divers commotions in the Empire, and created much discontent and animosity, the Emperor clung to her with unabated affection. At length, while the court was residing at Francfort, on the banks of the Main, which rolls its peaceful and majestic waters through the surrounding fertile plains, she fell grievously ill. The Emperor's grief knew no bounds and it amounted even to despair on the death of this beloved object, which occurred shortly after. He would not quit the chamber in which she had breathed her last : he appeared to be bound there by some unaccountable spell. As the corpse lay before him, he fancied that she only slept, and the moment when her spirit was emancipated from her frail body seemed to him to have been but a hideous dream. In short, he knelt beside her bed, attempted to awaken her, and called her by the most endearing names.

The Emperor's councillors and courtiers knew not what course to pursue : he would not so much as hear of the interment of Fastrada's mortal remains. He imperiously dismissed those who even mentioned it to

him, and answered that she would soon awake from her slumber. All feared for the reason and even for the life of their sovereign, if he should continue in this frame of mind. While matters remained in this perplexing state of uncertainty, the pious Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims and first councillor of the Emperor, had a vision which explained the whole mystery. The Prelate stated that he perceived a mysterious ring interwoven with the hair of the Empress, and that it was this ring, that kept Charles still fettered to his deceased consort. Turpin's resolution was soon formed : on the following morning he entered the apartment and, unobserved by the Emperor, secretly took possession of the ring.

No sooner had he done this, than Charles stood up and threw himself weeping into the prelate's arms. It seemed as if his eyes were just opened and as if he now for the first time became conscious of the fatal truth : he shuddered and knew not what had taken place within him. He willingly permitted himself to be led by the Archbishop out of the chamber, mounted upon horseback and rode through the city, where he was hailed by the anxious citizens with the most heartfelt demonstrations of joy, and soon arrived at his favourite Ingelheim, where he applied himself with renewed ardour to the affairs of state. Every thing which had occurred since the death of Fastrada, was to him as a dream. Her remains, however, wrapped in purple and gold, were carried in solemn procession from Frankfort to Mayence, and were interred in the

abbey of St. Alban, where Charles commanded a magnificent tomb to be erected in commemoration of her merits and his love.

From this time forward the Emperor always insisted upon the pious prelate remaining near his person : he did nothing without his advice and in short could not support his absence for a moment. Although the Archbishop took advantage of this attachment for the benefit of the church and state, for he was a well meaning and wise man ; his pious spirit took offense at what seemed to him an unholy charm, wherefore he determined to rid himself of it as soon as possible. His mind was full of this thought when he once accompanied the Emperor upon a visit to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he was wont occasionally to take up his residence. Wandering in the valley where those salutary hot springs take their rise, which had induced Charles to build himself a palace there, Turpin came to a small placid lake, enclosed on all sides by woods and carpets of green turf : into this he threw the fatal jewel.

From this time the Emperor, in whom his palaces of the Upper-Rhine only awakened sad recollections of his lost happiness, thought he could no more leave the green valley. It was only, when compelled by the affairs of the Empire, which did not at that period allow the monarch to rest quietly at any fixed spot, but called him from one place to another, that he separated himself from his favourite retreat, to which he returned as soon as he was at liberty. He not only embellished the city itself with a palace and churches;

but he also caused the castle of Falkenberg to be built near the neighbouring lake, after having cleared away a part of the wood. Here he often sat for hours together in undisturbed solitude, gazing on the sheet of water beneath his feet, and meditating even in his old age upon the happiness of past days.

THE
ERECTION OF THE CATHEDRAL
at Aix-la-Chapelle.

In former times the zealous and devout inhabitants of Aix-la-Chapelle determined to build a cathedral. For six months the klang of the hammer and axe resounded with wonderful activity, but alas! the money which had been supplied by pious Christians for this holy work, became exhausted, the wages of the masons were suspended, and with them their desire to hew and hammer: for after all men were not so very religious in those days, as to build a temple on credit.

Thus, it stood, half finished, resembling a falling ruin. Moss, grass and wild parsley flourished in the

cracks of the walls; screech-owls already discovered convenient places for their nests and amorous sparrows hopped lovingly about, where holy priests should have been teaching lessons of chastity.

The builders were confounded, they endeavoured to borrow here and there, but no rich man could be induced to advance so large a sum. The collections from house to house fell short, so that instead of the much wished for golden foxes nothing was found but copper in the bushes. When the magistracy received this report they were out of humour and looked with desponding countenances towards the cathedral walls, as fathers look upon the remains of favourite children.

At this moment, a stranger of commanding figure and something of pride in his voice and bearing, entered, and exclaimed: "*Bon dies!* They say that you are out of spirits. Hem! if nothing but money is wanting, you may console yourselves gentlemen. I possess mines of gold and silver, and both can and will most willingly supply you with a ton of it."

The astounded senators sate like a row of pillars, measuring the stranger from head to foot. The Burgomaster first found his tongue. "Who are you, noble Lord," said he, "that thus, entirely unknown, speak of tons of gold as though they were sacks of beans? Tell us your name, your rank in this world, and whether you are sent from the regions above to assist us."—"I have not the honour to reside there," replied the stranger "and between ourselves, I beg most particularly to be no longer troubled with questions con-

cerning who and what I am. Suffice it to say : I have gold plentiful as summer hay ! ” Then drawing forth a leathern pouch he proceeded : “ This little purse contains the tenth of what I’ll give. The rest shall soon be forth coming. Now listen , mymasters , ” continued he clinking the coin , “ all this trumpery is and shall remain yours , if you promise to give me the first little soul , that enters the door of the new temple , when it is consecrated. ”

The astonished senators now sprung from their seats as if they had been shot up by an earthquake , and then rushed pêle-mêle and fell all of a lump , into the farthest corner of the room , where they rolled and clung to each other like lambs frightened at flashes of lightning. Only one of the party , who had not entirely lost his wits , collected his remaining senses and drawing his head out of the heap , uttered boldly : “ Avaunt , thou wicked spirit ! ”

But the stranger who was no less a person than Master Urian , laughed at them. “ What’s all this outcry about ? ” said he at length. “ Is my offence so heinous , that you are all become like children ? It is I that may suffer from this business , not you. With my hundreds and thousands I have not far to run to buy a score of souls. From you I ask but one in exchange for all my money. What are you picking at straws for ? One may plainly see you are a mere set of humbugs ! For the good of the common wealth , (which high sounding name is often borrowed for all sorts of purposes) many a Prince would instantly conduct a

whole army to be butchered, and you refuse one single man for that purpose ! Fie ! I am ashamed, O, overwise consellers, to hear you reason thus absurdly and citizen-like. What do you think to deprive yourselves of the kernel of your people, by granting my wish ? O ! no : There your wisdom is quite at fault, for, depend on it, hypocrites are always the earliest churchbirds. ”

By degrees, as the cunning fiend thus spoke, the senators took courage and whispered in each other's ear, “ What is the use of our resisting ? The grim lion will only show his teeth once—if we don't assent we shall infallibly be packed off ourselves. It is better therefore to quiet him directly. ” Scarcely was this sanguinary contract concluded, when a swarm of purses flew into the room through the walls and windows and Urian more civil than before, took leave, without leaving any smell behind. He stopped however at the door and called out, with a grim leer : “ Count it over again, for fear that I may have cheated you. ”

The hellish gold was piously expended in finishing the cathedral, but nevertheless when the building shone forth in all its splendour, the whole town was filled with fear and alarm, at the sight of it. The fact was that, although the senators had promised by bond and oath, not to trust the secret to any body, one of them had prated to his wife, and she had made it a market-place tale, so that all declared, they would never set foot within the temple. The terrified council now consulted the clergy but the good priests all

hung down their heads. At last a monk cried out: "A thought strikes me! The wolf which has so long ravaged the neighbourhood of our town, was this morning caught alive. This will be a well merited punishment for the destroyer of our flocks, let him be cast to the devil in the fiery gulf! 'Tis possible the arch-hellhound may not relish this breakfast, yet *nolens volens* he must swallow it. You promised him certainly a soul, but whose was not decidedly specified."

The monk's plan was plausible and the senate determined to put the cunning trick into execution. At length the day of consecration arrived and orders were given to bring the wolf to the principal entrance of the cathedral; so just as the bells began to ring, the trap-door of the cage was pulled open and the savage beast darted out into the nave of the empty church. Master Urian, from his lurking place, beheld this consecration-offering with the utmost fury. Burning with choler at being thus deceived, he raged like a tempest and then rushed forth slamming the brass gate so violently after him that the wings split in two.

This crack which serves to commemorate the priests' victory over the tricks of the devil, is still exhibited to the gaping travellers, who visit the cathedral. Proof of the fact is also not wanting, for the brazen figure of the wolf may still be seen over the principal door with the devil carrying off its poor, eternally lost soul.

THE
COUNT PALATINE

AND

the Emperor's daughter.

At the time when Otto the Third, a descendant of the Imperial House of Saxony, mounted the throne of his ancestors as Emperor of Germania, the government of the State was in the hands of Theofania, a Grecian princess, widow of the late and mother to the reigning Emperor, a woman of great talent and superior endowment. It was only through her prudence that Otto maintained himself on his throne, for he had dangerous rivals in Crescentius Nomentanus, the Roman Consul, and Henry, Duke of Bavaria, descendant of Henry the Second, the last of whom once seized Otto and threw him into prison, from whence he was

liberated, only through the repeated remonstrances and threats of the assembled States of the Empire. The learned Gerber, who afterwards ascended the Pontifical chair as Sylvester the Second, was appointed tutor to the young Prince, by the Empress. This great man fashioned the heart of his pupil and instilled into his mind such virtues and noble sentiments as adorned the Empress Regent and, through his sage advice and example, excited him to those acts of kindness and generosity, which shed a lustre over his short life and made his death generally lamented.

Among the advisers of the widowed Empress was Ezo, Count Palatine of Aix-la-Chapelle, a man, who, although in the bloom of life, was so superior in science and martial prowess that not one of the oldest counsellors could compete with him. A short time before the commencement of this history, he had caused Lothario, King of Franconia, who had invaded Lorraine and laid siege to the city of Verdun, to leave that place and return to Allemannia without drawing his sword. During Otto's imprisonment and after his release, he was one of the most daring speakers against Henry of Bavaria and attended with unremitting ardour, to the affairs of the Empire. Through this, Theofania became much attached to the Count, gave him her confidence and intrusted him with the management of all matters of importance relating to the Empire. Ezo justified the confidence of the Empress, for no one among the Lords at Court was more zealous and attentive than he. By his affable disposition he gained many friends

and was esteemed by all. The young Emperor also became fond of Lord Ezo, not only because he instructed him in those manly exercises which are suitable to a noble Prince, but because his mother had informed him of his true and loyal services. Thus the Count Palatine not only became one of the first Counsellors to the Empress, who followed his advice in all undertakings where prudence, foresight and secrecy were required, but he was also the favorite of Otto and the esteemed companion of all Courtiers.

In the Convent of noble ladies at Essen, on the further side of the Rhine, in a small vaulted chamber, furnished with great elegance, sat Adelaide sister of Otto the Second the deceased Emperor of Germany and abbess of the convent. At her side, near a gothic beautifully arched window, was a young girl of rosy complexion, whose light tresses fell gracefully upon her alabaster neck and whose blue eyes full of gentleness and modesty were fixed on the work held by her delicate fingers. The rays of the rising sun, darting through the painted windows, threw the splendour of their colours over the apartment. An image of the Virgin Mary, sculptured with great skill, stood upon a small altar surrounded by figures of Saints suspended in gilt frames of curious workmanship. The vases of odoriferous flowers, placed before the image of the Madonna, seemed to vie, in the richness of their colours, with the ardent fires streaming through the glass windows. This young beauty was Matilda sister of the young Emperor Otto. Her education had

been entrusted to her aunt the Abbess, who intended her for a conventual life. She was a woman of rigid piety, whose great desire was, that her cherished pupil should quit the tumults of the world and retire to the protecting care of a convent. The timid young girl, who sincerely loved her aunt, dared not resist her wishes, although she had no inclination for a religious life. A single instant had decided her fate. She loved, but without hope. During her last sojourn at Aix-la-Chapelle, she had seen Ezo ! His beautiful figure, the charms of his conversation, his bravery and the nobleness of his sentiments, had entirely captivated the heart of the tender maid. Finding that every one, even her mother, spoke in praise of Ezo and that he was the object of universal respect and distinction, she said to herself: — “This man or none !” The Count Palatine was in the same condition with regard to Matilda. He was often visibly affected, when she looked at or spoke to him, an ardent flush would instantly overspread his cheeks, and he would lower his eyes in silence. Although of an ancient and highly noble family, he dared not raise his eyes and wishes to a princess — the daughter of an Emperor ! Neither did the history of Eginhard and Emma, which often occurred to his thought, give him any hope of success. With difficulty he quelled the violent throbbing of his breast whenever the princess, full of timidity and grace, approached him. Although not a word passed between the lovers, yet their eyes said enough. Ezo always kept at a measured distance

from Matilda, for he trembled and feared lest any discovery should lead to an unfortunate issue between them, and latterly he retired entirely from Court, only appearing at those times when affairs of duty or ceremony demanded his presence. At last the time of Matilda's departure arrived and she returned to her aunt, who was not long in observing that her manner was changed and that she had become absent and pensive.

Thus it was with Matilda on this particular morning. Her eyes had for a long time been vacantly fixed on the superb garden of the convent, where millions of flowers shed their lustre around and where the warbling birds revelled in the rays of the vernal sun. The maiden's delicate fingers reposed with her unfinished work, upon her lap. The wondering Abbess watched her for some time; at length breaking silence she said.

"What ails you Matilda, that you thus gaze at the sky and do not attend to your work, which has fallen from your hands?"

"I was thinking" . . . quickly began Matilda, but looking at the Abbess, she stopped suddenly, and fixed her eyes on the ground.

The Abbess arose, shook her head and approaching the altar, prostrated herself, saying: "She will never become a good nun now—notwithstanding all that I have done to dispose her mind to that state. The will of God be done!"

One afternoon about this time the young Emperor Otto was seated in the Imperial Palace at Aix-la-

Chapelle, in company with his two eldest sisters and many nobles of the court, amongst whom was Ezo the Count Palatine. As the king was extremely fond of chess and esteemed himself capable of playing against the whole world, he invited the Count to play with him. Ezo readily obeyed his Sovereigns commands, having devoted much time to the acquirement of a pastime at which he had attained a great degree of skill. When the servants had placed the board and the combatants were seated, it was agreed that whoever should be the victor, in three following games, might ask any thing he pleased of the other, that it was in his power to accord.

Now Ezo immediately resolved within himself, what prize he would ask, in the event of his vanquishing the Emperor. He looked on this chance as a favour offered by fortune, for he determined to demand the hand of Matilda as the prize of victory! But he visibly trembled, when the Emperor commenced the game and it was his turn to move; for, how easily he could lose and then all his hopes would fade in a moment. However his presence of mind did not desert him. The God of Love seemed to hover around him : he played with surprising success; each piece, that he brought forward against his adversary recalled Matilda to his mind and rendered him doubly cautious; so that Otto, who tried every means that his great science suggested, to put him off his guard, was entirely baffled.

The first game ended by the Emperor being check-mated. Ezo, hovering between hope and fear, thanked

heaven, but by far the greater danger was yet to overcome, for the Emperor would undoubtedly redouble his efforts to prevent being again beaten. The second game began, Otto annoyed at his loss, exposed his men, and the Count quickly took advantage of it. Thus the play continued until at the end of the third game, Ezo was the conqueror.

Who can describe what passed in the bosom of Ezo? He had to demand the prize! The name of Matilda was on his tongue, but he hesitated to pronounce it. "How easily," said he to himself, "may the Emperor refuse thee his sister, notwithstanding his given word, and state as an excuse that he did not intend the wager to be thus interpreted? What a humiliation to thee, when all hope is lost, to be obliged to retire from the presence of the whole Court!"

The nobles during this, looked with amazement on the Count Palatine, expecting he would ask for a large sum in gold or silver, or for a City or even a Duchy. At last confidence gained the ascendancy in the Count's bosom. Advancing boldly to the Emperor, he threw himself on one knee before him: but it was only with a faltering voice that he could pronounce these words: "Great Prince, give me Matilda your sister. I have long loved her, and you will make two hearts happy."

The courtiers were stupified with astonishment at this demand and looked at the Count Palatine who continued kneeling, awaiting his fate. Just then Theofania entered the saloon, she no sooner heard the

meaning of this singular scene, than she determined to support the Count's pretention. Advancing to the Emperor who was hesitating what to do, she said: "My son, keep your promise, give him Matilda, he has deserved her from us both, my maternal blessing shall crown their union."

Otto, who respected and loved his mother above all as his protectress and adviser, did not hesitate a moment to accede to her desire, so that it seemed he only waited her approbation, to crown the happiness of the Count Palatine, whom he had long known as the most faithful of his officers. "Take her then!" said he graciously raising Ezo, "take her and be happy: rest faithful to your Sovereign — your brother and be assured of my continual love."

Ezo could no longer contain his joy. He hardly dared trust his ears when he received this affectionate reply of the Monarch, whom he thanked most fervently a thousand times. His friends, who highly respected and loved him, flocked around to congratulate him on this happy attainment of his desires.

Provided with a letter from the Emperor, the Count set off immediately for Essen to conduct his lovely bride to Aix-la-Chapelle.

The early matins were over, the nuns had re-entered their cells, when two knights, mounted on faeming steeds, arrived at the convent and asked permission to enter. The gate was opened. The foremost rider sprung from his horse, threw the reins to a

domestic and having entered the convent, desired to speak with the Princess Matilda. He was ushered into the parlour, and the Princess almost immediately entered. A slight tinge of red mantled her cheeks as she recognized the Count Palatine. He approached and respectfully saluted her, then drawing a letter from his leathern pouch he placed it in her hands. The contents of the paper, thus presented to her were as follows:

“Beloved sister, Salute, in the bearer of this letter, our dear and faithful Count Palatine, Lord Ezo, your intended husband, and return in his company, as quickly as possible, to Us and your mother at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Count will relate how this came to pass, and will assure you of the affection, with which I am, Your Brother Otto.

“From our Palace at Aix-la-Chapelle the 22nd of May.”

With a bewildered look Matilda raised her eyes. Was it a dream or reality? She again examined the letter to ascertain that it was no illusion. For who could immediately believe in the existence of such unforeseen happiness? At last her glance, full of love fell upon the Count.

“My Matilda ! ” cried he, with an accent of deep tenderness and with joy sparkling eyes; at the same moment he flew towards her and in the transport of his ecstasy pressed her to his palpitating heart and sealed their union with a first embrace.

The lovers now repaired to the Abbess. When the Princess declared her intention of returning to Aix-la-

Chapelle to marry the Count Palatine, the pious lady could not restrain her indignation and Ezo was obliged to listen to much harsh language for she would not consent to the removal of the Princess, and still hoped to persuade her to take the veil. Matilda was standing with down-cast eyes by the side of her lover, who listened tranquilly until the Abbess had made an end of her remarks : he then took the letter from the hands of his beloved and gave it to her. It may be easily conceived that, after perusing Otto's epistle, the Abbess had no longer any impediment to throw in the way of the marriage. She therefore subscribed to it without delay, consoling herself with the prospect that one or the other of the Imperial Princesses would embrace that happiness, which Matilda thus discarded. And so it really happened, even beyond the hopes of the worthy Abbess, for Adeaide became Abbess of Quedlinburg and Sophia Abbess of Gandersheim. Ezo and Matilda departed after receiving their benediction. The journey to Aix-la-Chapelle was quickly over and the assembled court received the lovers, who were shortly after eternally united by the hand of the priest and received the blessing of Theofania at Brauweiler.

This is the wonderful but true history of the Count Palatine and the Imperial Princess, as it is related in the chronicles and histories of the olden time. Ezo and Matilda lived long and happily together in holy matrimony and devoutly served the Lord, who had vouchsafed to them so great a portion of felicity.

THE
GOBLINS OF EMMABURG.

In a part of Limburg, where the castle of Emma-burg stands high on a mass of rocks, there were many subterranean passages in the cliffs, now mostly filled up. In these dwelt a race of spirits, whom the people called goblins. They never showed themselves in the day-time, but they made up for that at night. For no sooner had it struck twelve, than they sallied forth into the neighbouring villages making such a noise at all the house-doors, that the inhabitants concluded that Satan in person, with an army of inferior demons, was going his rounds. This would last a good while till, as it struck one, the noisy band by degrees retired to the caverns in the rock and people naturally supposed that the goblins had returned

home. Then arose the sounds of feasting and revelry and the subterranean passages were suddenly illuminated. Many a herdsman and traveller, attracted by the brilliant light, had viewed with astonishment the pigmy race gaily and cheerfully seated round long tables and feasting upon the most exquisite viands and rarest wines. Nay once, a bold young forester, having penetrated farther than others into the intricate cavern, heard the following song which echoed softly and sweetly through the subterranean passage :

In a rock at midnight,
By the lamp's brilliant light,
While lazy men lie sleeping,
We sit jovially feasting,
But ere the clock strikes four,
Our pleasant banquet is o'er.
Huzza, huzza!
It is broad day !

Afterwards the hardy adventurer saw the gay revellers striking their tiny golden goblets together, while the tale went round, till at last when the first rays of the sun began to illumine the east, they put an end to the feast by singing in chorus this bacchanalian song :

Send the howl around
Kling, klang, kling !
Let us not be found,
Ting, tang, ting !
For it is day light;
Part—klang, kling!
We must wait till night,
Drink—tang, ting !

And as the last sound was heard, all disappeared. The listener, however, paid dear for his curiosity, for from the instant he related to the astonished neighbours the story of this night, he rapidly declined in health and spirits. The song of the goblins was for ever in his mouth and some time afterwards humming the concluding verses, he madly rushed into the cavern and never did the eye of man again behold him.

Tired of being constantly annoyed, the neighbours assembled to deliberate on the best means of preventing these little goblins from making such a noise. The exorcisms of the clergy had never been of much avail, for though these creatures then remained quiet for some time, yet, in spite of the holy ministers of God, they soon returned and made more noise than ever. Finally the inhabitants of the adjacent country resolved to build, at their joint expense, a chapel on the summit of the rock near the castle of Emma; so they instantly set about putting their plan in execution.—The holy cross soon decorated the sacred edifice, and, from the moment its consecrated bell called the faithful to mass, the troublesome goblins for ever disappeared from the rock and the neighbourhood.

Scarce had the country people informed the first magistrate of the free and imperial city of Aix-la-Chapelle, that the goblins had vanished from the cliffs near the castle of Emma, than the devil began to play his pranks at Aix-la-Chapelle.

On that part of the rampart between the Sandkaul gate and that of Cologne, there formerly stood a high tower, from whence subterranean passages reached a long way into the country. Nobody had, as yet, dared to explore them, for fearful tales were told of them. Here the goblins now took up their abode, and lived as gaily as formerly in their rocky palace.

The inhabitants of the Cologne street were chiefly tormented by them. At certain periods of the year, they held their noisy feasts, of which the inhabitants were always forewarned by different signs, such, for example, as a gentle taps at the house door, noises in the hearth or among the coppers. The inmates of every house were then obliged to get ready a well scoured saucepan, in order to have peace at night.

For in the house, before the door of which such a utensil was not placed by ten o' clock, or where any one dared to evince incredulity, it was certain no christian would sleep a wink.

Noises of every description, such as walking backwards and forwards, whistling and yelling in the corridors and chimnies, in short, a row like unto one in the infernal regions banished sleep far from its walls. Scoffers were served still worse, for they were pulled about and tormented in their beds to such a degree by invisible hands that next morning they were half dead. Nay, it once happened that two courageous soldiers, quartered in Wildenmann's house, dissuaded the land-

lord from placing a kettle at the door, promising that instead of polished copper the goblins should find their bright swords. They kept their word, and when the clock struck ten, they placed themselves before the door of the house with drawn swords and gaily singing. In a short time, however, instead of their jovial song they were heard quarrelling, and at last like a couple of bloodthirsty scoundrels, they rushed on one another, calling out : “ Goblin ! goblin ! ” And kept up a running fight through the goblin’s lane, till they reached the tower on the wall, where the next morning they were found dead, pierced with each other’s swords.

Such frightful examples were not lost on the citizens; so they afterwards paid implicit obedience to the commands of the goblins, and before every door was placed a copper or earthen vessel for their use. At midnight a loud noise was heard in the lane, which to this day bears their name ; thence the goblins debouched into the Cologne street opposite Wiedemann’s; there they separated, some going to the right others to the left. After they had dispersed themselves through the divers quarters of the town, every goblin took up his kettle, and away he went to the tower. There they caroused till sunrise, and the next morning every house-keeper saw his saucepan, standing nice and clean at his door, with the exception of those who had not left their vessel perfectly scoured, for they not only found it but likewise their whole house, covered with dirt and filth.

Thus the wanton goblins continued their practises for many ages and became denizens, as it were, of the town, when suddenly the establishment and consecration of a new convent, frightened them from their abode.

Since that epoch nothing further has ever been heard of their freaks; yet though centuries have elapsed since their departure and though the old tower has long been a heap of ruins, the name of "goblin lane" still recalls to mind their former existence.

THE
HUNCH-BACK

of Aix-la-Chapelle.

It was late at night on the eve of St. Matthew in the year 1549, that a poor hunch-backed musician chanced to be on his road back to Aix-la-Chapelle from a distant village, where he had been performing at a wedding.

Emboldened by his frequent libations at the feast, he approached the cathedral precisely as the turret-clock struck midnight.

Startled, however, at the lateness of the hour and more so still by a fluttering noise, as though a legion of cats and owls kept holy-day around him, he hurried on as fast as possible, hoping to reach his humble dwel-

ling in Jacobs-street, ere the hour for the appearance of spirits and goblins had completely done sounding.

However, on reaching the Fish-Market he stood perfectly paralyzed at the spectacle that presented itself to his sight, so that he was unable to advance or retreat. The Fish-Market lay before him glittering from afar in the dark night, with innumerable lights. Rich and costly viands in gold and silver dishes were spread upon tables, ruby wine sparkled in a multitude of crystal vessels and around the tables sat a number of richly clad dames, apparently eating with considerable appetite.

The astounded musician retreated and crouched in a corner, for he now remembered with horror, that it was the festival of St. Matthew. But it was too late, for one of the unearthly guests had already perceived him and rising from his seat invited him to the table. The terrified musician obeyed, though his teeth rattled in his jaws like dice in a box and his knees bent under him, as if they were made of whalebone. The ghost who remarked this, addressed him thus: "Fear not, my good friend, but play us a cheerful tune, and thou shalt be well rewarded." And thus speaking she handed him a goblet filled with spicy wine. The musician drained the cup and thus encouraged, commenced a merry tune. Immediately the benches and all they contained were thrown aside and the ladies, among whom the hunch-back thought he recognized many of the noble women of the town, commenced dancing. Rapid and more rapid went the measure,

as though driven by an invisible hand and helter-skelter danced the Dames. While the fiddler with vigorous arm plyed the bow, passing from one tune to another with such energy and velocity, that it appeared to himself as though a whole concert of screeching fiddles and yelling flutes were behind him. He began to doubt whether it were not all a dream, when in the midst of the dance the clock struck three quarters after twelve. The Ladies stopped suddenly, as if overcome with exhaustion and all became quiet as before.

Irresolute stood the musician, not knowing whether to remain or depart; when the Dame, who appeared to preside over this nocturnal revel, again approached and said to him: "Good musician, thou hast bravely done thy part towards our amusement, thus shalt thou be rewarded." And stepping quickly behind him, she stripped him of his coat, and ere he had recovered from his astonishment, with a sudden and violent grasp removed his hunch. Overwhelmed with gratitude he was about to fall upon his knees before his benefactress, when the clock struck one. Ladies, lights, and dishes disappeared and he alone remained standing in the darkness.

"It is all a dream," he exclaimed mournfully rubbing his shoulders, but he started with surprise and again passed his hand across his shoulders to be assured of the fact. It was no dream his hunch had disappeared, and joyfully he grasped his coat which lay on the ground, when another surprise awaited

him, for the pockets were heavy with gold. Doubly rejoiced at this windfall, he now hastened home. But his good wife recognized him not and could scarcely credit his account of the night's adventure and stared at him from head to foot and from foot to head.

And well might she be astonished, for he was now tall, slender and as straight as a turnpike bar. Upon this the pious woman gave praise to the Lord, who knows all things and can perform all things. The violin, that had been the means of such good fortune to the house, was now suspended under the portrait of their Patron-Saint, as a perpetual memorial, a holy relic for their children and grand children!

The poor musician's good fortune was scarcely known however in the neighbourhood, ere it stirred up a host of enemies.

Amongst the most violent was a brother hunch-back, who distinguished himself by his loud abuse of his former companion. Day and night was he tormented by his jealousy and vainly did he practise the most beautiful tunes with the hope of rivalling his friend and of having the same opportunity of exhibiting his talents. This was soon given him at St. Gerards festival. At the hour of midnight he proceeded to the Fish-Market, where he found a sumptuous banquet prepared and the company assembled. The ladies immediately invited him to play and in proud self-confidence he commenced a merry, but pompously executed tune. The ladies arose to dance, when suddenly the sprightly measure fell into

a funereal dirge and he fiddled a tune so sad, so heartbreaking, that hellish howls and hisses arose around him and the dancers moved slowly along with mournful faces. Perfectly satisfied with his own performance, he continued to play, until the dance had ended; when throwing aside his coat and waist coat he boldly approached the table, saying: "Ah, ah! good Madam, I had not thought to recognize in the queen of this night's revels, the honoured wife of our worthy Burgomaster, what would his worship say, to find thee at this broom-stick feast? But, fair lady, detain me not, for the night is cold and I shiver in the autumnal air, hasten to bestow my reward. I doubt not that my talent is worth a better price than his, whose music so lately tinkled in thy ears." The lady replied not, but ere the astonished fiddler had ceased to speak, hastily snatched off the cover from a silver dish, and taking thence the hunch of his companion, which had been here concealed, affixed it firmly upon his breast.

At the same moment the whole party vanished amidst roars of laughter.

Surrounded by this double bulwark of flesh, the hunch-back now hastened home, and carried with him through life the effects of his envy and covetousness. May his fate serve as a beacon to warn others from those rocks of envy and jealousy upon which he was shipwrecked.

THE
DRACHENFELS AND ROLANDSECK.

As the traveller ascends the river from the north on his route towards the lovely valley of the Rhine, his eye first rests upon the lofty summits of the seven mountains, these mighty guardians of the stream's right bank; while upon the opposite side arise the ruins of the once stately fortress of Rolandseck. At this magnificent mountain gate, the uniformity of the plain ceases as by enchantment. The Rhine, the glorious Rhine! the father of tradition and of song, here opens to the mind and fancy a new and inexhaustible world of riches.

As the traveller floats securely upon the calm bosom

of the mighty waters, which bend their course through this terrestrial paradise, the giant mountains with their leaf-clad woods, ruined towers, rich vineyards and waving cornfields, irresistibly attract his attention towards the sunny heights of the Drachenfels.

For such is the name of the stupendous wall of rock, which rises precipitously from the stream, its fearful chasms still crowned with the ruins of an ancient fortress.

On the north lies the cheerful town of Königs-winter, whilst upon the south the rural village of Rhöndorf is sheltered from the northern blasts by wild and precipitous clefts, whose flanks are fringed with golden vineyards and orchards, bending beneath a world of fruit. Amidst the rocky fissures of the south-western side of the mountain, there dwelled in olden times a fearful Dragon, the Deity of the surrounding heathens, from whom the rock derives its name. Savage and cruel were the barbarians; war and robbery were the occupations of their lives, and frequent and dreadful were their devastating attacks upon the opposite shore, where christianity had already raised the standard of peace.

It happened upon one occasion, that a noble christian maid became their prey. The beauty and virtue of the gentle girl, ere long raised an ardent flame in the breast of their two noblest chiefs. But neither the powerful Horsrik, nor the agile Rinbod found favour in the eyes of the captive. Resistance increased the frenzy of their passion and mutual jealousy inflamed

their breasts. Oaths and supplications were alike unheeded by the maiden and neither would cede the captive to the other. This contest at length divided the Barbarians into two parties and gave rise to a bloody war. Then arose the Elder of the race and spoke thus :

“ Our Gods forbid this unnatural conflict between the noblest of our race and have decreed the stranger maiden to the Dragon! To morrow, at early dawn he claims his prey ! ”

From this decision there was no appeal. Both rivals were obliged to yield submission to the power, which they worshipped. Scarcely therefore had the first blush of day illumined the mountain and while yet the misty giants of the Rhine slumbered upon the blue surface of the stream, ere the maiden was conducted to the rock, immediately overhanging the Dragon's cavern and there secured, an unresisting spoil. — As she bowed her head in pious submission to the divine will, not a single murmur escaped the lips of the beautiful christian; her eye calmly turned first to the distant east, reddened with the dawning day, and then to the heathens, who were assembled in countless multitudes beneath.

Scarcely had the first sun-beam illumined the rocks, ere the Dragon awoke and beheld his prey. Issuing from his noisome den, the hideous beast rolled rapidly with outstretched jaws and flaming eyes to seize his victim. Already the scorching blight of his fiery breath cast its pestilence upon the maiden, who not only stood undaunted, but drawing from her bosom

the emblem of her faith, she raised it before her, exclaiming: "Lord, Lord of the immortal throne and everlasting life accept my soul!" No sooner did the monster's eye fall upon the sacred symbol, before which even the Hosts of Hell tremble, than recoiling back with awe, it uttered a fearful roar and sprung headlong over the ridge of rocks into the flood beneath, whose waters closed over him for ever.

The pagan multitude could scarcely give credit to their senses, when they saw the maiden standing unshackled and unscathed before them. Still more were they astonished, when Rinbod bounded forward and raising her upon his shoulders, bore her in triumph to the highest summit of the rock, where he threw himself in devout submission at her feet. His example was soon followed by others. Ere long the voice of truth and innocence found ready access to the hearts of the Barbarians. The word of peace was understood and felt and, ere many moons had waned upon the valley of the Rhine, the Heathens rejoiced in the knowledge and worship of a Redeemer. Ere many weeks also the maiden became the bride of the impassioned Rinbod, who erected a dwelling upon the summit of the rock, to which he gave the name of the Dragon's Castle.

The ruin which now crowns the mountain belongs to a much later period.

The traveller will however be richly rewarded, for the fatigue of ascending the Drachenfels; the view which will greet him from its summit is the most splen-

did amidst all the varried splendour of the glorious Rhine. In the south his eye will catch the lovely islands of Nonnenwerth and Grafenwerth rising like emeralds amidst a stream of melted silver. From midst the dense foliage and flowery gardens of the former peep the white walls of an ancient Cloister, whilst upon the opposite shore arise the ruins of the old castle of Rolandseck. According to tradition, there dwelled many years since in this strong-hold a knight, the flower of chivalry and the pride of the Rhineland.

Esteemed and beloved by all, the young Roland was warmly welcomed, wherever he appeared, but to none were his visits more frequent or more acceptable, than to the beautiful daughter of the old knight of the Drachenfels. On these occasions, so frequently repeated, Roland's eye sought with passionate admiration, the lovely countenance of the maiden, whom he hoped at no distant period to hail as his bride; while Hildegunde's downcast look and blushing cheek tacitly revealed her conscious tenderness. The old knight heard with undissembled joy, that Roland loved, and sought to win the hand of his beauteous child, and readily consented to their union. Indeed the day of their marriage was already fixed, when Roland was summoned to the aid of a friendly knight, who was engaged in a long and sanguinary feud with a neighbouring chieftain.

The laws of honour and chivalry forbad his refusal and he therefore tore himself sorrowfully from his beloved and obeyed the call.

A tear trembled in the downcast eye of the maid, when Roland pressed upon her lips a parting kiss and promised a speedy return.

“Farewell,” faintly articulated the maiden, as she gently withdrew from the encircling arms of the knight and implored him for her sake, not to allow himself to be led away by the ardour of his courage.

Roland promised and departed, overwhelmed with grief and vexation. The war between the knights long continued and the young hero sighed inwardly for his home and his beautiful mistress. Victory in the mean time attended his arms and love shielded him in the hour of peril.

At length the war ended and the impatient Roland eagerly sought his native land. The evening had closed around, when he arrived in the neighbourhood of the Drachenfels. Loud sounds as of a distant tumult came upon the wind. Spurring his noble courser up the steep ascent, he reached the fortress, where a scene of wild confusion presented itself to his sight. A robber-knight had stormed the castle, and penetrated to the inward court. Roland's war-cry soon rose above the din of arms and gave new courage to the men of Drachenfels. Already had the enemy been driven to the outer gate, fiercely pursued by the conquerors, when suddenly there appeared amidst the combatants a knight, who sought with blind fury the youthful conqueror, but a blow from the vigorous arm of the powerful Roland laid the assailant lifeless on the field.

The robbers fled and the cry of victory resounded through the mountain. But on returning to the fortress, what a scene awaited the conqueror!

There in mute sorrow stood the men of Drachenfels weeping over the body of their Lord, while Hildegunde in tones of woe bewailed the death of her father, upon whose corpse she had thrown herself, insensible to all around.

Roland approached to console his beloved, when he started back with horror on perceiving by the torch light, that the knight he had slain was the father of his adored Hildegunde. "O God!" he cried, "I am his murderer! Hildegunde canst thou ever pardon the offender?" "Roland! thou his murderer," shrieked the maiden recognizing the voice, ere she sunk into insensibility. Unspeakable was her anguish, when she recovered. Alas! she had lost her father, her dearest friend upon earth and this by the hand of her lover, he whom the departed warrior had called with pride his son! Tears fortunately came to her relief and assuaged the violence of her grief, but a silent melancholy soon took possession of her soul and she not only resolved to abandon the world and its joys, but to renounce her beloved.

Roland listened to her determination in an agony of grief, but prayers and supplications were vain.

"No," replied she, "it is in a cloister, that I will seek that happiness, which the world can no longer afford me." When Roland knelt down to implore her pardon and urged her in despairing accents to

change her resolution, she again answered : — “ No! in yonder solitary cell, will I pray that God may pardon thee, for thy unpremeditated crime. There also will I endeavour to forget all that has passed between us, our love, our hopes and joys.” Alas! the joy of Roland's life had fled with Hildegunde. Silence and sorrow reigned now within the once merry fortress of Rolandseck. From early morn to the close of day the unhappy Lord sat upon the balcony that overlooked the green island of Nonnenwerth to which Hildegunde had retired. His only hope was that he might perceive the maiden, who now and then appeared in the cloister-garden like a pale lily amidst the summer blooming flowers. Months thus rolled on when one morning at early dawn, the cloister-bell was heard tolling a solemn knell.

Roland's throbbing heart soon told him for whom that fatal knell resounded and bitter tears bedimmed his mournful eye.

The hillock, that covered the remains of the loveliest of flowers, was ere long transformed by the pious sisterhood into a blooming garden, which was never for a moment lost sight of by Roland, who passed his remaining days in gazing upon the spot. Thus was he found one morning with his eyes fixed and a heavenly smile irradiating his countenance. His attendants attempted to call him but he also slept in the Lord.

The fortresses of Rolandseck and the Drachenfels have both long since been destroyed. The ruins

still remind the beholder of their former grandeur. The dark ivy now clings around and points out the arch of the casement, whence the devoted Roland looked down upon the little island of Nonnenwerth, where once reposed the mortal remains of Hildegunde.

THE
CASTLE OF STOLZENBURG.

Upon approaching the fruitful valley of the Urft, on the road from Call to Dahlbenden, the traveller beholds a dark and gloomy wood, from amidst whose foliage huge masses of rock, decaying masonry and half-sunk walls still rear their heads. These are the ruins of an ancient fortress, where in olden times there dwelt a knight, the pest of the neighbourhood and the terror of all travellers. His occupations were drinking, robbing and plundering — his amusements, tormenting and oppressing his vassals. Universally hated and feared, even his companions in wickedness execrated him in their hearts and cherished towards

him a secret detestation, from his wanton and cruel oppression of the poor. These miserable wretches, rendered desperate by starvation, would sometimes seek the castle for relief, but were invariably driven from its inhospitable walls with blows and mockery, or hunted out by dogs.

The Stolzenburger, thus was the tyrant called, for until the tenth or twelfth century the knights were wont to derive their family-names from their castles, led so evil a life, that the pious might well have lamented over it with tears of blood.

Possessed by avarice and urged on by covetousness, he gathered treasures by the most atrocious sins; and disregarded the words of his pious chaplain, who said that "unrighteous gain profiteth not, and that justice and righteousness can alone bring help in the day of eternal wrath."

The affrighted merchant lingered not in the lovely though solitary valley that led to the robber's nest, but hurried with fear and trembling from the neighbourhood, where the monster was ever lurking in order to surprise the unwary traveller and to despoil him of his wealth, leaving him in poverty and wretchedness to pursue his journey, grateful to have escaped with life.

When he returned from robbery and murder, he amused himself with tormenting his vassals, whose miserable lives hung upon the mere wink of their tyrant. Innocence and matrimonial fidelity he derided as empty names. Even the ministers of the divine

word found no protection in their holy profession from his persecutions.

The hounds of the Stolzenburger were more valued by him than his serfs, whom he considered as created for his amusement and for no other purposes than to be tormented by him. Tradition has handed down to us many of the crimes of this monster; a few of the most common will suffice to give an idea of the character of this God-abandoned man.

Opposite the castle, there lived a knight of the name of Wielsteiner, with whom he vied in mockery of God and man. Tradition recounts, that they built a bridge across the Urft to bowl thereon with loaves of bread, while their vassals were perishing around them and in vain supplicating a morsel for their famishing offspring. The children of these worthies were amused with carriages drawn upon enormous loaves, while the starving poor with longing eyes greedily followed the bread, thus wantonly trodden under foot. With a merry heart, the barbarian feasted his eyes upon the emaciated forms of the wretched mothers who saw their infants expiring upon their bosoms for want of the nourishment they were unable to bestow, while he caused them to be cruelly beaten, if driven by famine, they convulsively swallowed a morsel of the crushed bread. Thus lived the Stolzenburger in his rocky nest, heaping crime upon crime, loved by none, feared and execrated by all, and daily ripening for that destruction, which he was wantonly provoking and which at length overtook him in a dreadful man-

ner. In the midst of his evil career, while life was yet strong within him, he was called upon to give an account of his deeds.

One evening, after a day spent in various inventions to annoy the villagers, as the tyrant sat at his banquet carousing, laughing at the dogs of men and scoffing at the divine omnipotence, suddenly unearthly shrieks and rushing noises were borne upon the wind. The silver-light of the beautiful moon was obscured and a flock of ravens flew screaming through the air. Darkness overspread the country; men hid themselves in fear and the animals groaned in anguish. The Stolzenburger turned pale; well might he forebode that this war of nature portended him no good. It was indeed his grave-song. He arose to pray—for the first time to pray. But ere he could utter a single word, a dreadful crash was heard, the distant mountains bowed their heads, and the Stolzenburger was no more.

Early in the following morning the inhabitants of the surrounding country, having recovered from the supernatural occurrence of the night, hastened to the castle, but all traces of it had disappeared; the summits of the battlements alone were seen projecting from an enormous gulf. The fortress, with all it contained had sunk into the abyss.

The knight has often since been seen in various forms hovering around the ruins, but most frequently does he appear in the shape of a black hound, guarding, it is supposed, the treasures that lie buried in

the halls of the castle; the fame of which, in later times, has drawn many persons from distant lands, but who all have returned satisfied that they were the dupes of their own avarice and credulity.

STEINFELD ABBEY.

During the reign of the Emperor Henry the Fowler, there lived in the Archbishopric of Cologne, a renowned and wealthy knight named *Sibodo of Hochsteden*, Lord of Altenahr. Sprung from a race not to be surpassed in nobility of descent by any of the illustrious German houses, he had early required great and deserved celebrity, not only for his christian and chivalrous virtues, but for the diversity of his accomplishments, and his profound learning. It happened that, when a youth, Sibodo chanced to be present at the baptism of an infant. Having observed that the priest impressed its little forehead with the holy syn-

bol of our blessed faith, his curiosity was excited and he therefore drew nigh to his own Preceptor and said :

“ Was I also marked with the sign of the cross at my baptism ? ” “ Certainly,” replied the good man, “ the blessed emblem of our redemption was ineffaceably impressed upon thy front, in the name of the Father, Son and holy Ghost.”

“ If that be the case,” rejoined the youth, “ I see no reason why I should give myself the trouble of repeating the ceremony in future.” And from that hour he determined to discontinue this essential christian practise. This unhappy resolution of the young knight was quickly perceived by the abhorred enemy of mankind, who exultingly exclaimed : “ Ah ! ah ! This is exactly the kind of boy for me. To such a knight will I cheerfully act as squire. Let us see if we cannot manage it.”

There upon he assumed the attire of a menial and took the first opportunity to throw himself in the way of the young nobleman, to whom he meekly offered his services. “ Whence art thou, and what is thy name ? ” inquired the knight, as soon as the Devil had terminated the long string of compliments, with which he regaled him.— “ My name is Bonschariant,” replied the fiend, “ I come from a hot climate, a far distant foreign land. I have seen many wonders and required much knowledge. The fame of your generosity and valour reached me far away from this and my sole desire is to be permitted to enter the service

of so valiant a lord." The young Count being pleased with the fiend's flattery, readily agreed to receive him, especially as he was at that moment in want of a squire and the stranger from his apparent activity and ready wit, seemed well suited for the purpose.

Bonschariant inwardly chuckling at the success of his scheme, accompanied the Count to his castle of Alir. And truly never did knight possess a more indefatigable squire. His unwearied attentions were only to be equalled by his indefatigable activity. Every wish, every thought was anticipated and gratified. No sacrifice of labour or exertion, which could contribute to the Count's happiness or comfort, was looked upon as too great. Besides this the devil was not sparing of tricks and profane jests, which caused him to be considered as a right merry fellow by the knight. In fact he succeeded ere long in obtaining such complete possession of his Lord's confidence, that he became almost essential to his very existence.

In the mean while the knight's fame increased with his years. In battle as well as at feasts and tournaments his valour and noble deeds were the theme of universal admiration, so that when he announced his intention of setting out to join the banners of the cross in Palestina, numerous bodies of noble knights and pious pilgrims flocked to his standard. And they did well, for wherever Sibodo led them, victory attended their arms, and his triumphant banner was seen floating over the infidel crescent of the false Prophet. Shortly after his return to his native land a deadly

feud broke out between the people of Cologne and the adjacent country. The enemy having invaded the Eifel-land, the knight instantly flew to arms, assembled his retainers and marched against the foe. Victory again crowned his efforts and the aggressors were driven back with great slaughter. The conqueror who had remained with his vassals upon the opposite shore of the river, quitted his troops towards evening, and withdrew to a retired spot, where he might enjoy a few hours of repose and meditation. Exhausted by the days exertions and his rapid ride, he dismounted and reclined under the ombrageous shadows of a stately oak where, ere long, he fell into a deep slumber. Here he was soon discovered by a party of the enemy, who instantly recognized his armour and rejoiced at the prospect of so rich a prize. Carefully they approached the unconscious sleeper. Already the clang of their approaching arms resounded through the forest, when the watchful Bonschariant rushed forward and raising the knight upon his shoulders, ascended with him into the air. Alarmed and half awakened, the Count murmured forth an exclamation of surprise, when the clash of sounds reached his ear and he discovered the danger from which he had escaped. He was no sooner thoroughly awakened, however, ere he perceived that he was rapidly mounting in the air, while beneath him lay the beautiful Rhine shining in the pale light of the rising moon and appearing scarcely broader, than a silver band. "The Lord have mercy on my soul!" exclaimed the horror-

stricken knight with trembling lips, as he looked down upon his hellish squire, "the Lord take pity on me?" But his prayer was interrupted by his squire, who roared out in a rough voice, "Cease thy brawling, Sir Knight, or by the Devil's word, will I bestow upon thee a baptism, thou wilt not easily forget." Sibodo now understood perfectly with whom he travelled and held his peace, seizing however a firmer grasp of the brawny neck of his infernal charger, who ere long safely landed him upon the opposite shore whence he quickly reached his castle and retired to rest.

Notwithstanding this miraculous proof of Bonschariant's hellish character, Sibodo permitted the fiend to reside at the castle of Ahr, but he ceased to place confidence in him and indeed regarded him with secret fear and aversion. Long intercourse with evil had, however, increased the knight's natural scepticism and tendency to infidelity, and he sought to suppress the reproaches of his conscience by the reflection, that he had not entered into any compact with the fiend and consequently that the latter could possess no power over his soul. With this sophistry he remained satisfied and the squire continued his attendance, studying to retain his favour by every means in his power. Indeed his vigilance and care were so great that upon one occasion, when travelling to a distant part of the country, the Count fatigued by the length of the journey, alighted at an Inn, and retired to rest. Scarcely had he given himself up to slumber, when Bonschariant rushing into the apart-

ment, exclaimed : " Rise, my Lord, rise or you perish." The knight did not hesitate a moment, but sprang from his couch and hastily wrapping his mantle around him, ran into the court, where he had no sooner arrived, than the building fell with a tremendous crash, burying all the sleeping inhabitants in its ruins. Those and many other services raised him to the highest place in his Master's favour. Years rolled thus on and Sibodo continued to be successful in all temporal things. Suddenly however his consort, to whom he was tenderly attached, fell dangerously ill and the learned physicians, who were summoned from all parts, declared with solemn faces that there was no hope of her recovery. At length came one, who having visited the patient, said : " I know of a certain remedy, for the noble Dame's disease, but, alas ! it is beyond the power of any one to obtain it in these parts." " What is it ?" demanded the Count. " If half my treasure can purchase it, it must be got." " It is the milk of a Lioness, mixed with Dragons blood," replied the other.

When the Count heard this he hung his head and was sorely troubled, for he was well aware of the impossibility of procuring such an extraordinary specific. The squire, who was standing amongst the crowd, approached him at this moment and said : " If that remedy can save my Lady, trust to me — she shall ere long be restored to health," and so saying he suddenly disappeared and was seen by the domestics, riding rapidly across the distant plain.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed, however, when he again returned, and having entered the Countess's apartment, produced the marvellous potion. The bystanders all stared and crossed themselves, but the Count seized the flask and giving its contents to his wife, the effect was so rapid, that the Countess instantly arose from her couch, in all the bloom of health. Where Bonschariant had been, none but the Count knew. The fact was that he had flown to the torrid Zone, where he had milked a sleeping Lioness and slaughtered a male dragon, then having mingled the blood of the one with the milk of the other, he hastened back with his wondrous remedy.

The circumstance appeared somewhat suspicious to the noble Lady and she spared no pains to extract the truth from her husband, who at first resisted all her entreaties, but being at length wearied by her importunity, Sibodo reluctantly disclosed the secret, and communicated to her the real character of his unknown squire. The pious Lady, stricken with horror, earnestly besought him to dismiss the dangerous attendant, but to this the knight would not consent, reminding her how useful and faithful he had ever been and how much he ought to love him, since he had saved her life. All therefore, that the pious Lady could obtain from her husband, was a promise, that he forthwith would build and consecrate to the Lord a church and cloister.

A great portion of the surrounding country was then covered by dense forests, uniting with the cele-

brated Ardennes. In the midst of this wood arose a hill, which from the barren and rocky nature of the soil, was called the Steinfeld (Stone-field). This was the site chosen by the Countess for the execution of the plan, whereby she hoped to save the soul of her husband.

In those times the Ardennes abounded with deer and other wild animals, and Sibodo was wont to pass whole days in the enjoyment of hunting.

It happened one morning that, as he sallied forth to the chase accompanied by Bonschariant, he found himself in the immediate neighbourhood of Steinfeld. His promise to the countess, now occurred to him, and he therefore turned towards his squire, saying, "The distance from the castle to this forest, renders the chase so fatiguing, that I purpose erecting here a dwelling, in which we may enjoy many joyous banquets upon our hunting excursions. Show therefore thy good will, and lend me a hand to accomplish my object."

Bonschariant no sooner heard the purpose for which the building was required, than he readily agreed and immediately set to work. Labourers and materials were soon procured and, in a short time, the foundation was laid. The walls rose rapidly and ere long upon the barren hill, there stood a high and stately castle, whose lofty halls, and spacious corridors called forth the knight's admiration, as well as that of all the surrounding country. When the building was near its completion, Sibodo bethought him of

fulfilling his promise. Summoning all his resolution, he mounted the highest tower and planted thereon a cross, which he had made and concealed for the purpose. Scarcely had he achieved his object, when Satan appeared in the air, bearing an immense mass of stone, with which he intended to wall up the tower. But on perceiving the symbol of our redemption, he uttered a loud curse and hurling the mighty fragment upon the building, disappeared. His fatal purpose was frustrated, for an invisible hand, turned the stone in another direction and rolled it to a distant spot, near which the little town of Dieffenbach now stands. Here it is still pointed out to visitors as the Devil's stone !

The Monastery of Steinfeld was soon completed and richly endowed by Sibodo and presented, together with a large portion of his wealth, to the Archbishop of Cologne. This prelate converted it into a convent of Benedictine Nuns and ere long it was esteemed as one of the most sacred and wealthy religious houses in the Rhineland. This magnificent building, which was long distinguished for the piety and virtues of its inmates, is now converted into a private dwelling. Situated upon a hill in the district of the Eifel, it still excites astonishment at its vast extent and admiration at the original and beautiful plan, not unmingled with dread of its devilish architect, who however never again made his appearance in those parts.

THE BROTHERS.

The castles of Steinfels and Liebenstein, whose venerable ruined towers lie prostrate on a steep rock and are only separated from each other by a deep cleft, belonged, centuries past, to the noble family of Beyer von Boppard, whose gallant name is so often mentioned in the history of the Rhine.

Not always, however, had these neighbouring castles belonged to the same owners or had these owners been on friendly terms.

Heinrich Beyer educated and brought up with his two sons a young female orphan, named Hildegard Bromser, belonging to the illustrious family of Rudesheim, with whom he was nearly related.

Even had she possessed less personal charms, less pleasing simplicity in her manners or had she been less pious and innocent, the retired village life that she continually passed with her cousins, a life undisturbed even by occasional visits, would alone have been sufficient to create in their young hearts, a growing affection for the gentle maiden. And much more readily must this have happened, when both plainly saw, that Hildegard shone pre-eminent in beauty and mental qualities, when compared with the young people of the neighbouring castles and surrounding towns.

A stranger would hardly have imagined that Heinrich and Conrad were brothers, so unlike were they to each other in everything, except in their predilection for chivalrous exercises and the desire they evinced for an active life. Heinrich the eldest was silent and thoughtful. The more he hesitated in the first moment, the more firmly did he cling to what his noble heart and character subsequently decided upon. Conrad was of a more lively and hasty character ; he allowed himself to be led away by first impressions, as easily as he favourably prepossessed others by the frankness and cordiality of his manners.

His sentiments were upright and honourable, but he failed in stability and discernment.

The years of childhood were passed. Hildegard had grown up to be a blooming maiden. The brothers were some years older than she was. A confiding sisterly affection had always existed between them, without either brother asking for more, or rightly under-

standing the true nature of his feelings towards her.

But this was of short duration. Heinrich daily felt that the impression, made on him by the little orphan sunk deeper and deeper in his heart, that her image was inseparable from his dreams and combined with all his projects for the future. The commonest observer could not help remarking that every look of Conrad's followed the steps of Hildegard, that he gave up all the gaieties of youth and renounced all society for the sake of being near her. Often also did blushes suffuse her cheeks and ill suppressed sighs escape her heart, and thus betray the sentiments against which she was endeavouring to combat.

Heinrich did not deceive himself, for Hildegard attached herself to him with sisterly affection. In the kind but melancholy youth she also found a valued friend and guide, but her feelings towards his brother Conrad were warmer and of such a different nature that she durst scarcely avow them to herself. These sentiments did not escape the elder brother's observation and he therefore formed a resolution, highly honourable to himself, as soon as he thought he had ascertained the fact. Although his own happiness might by the sacrifice, he determined to contribute to that of the persons most dear to him, by a noble and generous act of self abnegation. He first spoke with Conrad and afterwards with Hildegard, the latter overcoming her maiden timidity avowed to him her secret love for his brother. It was then not difficult, with the fathers consent, to insure the happiness of the

affectionate couple. Family affairs obliged them however to postpone the marriage-ceremony for some time.

Heinrich had now gained a dear bought victory over himself, but he nevertheless felt the utmost inward satisfaction. Still he could find no consolation for his grief and he was obliged to confess that for the present his continuing to reside in the castle of his ancestors only rendered deeper and deeper the wounds of his heart, and that in the end this agitation would overcome resignation. Therefore he thought it more prudent to absent himself and seek repose in a distant land, and in a busy active life. Most welcome to him therefore was the appeal which called all Christian Knights to rally round the banner of the Cross. Ere many days had elapsed, he took a painful leave of all that was dear to him, and was seen wending down the stony path, that lead from the Castle and with a few faithful retainers, gaining the high road to Francfort,—where the holy army was to assemble.

Many months passed, which appeared like days to the happy pair. The appointed time for the nuptials, was at last fast approaching, when news from the East brought accounts of Heinrich and his valliant deeds. This intelligence made a deep impression upon Conrad's susceptible heart and bitter thoughts flashed like lightning through his mind. He now lamented, that he should have wasted the days of his youth in unprofitable idleness, whilst the noble sons of the neighbouring villages obtained glorious laurels

in the field of battle with his brother. The amiable Hildegard soon perceived that he suffered from some secret cause of grief and infinite was her agony when he avowed his sorrows and intentions. Vain were the tears of his bride and the earnest exhortations of his aged father to dissuade him from his design. — In vain did the latter represent to him how different at the present moment were his duties from those of his brother, for, ere many days had past, Conrad was seen on the same road, that Heinrich had passed before him.

Rarely did any intelligence from the brothers reach Germany. In the mean time the old knight died and doubly solitary and dull appeared to Hildegard the residence of Liebenstein. She could not venture to look to futurity for comfort. However confident she might feel in the constancy of her beloved, still she well knew his thirst for fame and his desire not to remain undistinguished amongst his valliant companions, and she wept bitterly when she thought that she was separated from him by the seas and mountains, that there existed no certainty as to the hour of their union. She was in fact a prey to the most melancholy reflections and sinister forebodings.

One day as according to her usual custom, she was sitting at a window of the castle, from which was to be seen a wide extent of country bounded by the deep flowing Rhine and its rocky banks, she observed a small band of armed men, following the road to Liebenstein, and quickly distinguished the

well known banner of Beyer floating in the wind.

“It is Conrad!” was her first thought, but a few moments had not elapsed ere a knight entered the apartment and overwhelmed with tears of joy at the unhopd for meeting, Heinrich clasped her in his arms.

Infinite was her desire to know something concerning her beloved and had her innocent soul been capable of suspicion she might have remarked that Heinrich appeared to avoid speaking of his brother. She could only learn, that Conrad had remained but a short time in Palestina and that he had immediately returned to the Grecian capital; Heinrich declared that he could tell nothing more concerning him.

Heinrich and Hildegard continued as in former times to live as brother and sister at Liebenstein, which had devolved to the former, whilst Steinfels had become the property of his younger brother. Never however did Heinrich appear to entertain a thought of winning the maiden for himself, he seemed only look upon her as the bride of his brother, and he therefore considered himself as her protector and friend. All hopes of happiness for himself had long since been entombed. That repose of mind, which noble souls obtain by resignation and self-denial had however tempered his sorrow. The days were no longer full of the dreams and hopes of youth, it was now the still calm, which follows the storm. Day followed day and no intelligence was received from Conrad. Anxious doubts racked the heart of Hildegard. — Deep buried, but intense and

constant grief appeared to have taken full possession of her soul. Her situation could not be alleviated even by the brotherly and friendly attentions of Heinrich, but no complaint or murmur escaped her lips.

At last news arrived of the far distant knight. — Alas! He was on his road home, but not alone! A wife of Grecian blood accompanied him with her splendid retinue. Heinrich saw with deep sorrow his anticipations realised, he had long feared it from intelligence he had received of Conrad's thoughtless conduct amongst the immoral Greeks, and from his abandoning himself to the intoxicating pleasures of the dissipated imperial city.

Although Hildegard was the last person, to whose ears the intelligence was communicated, she was the first and only one, who made an effort over herself not to believe it. But her voluntary delusion was not destined to last long.

One mild summer evening as she wandered alone in the garden, which was inclosed by barren rocks and covered by fortifications, the air was filled with sounds of jubilee and in the distance was seen a band of men at arms, joyously marching towards Steinfels. Her blood froze in her veins and to prevent herself from falling, she was obliged to cling to the nearest tree where she remained spell bound, for it was impossible for her to turn her eyes from that, which filled her with such fearful and heart-rending forebodings.

The distance of the road from the neighbouring castle was so trifling, that without being observed

herself she could plainly distinguish each individual. There she saw Conrad and by his side a female with black hair and bright sparkling eyes, who merrily smiled on all around. A short distance from them stood the brother, who, from the window of his apartment, had witnessed the return of the Lord of Steinfels and who had proceeded in the same direction to search for Hildegard. Without a murmur or exclamation she followed him to the castle.

Upon the following day when Heinrich again saw the maiden, such a sudden change had taken place that he could scarcely recognize her. He had nobly and generously sacrificed his own happiness for the sake of that of his brother and his beloved, but the most violent grief and just anger seized him, when he saw her feelings trifled with and the most sacred pledges trodden under foot.

Although the weather was fearfully stormy a challenge was sent by him to his guilty brother. This unexpected appeal awakened the heedless youth from his thoughtless intoxication and brought him to acknowledge his unjust proceedings, but pride and the fear of appearing cowardly in the eyes of his beautiful bride, decided him to hasten to the appointed spot.

It was at the foot of the mountain in the vicinity of the cloisters of Bornhofen, that the two brothers met each other with a few trusty followers. Fearful decision was marked on the countenance of the eldest, whilst Conrad scarcely daring to lift his eyes towards him, occupied himself in conversing with his retainers until the signal

for battle was given. Altho, carried away by headless passions, his good feelings were not however entirely buried. At length they who at their last parting embraced each other with tears of affection now stood face to face, with their sword crossed, when a white veiled figure threw itself between them.

“Heinrich,” exclaimed Hildegard after recovering her breath and endeavouring to overcome her feelings. “O Conrad, is it for my sake that thou wouldst commit fratricide? Is this thy return after so long an absence — Are ye mad?—Think of the consequence which awaits thee? Return thy swords to their scabbards, and swear to live in peace and happiness, now and hereafter when I shall be far away.—My decision is fixed, tomorrow’s dawn conducts me to a convent. Keep thy oath as a remembrance of that youthful friend, who no longer belongs to this world. Forgive each other and let this my last desire be fully accomplished.”

The weapons of the combattants had fallen to the ground at her first word and Conrad overpowered by her voice and by a thousand recollections, durst not raise his eyes but silently placed his hand in that of his brother. Heinrich followed his example for Hildegard’s prayer was to him a command, a sacred duty. But no friendly word accompanied this outward reconciliation.

The following day the maiden put her resolution into execution and passed the Rhine accompanied by her well tried friend and brother from

whom she took leave in an agony of grief. It was in the convent of Marienburg near Boppard that she foreswore that world which for her no longer offered any happiness.

Deep melancholy and profound tranquillity reigned in Liebenstein whilst gay and joyous was the life led at Steinfels, where the beautiful Greek disposed of everything as it pleased her taste or fancy, and where the whole of the young and gay chivalry of the neighbourhood assembled to feast and revel. But peace was banished from Conrad's breast and the less he found open confidence and a participation in his cares on the part of his wife, the more he perceived and regretted that through his passionate and unstable character he had been lead away from the path of duty.

At length he sunk into despondency, and as might he anticipated from the wayward and inconstant character of a Grecian, the person to whom he had linked his existence found more amusement and pleasure in any society than his. If even he doubted of her guilt, he could not be blind to her estrangement. He was not on terms of intercourse with his brother, indeed the latter never turned his eye towards Steinfels where the dissipated roisters amused themselves by laughing at the monkish Lord of the castle of Liebenstein.

A year had passed in this manner, when one morning Conrad unexpectedly made his appearance in the room, where Heinrich was sitting. He who was once

so lively and animated, now stood before his brother pale and in deep grief. Without uttering a word he grasped his brother's hand and then briefly addressed him in the following words.

"The false Greek has fled from me this night with a young knight. Whatever may have been my suspicions, her guilt has hitherto been wholly unknown to me."

Heinrich could not reproach the already heartbroken sufferer, he pressed him to his breast and Conrad willingly consented to take up his abode at Liebenstein. From this moment Steinfels was deserted, never more did its owner cross its desolate halls. The brothers lived in tranquil seclusion, and peaceful harmony for the rest of their days at Liebenstein.

ST.-GOAR.

Upon the sumptuous board of the renowned Epicurean Lucullus, it may be well imagined that so great a dainty as Rhine Salmon was not wanting. And if, whereof there is little doubt, Lucca formerly produced as excellent oil and Modena as equally excellent vinegar, as they do now, this fish in the sultry climate of the Roman Campagna must have been esteemed an invaluable luxury. As the journey from Babylon to Constantinople could be performed with post horses, there was no reason why that from Germany to Italy could not be done with equal facility in seven or eight days, thus it was evidently their

own faults if the fashionable Epicures and wealthy Amphitryons of Rome had not an abundant supply of fresh Salmon in their kitchens. All we can say is that if they had they must have enjoyed themselves as much as Eneas did with the butter upon Dido's tartlets.

The race of people who obtain a scanty livelihood by the salmon-fishery, are poor but industrious. Surrounded by the steep and rugged precipices, through which the noble Rhine rushes roaring and foaming, as though it were indignant at the rocky walls that oppose its progress, these hardy men procured themselves a scanty but honest livelihood as far back as the sixth Century, about which period the pious hermit St. Goar first appeared amongst them, to preach the hallowed precepts of Christianity and Salvation.

This good man who was born in Aquitain of noble blood had early obeyed the call to disseminate the word of God to the benighted heathen. After travelling through Gaul and experiencing various hardships and dangers, he reached the lovely shores of the Rhine, where, having found an indigent but industrious and well-disposed people, he determined to fix his abode.

A low cell at a short distance from the small, half hidden huts of the inhabitants, afforded him shelter. He passed his life in their society and in communion with God; frequently sharing in the toils of the fishermen, who, when they had terminated their daily labours, assembled with their wives and children in a

circle round him, whilst he discoursed with them upon the words and miraculous works of our blessed Redeemer. The fame of this holy man quickly spread far and wide. Many strangers from distant parts were attracted to the neighbourhood, so that a little community soon collected upon the left bank of the river, at the foot of the mighty mass of rocks, which at present support the ruined walls of the once powerful fortress of Rheinfels.

The humble and pious life of St. Goar preserved him not, however, from the malevolence of numerous enemies. The Bishop of Treves, who amongst others cherished a secret dislike towards him, persecuted and afflicted him by every means in his power. Siegbert, King of France, hearing at length of the circumstance, summoned the anchorite to his court, where his innocence and pious life were made manifest. Siegbert being justly incensed at the cruelty and oppression of the Bishop, removed him from Treves and offered the vacant diocese to the pious St. Goar.

But the venerable Hermit sought neither the honors or vanities of this world. His only desire was to return to his friends and disciples and once more to retire to the solitude of his cell, upon the banks of the Rhine. To this the King unwillingly assented, and St. Goar again resumed his pious and simple avocations in his favourite spot, where he continued to reside for some time until at length full of years and good works, revered and universally regretted, he yielded up his spirit in July 575.

Where the cell of the saint formerly stood, the pious of the age erected a small church, which was much frequented by pilgrims.

This edifice, enlarged and nobly endowed in later centuries, enjoyed the particular favour of the Frank Monarchs. Its rich cloister, which was erected near the church, attracted to its hospitable walls crowds of pilgrims and wayfarers from distant countries. Many are the jocund tales recounted of its overflowing vats and of its wine and water baptismal ceremonies. The village, which derived its name from the Hermit, rapidly increased in size and consequence and became a wealthy fortified town, which travellers of the present day cannot fail to visit with pleasure. The name of the Saint is also perpetuated by the hamlet of St. Goarshausen, which is situated on the opposite bank and is overlooked by the ruins of a Castle, which is called the Katze (Cat), an abbreviation of the name of its founder, who was a Count of the ancient and noble house of Katzenellenbogen.



J. Rathel inv.

J. Maymound & Dido sc.



the 1990s, the number of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia has increased in the United Kingdom (Meltzer 1996). The prevalence of schizophrenia in the United Kingdom is estimated to be 1.2% (Meltzer 1996).

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the lives of people with mental health problems. The United Kingdom has a number of government departments and agencies that are responsible for the care of people with mental health problems. The Department of Health is responsible for the overall policy and strategy for the mental health services. The Department of Social Security is responsible for the funding of the mental health services. The Department of the Environment is responsible for the regulation of the mental health services. The Department of Transport is responsible for the safety of the mental health services.

The mental health services are a complex system of care. They include a range of services, from community mental health teams to hospital inpatient services. The services are provided by a range of professionals, including psychiatrists, psychologists, nurses, social workers, and occupational therapists. The services are funded by the government and the private sector. The services are subject to a range of regulations and standards.

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LORE-LEY.

Between Wesel and St.-Goar, the Rhine dashes impetuously forward and urges its course with redoubled violence over the rocks and sandbanks, as if enraged at the precipitous crags, which, approaching nearer and nearer towards each other at this spot, seem disposed to oppose its progress. It is not without precaution and sentiments of awe that even the most experienced pilot ventures through this narrow chasm, where destruction menaces him on every side. When he approaches this spot, no matter what his creed, he raises a fervent but silent prayer, that it may please the ruler of the flood, to protect and

preserve him. Nay, even the traveller, when wafted by the steamboat through this wild labyrinth of impending cliffs, gives an involuntary shudder on beholding the lowering and precipitous masses which rise towering one above another, as if prepared to hurl themselves upon his devoted vessel.

From one of the most terrific of these precipitous crags, called the Ley, passing sounds are repeated by a thousand echoes as if in mockery of human nature. For, high upon its summit sits enthroned the beautiful watersprite Lore—who, although she no longer exhibits herself to mortal eye in her all-bewitching beauty, or upraises her voice to ensnare the passing mariner, nevertheless sings now and then to entice victims into the rapid whirlpools beneath her feet.

The owners of the few light craft, which cluster beneath the shelter of the stupendous Ley and who carry on the salmon fishery by night, still declare, that they have seen, or fancy they have seen, the beautiful enchantress standing in the moons' beams on the top of the Ley, and that more than one of those who have listened to the deceitful melody of her strains have perished. We are, however, disinclined to believe that she has reappeared, as many centuries have passed since she vanished beneath the waters of the Rhine, maddened at the loss of a mortal whom she adored, but who fell a victim to her charms.

This young man was the son of the last Palatine of the Rhine, whose heart rejoiced at seeing the bright days of his youth revived in this his only child, who

was one of the handsomest youths in the whole Rhineland. Unfortunately Lore had once seen him, as he bathed at the foot of the crags. Enchanted with the noble symmetry of his person, she took him for a river God and eagerly watched him, as he clove the foaming waves which glittered like showers of diamonds in the bright moon light. She was just on the point of commencing her bewitching song and of showing herself to him in all the splendour of her beauty as he disported in the refreshing stream, when she suddenly felt herself overcome by new sensations; her heart was moved with love and pity and although her whole soul panted to possess the lovely youth, she remained in silent admiration without discovering herself.

For a long time nothing more was heard of her and it was thought that she had removed to the distant banks of the Danube. The fishermen, no longer alarmed by her voice, plied their trade safely beneath the rock where they always caught the most fish. In short the sprite and every thing relating to her was almost forgotten.

In the mean while fortune seemed to favour the son of the Palatine in every thing he undertook. If he followed the chase, the most intractable horses, which nobody else could manage, obeyed his hand like lambs and carried him over stony fissures and rugged precipices, where the boldest horseman would not venture. His arrows overtook the eagle in his airy flight, whilst his hawks were as keen, swift,

and faithful, as if they had been trained by the wild huntsman himself. His dogs never lost the track of the deer, and, whenever he hunted in the vicinity of the rocks where the watersprite had formerly resided, he always returned home laden with the richest spoil. Oftentimes when he had wandered about for hours together without success in the rocky ravines near the Lore-Ley, he was suddenly attracted by the melodious sounds of a lute and following their echoes usually fell in with some kind of game, which never escaped his javelin or cross-bow.

When quite exhausted by the chase, cool springs, where least expected, would bubble up at his feet, or rich fruits would exhale their delicious fragrance in spots were nothing but heather and wild thistles had thrived before.

Frequently, when heated and weary, pleasant grottoes would appear to his view, where hitherto he had found no shelter. There, to his surprise he not only found a cool retreat, but downy couches invited him to repose and the rich tones of swelling music lulled him to the sweetest sleep.

One day when the young Count had been actively engaged in hunting, until late in the evening, and had prepared to return home, he lost his way in the well-known path, which he was wont to tread with the same security as the corridors of his father's castle. As he clambered about the rocks, in vain attempts to reach the bank of the Rhine, he seemed to wander farther and farther from it. At one moment he

thought he heard the roaring of the waves below ; at another it sounded like distant music in his ears. The notes of his hunting horn, with which he endeavoured to summon his companions were repeated, as if in mockery, from the rocks. Having with difficulty clambered to the summit of a rugged cliff, in order to obtain a view of the stream, he was suddenly dazzled by a bright red light and when his eyes were in a degree accustomed to the glare, they showed to him a maiden more beautiful and lovely, than earthly imagination could depict or fancy. Her face was half enveloped in a transparent azure veil, resembling the sky as it appears on a serene moonlight night, bespangled with ten thousand twinkling stars, through which she smiled upon him a paradise of love.

He was just about to approach the beautiful vision, when the thought of the watersprite rushed upon his mind and devoutly crossing himself, he suddenly drew back. At this the supernatural brightness vanished, and feeling as if he had awaked from a confused dream, he as suddenly found himself on the right path which led to the Castle.

Henceforth however the young Count could not banish the lovely form from his thoughts. Both in his dreams and waking hours the enchanting image was incessantly present to his imagination and he constantly visited the spot, to obtain if possible another sight of the beautiful maid. But in vain ! the blissful-vision, the object of his ardent desires, was not again accorded to him. Still however the magic

tones at times sounded in his ears and when he followed them, they invariably led him upon the trace of deer or boars. But the chase afforded him no pleasure, for his whole soul was absorbed by the heavenly creature, whose beloved image reigned with absolute sway over his captive heart.

Our young Count had confided his sorrows to his Preceptor the venerable Walter, who shook his head and reminded his pupil of the danger to which he would expose himself if he trusted to the deceitful vision. Numberless were the stories which the old man told of youths, whom Lore, the watersprite, had lured to their destruction by the charms of her beauty and the bewitching melody of her voice. Nothing however could banish the enchanting picture from the Count's mind, his only thought, his only hope was, that he might once more behold her in all her beauty.

The period now drew nigh when it was necessary for him to repair to the Emperor's court, there to earn the golden spurs, the prize of chivalry. Old Walter rejoiced at an event that would wean his pupil from his perilous attachment. But times were changed and with them the young Count's feelings, he now looked forward with loathing to that moment which he had formerly sighed for, as the utmost extent of his youthful hopes. But nevertheless the day of departure was fixed and Walter joyfully communicated the intelligence, which was the more grateful to himself, since it was his duty to accompany his pupil to the Court. The old man's heart expanded with

pride when he thought of the praise and honors, which his young master would acquire and how far he would surpass all the other young courtiers in manly beauty and chivalrous prowess. But the nearer the hour of his departure approached, the more unhappy was the youth. His heart throbbed with unspeakable anguish when he thought he was about to be separated from his beloved without having again beheld her.

In the mean while, he pursued his favorite amusement of the chase more frequently than ever. But it was in vain that he lingered in hopes of meeting with the object of his wishes and affection. The worthy Walter watched the sorrow of his dear pupil with the greatest regret. — He, and he alone knew the cause of his affliction, but alas in spite of all his endeavours he was unable to devise a remedy. The hour of departure having arrived, the young Count insisted upon his preceptor accompanying him to the bank of the Rhine under the pretext of fishing, and although the thought of the watersprite filled the old man's mind with apprehensions, he deemed it prudent to comply.

It was a mild May evening. The earth was like a blooming bride, decked out in all her marriage ornaments, impatiently awaiting the bridegroom. The soft zephyrs played like lover's sighs upon the surface of the Rhine. All around breathed sweetness and repose. The rich tints of the golden sky danced upon the waters and tinged the fresh verdure, with which the spring had carpetted both hill and dale. Even

the fish in the universal harmony, forgot the dangers of the nets, spread to ensnare them, and thus our fishermen were unusually successful. The young Count whose whole thoughts were bent on Lore, steered the boat towards the shore, and thus approached nearer and still nearer to the dangerous Ley, without its being perceived by Walter, whose attention was occupied with their good fortune.

At length however the moon arose in all her splendour from behind the lofty crags and her gentle light silvered the heights and danced upon the tremulous surface of the stream. Walter now lifted up his head and for the first time observed their perilous situation.

"My Lord, my Lord, are you blind, do you not see the Lore-Ley straight before us?" exclaimed he letting fall the net, which he held ready for casting. "In the Lord's name — In the name of our Saviour and the blessed Virgin, let us make for the shore!" continued Walter, but his young master seemed to have lost all sense of hearing: his eyes were steadfastly fixed on the summit of the rock, over which the moon poured the full stream of her silvery light. The waves murmured sweetly, as if in salutation, and high upon the rock appeared the river-maid, adorned in all the radiance of those charms, in which the Count had once before beheld her.

All nature seemed enthralled by the celestial harmony, when the maid commenced her song, and extended her arms as if to embrace the object of her affection. The youth let go the helm, his eyes saw

her alone and Walter, breathless with fear, was unable to utter a syllable. In the mean time they glided nearer and nearer to the Ley, where the foaming waters dashed impetuously against the rock. Suddenly the waves rose to a fearful height and overwhelmed the boat together with its heedless pilot, who, entranced by the bewitching strains and transfixed by the extraordinary appearance of the vision, was hurried unconsciously to destruction.

A mighty wave bore Walter safely to the opposite bank, who thought as his senses returned, that he was awaking from a dream. He called aloud his pupil's name, but no other sound was heard than the deceitful echo of the mountain. In vain he repeated his exclamations. The fatal truth now burst upon the old man's mind and brought tears into his aged eyes,

“ Oh! that I had also been swallowed up by the angry flood rather than become the messenger of such tidings to the unhappy father!” His only wish was to die and for a while he meditated whether he should not throw himself into the river, but summoning up resolution he retraced his steps to the castle and communicated the frightful truth to the old Palatine.

For a while the venerable father was overcome by excessive grief, but after a few minutes he exclaimed: “ Whoever will bring me the cursed sorceress, dead or alive, shall receive a princely reward.”

“ Allow me, my Lord,” said Walter, “ to undertake that enterprise; for rather would I meet my

death in the waves, than survive the loss of my dear young master."

To this the Palatine consented and then desired to be left to the solitary indulgence of his grief.

On the following evening the Palatine's guards with Walter at their head, marched out to seek the watersprite. The whole Ley was surrounded, and Walter with a few of the most courageous stationed themselves on the very summit of the rock. And when the moon rose high above the mountain, Lore herself appeared, in all the transcendent beauty of her loveliness.

"Follow me," cried Walter to his attendants; "follow me, in the name of God! The sorceress has no power to harm you." But the young soldiers moved not; they seemed spell bound at the sight.

Lore gazed at them for a moment and then exclaimed in a voice whose melody thrilled through their veins. "Whom seek you, my friends?"

"Thee, vile witch," cried Walter. Then signing himself with the holy cross, he advanced towards her, saying: "Where is our young master, where is our beloved Edgar?"

The watersprite raised her white transparent arm and pointed silently to the stream, whose waters as if agitated by a storm, dashed furiously against the rock. Dense clouds suddenly obscured the moon and stars, but Lore still stood there radiant and bright like a brilliant constellation amidst the darkness. The wind now roared boisterously among the mountain caverns,

the trees rocked to and fro, the thunder roared and all nature seemed on the eve of a convulsion.

Even Walter recoiled with awe as he saw the nymph cast a glittering necklace into the troubled flood, which instantly became calm. The storm was lulled, light reappeared, so that he and his followers saw the separate beads floating in a wide circle, like a wreath on the smooth surface of the river. Lore then spread out her veil, which glittered like the brightest star light and sang in a pleasing voice the melody, with which she invoked the waves. No sooner had the last echoes of her song died away than from the middle of the wreath of pearls rose two mountainous waves, into which she threw her silver veil, and then singing sprung amidst the foam which bore her gently down the Rhine. The veil descended slowly after her, like the star-bespangled canopy of heaven and continued to shed a soft light over the stream, until at length all disappeared.

Though half bewildered at this extraordinary scene, Walter thought he perceived the countenance of the young Count amidst the waves, and fancied that he had seen him embrace the nymph, as she sunk beneath the flood. Since this no mortal has ever seen or heard the watersprite. Nevertheless no boatman approaches the rock which she once inhabited without the utmost fear and apprehension.

THE SEVEN MAIDENS.

Upon a hill, nearer the town of Oberwesel, still exist the ruins of the castle of Schönberg or Schomberg, formerly the residence of a distinguished family nearly allied to the Counts of Degenfeld.

If tradition tells truth, this castle was once inhabited by the seven beautiful daughters of Count Lewis of Arnstein. Rich, amiable and accomplished, the maidens were constantly surrounded by powerful and distinguished admirers, but so equally were their smiles dispensed, that no one could boast of any particular favour. Every serious attention or approach

to wooing was received so coldly, that the boldest had little courage to renew the attempt.

Whether the ladies were really serious or only sought to prove the sincerity of their lovers, we have no means of ascertaining. To the rank or condition of the knights, there could be no objection, for they consisted of all who possessed rank and wealth, in short of the flower of the nobility and chivalry.

Infinite was the emulation that existed amongst them. Each vied with the other in exhibiting to the greatest advantage his talents and acquirements. Riding, tilting, music, songs, tales and conversation were in turns resorted to, in order to soften the damsels' hearts, and many heretofore remarked for taciturnity, became more eloquent than the disciples of the austere school of Demosthenes.

One felt that his arm daily became more vigorous, and another his eye more accurate and clear. Festivity and pleasure reigned at the castle, extending even to the neighbouring town of Wesel.

It happened one evening, that the conversation turned upon the traditions, connected with the name and origin of each fortress and ancient castle on the Rhine; when the Count of Nassau, whose efforts to amuse had this day been crowned with but little success, suddenly exclaimed: "Doubtless all have heard the legend of the seven young maidens." "No truly," said one. "Pray recount it to us," exclaimed another. "Proceed, proceed," was echoed around. "That will I, most willingly," replied the Count,

“if no better narrator can be found. But, wilt not thou essay thy powers, Count Ysenburg?” continued he turning to a young noble beside him.

“Nay truly,” replied the Palatine, “I have little taste for hearing tales connected with the times of my grand-mother and find more pleasure in studying the beaming eyes of the fair Bertha, than in perusing ancient chronicles and old romances.” — “Well, be it so,” rejoined he of Nassau, “but ere I commence I must premise, that my narrative is no fiction.” Silence having been obtained, he proceeded thus: “Many years since, within this castle of Schönberg, resided seven beautiful maidens. A description of their charms and endowments I will not attempt to give, never having found an image by which to describe them and never having seen them equalled until now.

“Beautiful were they to admiration, but not less cold-hearted than beautiful. Love was looked upon by them as a fable. Pleasure and the chase were their idols. They sung, but it was only of knightly deeds and of the heroic actions and ancient grandeur of women. Vainly the flower of chivalry sought to win their love. Youth, beauty, valour, accomplishments, all were to them as nought — they valued them not. Frequently did they exercise their capricious tempers at the expense of their suitors, who were occasionally encouraged, in order to be repulsed with twofold cruelty and disdain. Thus many of them departed for ever from the castle and its evil maidens,

covered with insult and swearing vengeance. But their places were soon occupied by others who only arrived, to curse the fatal destiny which had led them, contrary to advice and warning, to venture within the influence of the dangerous circle. At length, the nobles began to lose their temper and the sisters perceived that they must now come to a decision.

“The suitors were accordingly informed that they might expect an answer, if they would assemble on the morrow in the marble hall of the Castle. The most favoured of the knights could, with difficulty, await the dawn ere they appeared, gorgeously attired with glittering gems, burnished weapons and nodding plumes. In due time, the marble hall doors were opened, and they entered each seeking to place himself in the most advantageous position to attract the attention and fix the eyes of the ladies. An hour and then another elapsed, still the maidens did not make their appearance. The anxious nobles began to express their impatience by loud murmurs, when suddenly their attention was attracted by sounds of merriment, resounding from without. At this they all rushed to the windows, and looking towards the river, where they perceived a light skiff, quitting the shore freighted with the seven sisters, who, with cruel mockery and loud laughter, saluted their lovers, and bade them farewell. I will not attempt to describe the downcast looks of the knights, or the deep and loud curses that broke from them when they saw the trick that had been played upon them. They were soon,

however, avenged, for even while they continued to watch the receding boat and its lovely cargo, it suddenly struck upon a rock and in an instant sunk beneath the flood. Loud screams now replaced their heartless laughter. White garments were seen floating for a moment upon the surface of the dark blue water— then all was silent. Both boat and maidens had disappeared. The terror-struck suitors regarded each other, with mingled awe and pity and “Holy Mary, holy Virgin! have mercy on them!” burst from their lips. From that day, continued the Count, seven rugged pointed rocks over which the waves break heavily, have been observed at low water, upon the spot where the accident occurred. Carefully is the dangerous spot avoided by the passing mariners, by whom they are called the seven Maidens, but nevertheless many an inexperienced boat-man has there found a watery grave.”

Here the Count ended his narrative. We know not what impression it created upon his beautiful hearers, but we have gathered from old chronicles, that the young and lovely daughters of Arnstein, soon entered the holy bonds of wedlock. One espoused the Count Palatine of Tubingen, a second Count Isenburg.

Two found husbands in Hungary, while the Lordly castle of Nassau, overlooking from its woody heights the lovely valley of the Lahn, received a sixth within its stately walls as the young and beauteous bride of its chivalrous owner.

THE WISPERTHAL.

Upon the banks of the Wisper near Lorch, the traveller will meet with a wild and secluded glen, sprinkled here and there with a few miserable huts. This valley continued long uninhabited; for many who attempted to take up their abode within its solitary precincts, had been alarmed and harassed in various ways, by spirits and goblins, and some were even supposed to have been carried off, or, at all events, they disappeared in a very mysterious manner. Indeed, so great was the terror it excited in men's minds, that no traveller would venture to visit it. At length, however, three bold youths, who chanced

to be travelling on a tour of pleasure, along the banks of the Rhine, halted at the small hostelry of Lorch, where they were soon regaled with various tales respecting the dreaded valley. This piqued their curiosity and being three daring men, they resolved forthwith to visit the glen; and, if possible, to unravel the mystery. Having well plied themselves with the juice of the rich grapes, that grow in the neighbourhood and having girded on their arms, they soon left the valley behind them and made their way into the gloomy wilderness, where after half an hour's walk they arrived in front of an immense mass of rock, which had nearly the form of a castle. This resemblance to a building was the more remarkable from its being perforated with three apertures, representing the narrow pointed windows of a gothic cathedral and their observing three females of marvelous beauty, looking out of these three apertures, who greeted them with the extraordinary salutation of "Hark! Hark! Hark!" "It does not after all look so terrible as we have been told," said one of the three travellers. "By my holy faith," exclaimed another — "there are not three such faces from the Rhine to the Danube. I am in love already." "Let us mount, and introduce ourselves," added the third. "It is a pity that three such roses should thus waste their sweetness on the desert air."

The latter proposition was readily assented to by the two others, so they examined the way and soon discovered a narrow arch, half concealed by ivy and

brambles, through which they entered and having traversed a long dark gallery, they came to a rough staircase, or a mass of stones having that appearance. This led them into a lofty grotto, but they had almost repented of their rashness, for of a sudden they found themselves overtaken by darkness, so impenetrable, that they could not see their hands before them. After groping about for a long time, one of them, at last discovered a narrow passage, through which they squeezed their bodies and had no sooner done so, than their eyes were dazzled by the splendour of a thousand candles, which burst suddenly upon them. When they had somewhat recovered the effect of this rapid transition from darkness to blazing light, they perceived that they stood upon the threshold of a large hall, whose walls were covered from top to bottom with splendid mirrors formed of the purest crystal. Between the mirrors were countless candlesticks, with lighted tapers, beneath which burned vessels filled with rich perfumes. "Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, thrice Welcome!" exclaimed three enchanting voices; "Come to us!" Where upon three maidens stood before them and extended their hands. The youths were about to reply to this salutation in the most gallant manner, by imprinting a kiss on the ruby lips of the fair damsels, but they were strangely perplexed how to effect this; for instead of three, they now saw before, behind and above them, hundreds of beautiful women; three of whom seemed to peep through each of the mirrors and to extend their hands

triumphed over their fears and they all became so desperately enamoured, that they implored the old gentleman to give his consent to their union. "With all my heart," replied he, "and moreover I will permit you a foretaste of your happiness. You may kiss your brides." As it may be well imagined, they did not wait for a second bidding, so they instantly imprinted, some hundred kisses on the rosy lips of their charmers, the effect of which was that they became quite intoxicated with delight. "Hear me, my sons," said the old man, interrupting them, "you must now give a trifling proof of the sincerity of your love, without which I cannot consent to the marriage ceremony." "Willingly, willingly," replied they, "ask for our lives and they are yours." "I admire your readiness," replied the father, "and will immediately put it to the test. The fact is this: My daughters lost their three favourite birds yesterday evening, one is a starling, the second a raven and the third a magpie. You will doubtless find them somewhere in the adjoining wood and you will know them by the following signs. The starling, if it be my eldest daughter's, will ask you a riddle, the raven, which is the property of my second child, will sing you a song and the magpie, which belongs to my youngest, will tell you a tale of her grandmother. If you are destined to become the husbands of their respective mistresses, they will hop upon your shoulders and follow you home. Go! may success attend you."

The three youths thought this rather a strange commission and that the old man was mad, but as the undertaking was not very perilous and the birds very tame, they instantly made their bows and sallied forth into the wood where they found the three birds sitting together upon a branch of withered oak about a quarter of a league from the rock-built castle.

"Starling," exclaimed the first youth smiling; "if you belong to my beloved, tell me thy riddle." The starling chattered screamed and after a few circles in the air, flew upon his shoulder and said in a very distinct voice.

"Say, what in thy face there be,
Which in the glass thou canst not see?"

"Come, old crow, sing thy song, and follow me to the bower of my beloved," exclaimed the second.

The raven sang with rather a hoarse voice.

"Three priests into Utopia,
Once, on one horse did hie:
When three birds already roasted
Before their mouths did fly:
But vainly, they open'd their jaws full wide.
The birds were too large to fly inside.

The priests returned sore hungry,
To their country back from thence,
And swore that the Utopians
Had not a grain of sense.
For small must else their roasted birds have been
Or men have had much larger mouths, to let these birds fly in."

No sooner had the raven finished his song, than he gave a sort of chuckling laugh and hopping down

from the tree perched upon the head of the second youth.

“My pie, my friend,” now exclaimed the third, “follow the example of thy companions and tell me the history of thy grand-mother.”

The pie began, saying :

“My grand-mother was a magpie, and lay eggs, and these eggs produced other magpies, and if she had not died, she would still be alive.—Ah! Ah! Ah!”

With these words she flapped her wings and laughed so like a human being, that all the three youths trembled and then she flew upon the hand of the third youth.

The young merchants not a little rejoiced, to have accomplished their task so easily, hastened back to the rocky castle, which they reached about nightfall. But who can depict their surprise and disappointment at finding that not a vestige remained of all the magnificence they had previously beheld. In vain they sought for the old man and his beautiful daughters; nothing remained but the cold grey walls and pillars dripping with water and covered with weeds and moss. They were just on the point of making their way out, when suddenly in the three niches, where the enchantresses had stood, there appeared three alabaster tables covered with sparkling wine and costly viands. They were exceedingly hungry, owing to their exercise, and were on the point of helping themselves to the good things spread out before them, when of a sudden three old toothless hags appeared

before them, and extended their withered hands towards them. "Ah! Ah! Hark! Hark! Hark!" there are our lovers again, exclaimed they with harsh cracked voices and to the utter despair of the three youths the old hags most tenderly embraced them and began to chatter all together, the starling screeched his riddle, the raven croaked his song and the magpie related the history of her grand-mother. In short there was such a squeaking and piping, encreased a hundredfold by the echoes, that they could not understand a single syllable. When silence was restored, each of the horrid hags seized upon the arm of her chosen swain and led him to one of the three tables. The ladies immediately began to talk of the golden days of bliss they should spend together at the rocky castle. The three birds likewise set to work, singing and chattering without intermission. It was not surprising that the youths lost all appetite, and did not eat. They were however so exceedingly thirsty that they consented to take a goblet of delicious wine, which they had no sooner emptied than a deep sleep overpowered them.

When they awoke, the sun stood already high above the horizon and they found themselves lying in a dense thicket, at the foot of a wild and precipitous crag, whence they had no small difficulty to extricate themselves. At length, they forced their way into an open space, and thence overcome with shame, vexation and terrible headaches, directed their steps back through the plain, where from all sides their ears

were assailed by the hated sounds of: "Hark, Hark, Hark!" which issued from the trees. Indeed, they fancied they saw the head of an old hag grinning at them from every tree top. Where the valley opened into the plain, sat the three birds on an old elm, and the raven sang his song, the starling said his riddle, and the magpie related the history of her grand-mother. One of the youths, who had now recovered his courage as he saw the open country and human beings before him, asked a peasant, who was just passing, if he could tell them what those execrable birds meant.

"If you will not take it amiss," said the peasant, "I'll e'en explain to you the joke. The starlings riddle means that many a man cannot see right from wrong, though it be as plain as the nose on his face.* The raven's song signifies that men should catch roasted birds with their hands and not with their mouths and the magpie's story informs you, that your grand children will one day tell the same tale of you, unless you distinguish yourself by some noble deed."

The three youths cast a silly look at each other and resolved most solemnly, never again to give ear to a "hark! hark! hark!" though it came from the most beautiful mouth in the world.

* This riddle turns on the double meaning of the german word *Nase* which signifies reproof as well as Nose.

THE BRIDE OF RHEINSTEIN.

Knights with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march and quaint attires;
One laced the helm, another held the lance,
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet
And snorting foamed and champ'd the golden bit.

PALANON AND ARCITE.

It is neither a desolate pile of ruins, a half-demolished solitary tower, or the blackened remains of a crumbling edifice, which attracts ones attention as we slowly ascend the Rhine. Now we gaze with astonishment towards the lofty rocks, crowned by a graceful and noble castle, the admirable proportions







Sonderland del.

Adrian Schuster sculp.

of which carry us back to those days when it was the abode of chivalry and the witness of knightly deeds. We fancy that the days are returned, when each rocky eminence bore a baronial castle, when a convent, inhabited by pious monks or chaste nuns, was found in every shady valley, when every cave and grotto harboured a venerable hermit and when the moonlight-loving elves and goblins danced their airy rounds upon the green sward.

It is the ancient castle of Rheinstein, that stands before you. Responding to the cultivated taste of its royal owner, it has risen in all its majesty and strength like a Phœnix, from the ruins to which it had been reduced by the all powerful hand of time and the destructive fury of man.

On the lofty turret now flutters the proud banner of the royal house, from which its noble restorer and princely possessor is descended. Neither destructive missile, drawn swords nor threatening lances, oppose the stranger's entrance, if he wishes to visit the halls and chambers of the castle. Now the draw-bridge falls at his approach, the oaken gates open joyfully to receive him and the grey-haired porter, himself a noble veteran, lays aside his helmet and coat of mail and leads him willingly through the antique chambers to the lofty battlements, whence he looks down with admiration, upon the beautiful valley of the Rhine, where the rich verdure of the present contrasts with the grey ruins of the past. Tradition tells us, that this castle was inhabited, towards the commen-

cement of the XIV Century, by a certain Baron Sifrid von Rheinstein. In his youth Sifrid had led a wild and dissipated life, and in one of his frequent predatory excursions into France had carried off a young and beautiful maiden from her parents and detained her together with other rich booty in this his impregnable and well guarded stronghold. But from this time the wild uproar of arms and revelry, which had hitherto incessantly resounded in the castle, suddenly ceased and were replaced by the soft tones of the lute. Indeed so peaceful was the Baron's life that many of his followers quitted his service, because he had discontinued his lawless practices and remained tranquilly at home, determined to spend the rest of his days in peace and repose. Sifrid von Rheinstein's love for the beautiful maiden had produced this change. He had married her soon after her arrival at Rheinstein and they led a contented and happy life.

It was not long, however, ere the heavy hand of mourning descended upon the castle, for, although the lovely Yutta had presented her husband with a daughter, she did not survive many hours. The Baron Sifrid was overwhelmed with grief and affliction and from that time became so melancholy and retired, that the castle, was soon shunned by stranger guests and the warder's horn was seldom sounded. This caused little pain to Sifrid who had determined to dedicate the rest of his life to the happiness of his only daughter, whom he loved as the apple of his eye

and reared not only in the practise of piety and virtue, but in the study of all female accomplishments.

In this manner years rolled on and Gerda grew up to the delight of her father's declining years, resembling a tender flower in loveliness and innocence. Although no knightly visitor appeared before the Baron's gates, the pilgrims who sought shelter and hospitality in the Castle during tempestuous nights, soon spread the fame of the charms and beauty of the Baron of Rheinstein's lovely daughter throughout all the surrounding countries, asserting that so fair and accomplished a maiden was not to be found in any other castle of the whole Rhinegau. These reports at length inspired many a young knight and noble squire with a desire to behold and to win the far-famed beauty; so that horsemen were seen flocking towards the Rheinstein and so numerous were the knights, that bent their steps to the castle, with their waving plumes and glittering armour, that it seemed as if a feud had been declared against old Sifrid. The sight of such a throng of suitors displeased and even alarmed the old knight, who knitting his brow, sent word to his distinguished visitors, that they might return to their homes and that, if they would repair to the grand tournament, announced by the Bishop of Mayence he and his daughter would be present, and she would then choose that knight, who should prove the most valiant.

Not long after this, the expected tournament took place : many knights and fair dames had come to

Mayence from far and near, and Baron Sifrid, true to his promise, appeared with his daughter Gerda.

The report of the pilgrims was fully confirmed, for she bore the palm of beauty from all the other dames and maidens. All eyes were directed towards her and all tongues praised her grace and charms. But there were two knights, who, above all others, were so ravished with Gerda's beauty, that they secretly resolved to obtain her hand in the approaching contest and swore to hazard their lives in the attempt. The first of them was young Kuno von Reichenstein, who was renowned amongst the young Princes and knights of the Rhineland for his valour and noble manners. The second was Conrad von Ehrenfels, who was older than Kuno. Although the latter was also famous for his bravery, he was rather feared than beloved, on account of his savage and gloomy character, which had gained for him the surname of "*The Fierce*." Both were related to the knight of Rheinstein, and had greeted their beautiful cousin on her arrival in Mayence and shown the most anxious desire to win her favour. Gerda's eyes however rested with greater pleasure on Kuno's open and serene countenance, than upon his rival's gloomy sunburnt and already somewhat furrowed brow. Her father seemed to have guessed the inclination of her heart, for he kindly told her, that he would permit the most valiant of the two suitors to continue his addresses to her.

But great was the lamentation and disappointment

that ensued, for Gerda's fervent prayers that Kuno might come off victorious, were unheard. After having displayed consummate skill and bravery in the lists and stretched many an opponent in the dust, the young knight was compelled to succumb to the superior bodily strength of Conrad the Fierce. The victor no sooner withdrew from the combat, than he presented himself to the old knight who immediately led him to his daughter, declaring that he welcomed and henceforth esteemed him as his son in law.

Gerda, however, was of quite a different opinion and although she dared not oppose her father's will, yet in her solitary chamber she prayed to her patron saint with burning tears, to deliver her from her detested bridegroom, at the same time imploring that her beloved Kuno might be substituted in his place.

This time the prayers of the pious maiden seemed to be received with a more propitious ear, for the wishes of the fond Gerda were fulfilled in a most unexpected manner by the following miraculous occurrence.

Sir Conrad of Ehrenfels, after a short courtship, had gained the free consent of Baron Sifrid and the forced compliance of his daughter, whilst poor Kuno, despairing of his happiness resolved to join an expedition to the Holy Land, hoping to drown the painful recollection of his lost mistress in the blood of the Saracens. The day at length arrived on which the lovely Gerda was to be united to the knight of Ehrenfels. The gentle maiden stood in the banqueting hall

of Reichenstein, resembling a bride only in the ornaments of her person, for her cheeks were pale and her downcast eyes red with weeping. The blooming wreath of myrtle in her auburn tresses seemed to mock the grief of its wearer, whilst the costly embroidered silken garment and glittering jewels on her neck and arms, looked like the ornaments of a lamb, about to be led to sacrifice. Already the approaching footsteps of the bridegroom, who had arrived with a brilliant suite of knights and squires at the foot of the rock, could be plainly heard, when Gerda, unable to withstand the impulse of her feelings, rushed from the circle of her waiting women into the balcony from which she had so often cast her longing eyes towards Reichenstein.

Here she sank, half senseless, upon her knees. Scalding tears chased each other down her cheeks and bosom, she stretched forth her supplicating arms, now towards heaven, the tranquil serenity of which seemed to mock her excessive misery, and then towards the Reichenstein, upon whose battlements, stood a despairing youth, not knowing how to assist either her or himself.

Suddenly the door of the balcony was thrown open, and out stepped the fierce Conrad, whose lowering brow became still more terrible, when he saw the eyes of his bride turned towards the opposite castle, on which he beheld the form of his hated rival. In a threatening manner he shook his clenched fist at the Reichensteiner, whilst with the other he seized the

terrified maiden , and muttering a curse between his teeth, dragged her hastily from the spot.

In a few minutes the enraged and miserable Kuno saw the unhappy Gerda lifted upon her horse , and then ride off, accompanied by her father, bridegroom and a troop of horsemen , towards the chapel of St. Clement, which was situated between the two castles, and where the priest was already waiting to bless and unite the betrothed.

Kuno, no longer able to restrain himself, rushed down to his castle gate, determined to gain possession of his beloved with the sword, or to die in the contest. He had already opened the portal and with his eyes turned towards the object of his affection , was about to mount his steed—when he was suddenly arrested by a sight, that transfixed him motionless to the ground, where he stood awaiting with inexpressible astonishment the issue of the extraordinary scene, that was passing before him.

The sight was indeed strange and miraculous. The palfrey on which the bride was mounted suddenly became wild and unmanageable. Fire issued from its distended nostrils, it plunged with its fore feet and lashed out furiously with its hinder hoofs , striking down knights, squires and, in short, all who stood within its reach. At length it dashed off with the rapidity of lightning and passed the chapel leaving the frightened attendants far behind, but bearing the trembling Gerda , agitated between hope and fear and

clinging to the neck of her deliverer, towards her lover's castle, so that before Kuno could take his foot out of the stirrup of his saddle — Gerda was at his side. With indescribable ecstasy he hastened to lift her from the foaming steed and bore her in his arms into the castle, of which he instantly closed the Portcullis and bade his vassals stand to their arms.

Sifrid, astonished at the extraordinary occurrence, raised himself with difficulty from the ground, on which he had been so roughly thrown, but the knight of Ehrenfels, being severely wounded by his fall, was carried off by his squires and a boat was seen floating over the Rhine, bearing on its deck the dying knight. Old Sifrid attributed to the will of Heaven this miraculous event and being no ways displeased to take one son in law for the other, especially as young Kuno was as rich as he was valiant, dispatched a herald to Reichenstein to inform the latter that he would accept of him for a son in law, since divine Providence so ordained it.

Not long after this event, two festive processions were again seen moving slowly towards the Chapel of St. Clement. The same spirited palfrey, which a short time before had borne a disconsolate and sorrowful bride, now gently ambled and curvetted beneath its lovely burden, who arrived a happy maiden at the gate of the holy edifice and departed from it still more joyfully. With a countenance beaming with heavenly love, she now gaily rode at the side of the

enraptured Kuno von Reichenstein, who with a beating heart led his young spouse into the castle of his ancestors, the ruins of which may be still seen from Prince Frederic's romantic dwelling of the Rheinstein.

SAINT HILDEGARD.

On the left bank of the Nahe, to which access is attained by crossing the bridge of Drusus, the traveller will discover the Rupertsberg. Here, says the legend, the pious Rupert, whose benevolence, probity and fear of God were unequalled, erected a church, with the aid of his mother the Countess Bertha.

This edifice served him as his last resting place, when at the early age of twenty years he was called by God's grace from this world. The mountain which took its name from him, lay waste and barren for many years, after the country had been ravaged and

depopulated by the rapacious Norman invaders.

It was in the year 1089 that a pious and noble pair, Hildebert and Matilda von Bokelheim, who inhabited the castle of Sponheim not far distant from Kreuznach, were blessed by the birth of a daughter, to whom they gave the name of Hildegard. Their neighbour Count Meinhard von Sponheim also had a child born to him, about the same period, who was christened Hiltrude. The maidens grew up together and were play mates in their childhood and novices in the same benedictine convent of Dissibodenberg, the Abbess of which, named Jutta, was a sister of the latter Count. The two maidens knew nothing more of the world, than their paternal castles and the silent walls of the convent, it therefore, cost them neither struggle nor self denial to follow the example of the devout Jutta and in their tender youth to take the veil.

Here Hildegard resided for many years, secluded from all the vanities of life and exclusively devoted to the service of God and to works of benevolence. Her education, as was the case with most of her sex at that period, had been extremely limited, so that even the art of writing was unknown to her, she neither knew nor cared to know what was passing beyond the limits of her cell, or those of her garden and chapel; whence she beheld, without envy, the picturesque valley and woody hills. At the same time her young mind was far from being inactive. Whether it was that her ardent imagination found nourishment

in contemplation, or that the Lord was willing to make her an instrument of warning and conversion, in those times of commotion and distress, it appears that the powers of the seers of the old testament, were revived in her. Many months had not elapsed ere she gave vent to those spirital emanations, with which her soul was inspired and of which she gave divers proofs to her religious companions.

At first she had not ventured to reveal, what was passing within her mind. Although alarmed by the repeated appearances of supernatural forms and visions and by voices which seemed to speak within her bosom, she nevertheless strove with maidenly reserve and timidity to repress her emotions. But the spirit within her overpowered her weak efforts. The feverish state in which she existed impaired her strength and her susceptibility for all external impressions increased to a dangerous pitch. At length, she sank down upon her couch utterly oppressed and through long nights of anguish moistened it with burning tears. Being unable to resist the impulses of her soul, she soon disclosed the state of her mind to her father confessor. After that she felt as it were relieved of a heavy burthen ; her malady decreased and her strength gradually returned. During her convalescence, she communicated to those around her some of the visions which had been revealed to her and which related to the most important affairs of church and state both present and future. The report of these occurrences soon spread abroad. The predictions of

the nun, of whom no one had ever heard before and who had never crossed the threshold of the secluded convent, created every where the greatest astonishment, and the more so when her pious life became known. But even at that time those were not wanting who ridiculed her and her prophecies and declared the whole, to be nothing but dreams and the production of an over excited imagination.

In the mean while the Abbess Jutta died and Hildegard was chosen in her stead. The number of novices who desired to reside at Dissibodenberg, in order to be near her, increased so much that room was soon wanting for the reception of all those who requested admission. Hildegard came therefore to the determination of building a new and extensive convent. Whilst she was considering what situation she should choose for the accomplishment of her design, God inspired her with the idea of selecting the Rupertsberg, near Bingen.

Therefore, in the year of our redemption 1148, she erected upon that spot a magnificent nunnery which was expeditiously raised by the assistance of her relations and the surrounding neighbourhood. Thither she betook herself with several other virgins who had consecrated themselves to the Lord.

The spirit which filled her bosom continued to hold communion with her and to show her in a mystic mirror, what earthly eyes were unable to discern. Thus she became acquainted with those dissensions which arose between the Pope and the Emperor,

dissentions which brought the roman Empire to the brink of ruin. She prophesied how power and honour would be diminished, how obedience and fidelity would be undermined and how piety and humility would disappear. She foretold that the Emperors would be more solicitous for their own advantage than for that of the people, wherefore the latter would turn away from and desert them. Discord she said would ensue and peace and prosperity be destroyed; morality would perish in the general devastation, whereby the church and faith would also suffer and the whole land would be enveloped in chaotic mourning. In short, the whole sad history of the House of Hohenstaufen presented itself to Hildegard's prophetic mind, in lines of fire.

Although schisms and unholy contests soon enfeebled the power of the church they did not prevent the idea of a new Crusade from developing itself throughout Christendom, for the purpose of assisting the harassed warriors that were then in the Holy land. Many indeed took part in this expedition, in hopes of abstracting themselves from the calamities of the times. It was in consequence of this that Pope Eugene the third, held an ecclesiastical council in the ancient city of Treves in the year 1148.

Thither Hildegarde was accompanied by her instructor Bernhard, Abbot of Clairvaux, who already possessed the reputation of that sanctity so universally awarded him. For the world could not produce a more animated champion of the church,

nor a more zealous defender of the doctrines of Christ ; his principles and conduct were no less pure than his word , so that his opinions were considered decisive in the most important church affairs. Thus , having reached the Rhineland, he presided this solemn assembly, at which many pious and learned men were present.

It was here that the predictions of the Abbess of Rupertsberg, became the subject of discussion. Her writings, which she had dictated to some of her sisterhood, were examined. Delegates were dispatched to the convent that they might convince themselves of their truth on the spot. The result of these inquiries was her unanimous recognition as a prophetess. The Pope, induced by the exhortations of Bernhard, wrote her an affectionate letter, in which he expressed his highest admiration of the agency, by which God manifested new miracles in those days and how he had so poured forth his spirit upon her, that she was enabled to see, comprehend and make known the most hidden mysteries. He then gave her his benediction and exhorted her to preserve the grace that was vouchsafed to her, by a life of humility ; for said he , “ the Lord is averse to the proud, but gracious to the humble. ” He then enjoined her to continue to reside with her sisters, according to the laws of St Benedict.

Soon after this the Abbot of Clairvaux repaired in person to the Rupertsberg. From him Hildegard received a book of prayer, a knife and a ring with this

inscription : "*Ich leide gern*," (I suffer willingly). Joyfully, did she follow the instructions of the holy man. Quitting her quiet cloister, she went about preaching before the people in the cities of the Rhine, in churches and in public places, warning them and exhorting them to join the expedition to Jerusalem. Thus she proceeded to Alsace, France and even across the Alps. She who had hitherto been as a child which has never quitted its parents abode, felt sufficient courage, to go forth as a stimulator to repentance and pious works among strange nations.

Need it be said that Hildegard's fame increased daily even after her return to her solitary cell ; that thousands of the powerful as well as the lowly sought her assistance and counsel and that her words and doctrines were attended to in affairs of the highest importance ? It was on the Rupertsberg, that she long continued to govern the community intrusted to her care and to instruct them in leading a holy course of life. She also caused to be inscribed in a book her visions and revelations, her instructions as to the path of salvation, and her discourses on a life of merit and pious works, as well as her hymns and homilies. She likewise addressed epistles to Frederic Barbarossa, to Pope Eugene and to several Archbishops, Prelates and communities. And there preserving her pure and filial fear of God she lived and laboured to a good old age, beloved as a mother, obeyed as an instructress and revered as a saint.

The 17th september 1179 was the day on which

this holy woman, so beloved of God, was called from this life. Thousands and thousands flocked to see the corpse, ere it was laid to rest in the chapel of the convent. After that edifice with many others was reduced to ruins in the 30 year's war*, the earthly remains of Hildegard were conveyed to the convent of Eibingen, where, by the influence of the Elector of Mayence, the benedictine sisters of the Rupertsberg found an asylum.

* It was burned by the Swedes in 1632.

THE PALATINE'S STONE.

Before the Rhenish provinces were totally devastated during the Orleans war of succession, which made the inhabitants feel with double weight the miseries occasioned by the thirty years' war, Stahleck was a considerable castle and Bacharach a well fortified town. The sixteen lofty towers which then defended the walls, that extended from the castle to the town and surrounded it on the river side, have now for the greater part fallen to ruins. On the declivity of the hill may still, however, be seen the church of Werner. Its noble gothic windows still exist but its roof has perished and its moss-clad walls

are rapidly falling to decay. This venerable edifice was erected to the memory of a boy called Werner, who was born in the hamlet of Warmsrode, towards the end of the eighth century, but was soon kidnapped and murdered by the Jews of the neighbouring town of Oberwesel and then buried in this spot.

The Rhenish Palatines used often to beguile their time in the castle of Stahleck, whence there is a fine view not only of the Rhine, but of the town of Bacharach and the vineyards that have rendered it celebrated throughout the world. Conrad of Hohenstaufen, step brother to the Emperor Frederick, the Redbeard; who became Palatine by Hermann of Stahleck dying without issue, likewise inhabited it and laid the foundation of its subsequent importance.

Belonging to the most powerful and flourishing of all the princely houses of Germany; rich, valiant and respected, it seemed almost impossible that Conrad could cherish a wish, that might not be realized. One thing, however, was wanting to his happiness: he had no son to inherit his titles and possessions; the two boys, whom his consort Irmengard von Henneberg had borne him, died in their infancy and only one daughter, whose name was Agnes, remained. The maiden was therefore destined to succeed to the greater part of his noble estates.

As Agnes grew up, it was natural for many noblemen and princes to become her suitors. Among the number of these was Henry of Brunswick, son of Henry the Lion and as the enmity long existing between

the Hohenstaufens and Guelphs was apparently appeased, an alliance between the young couple was resolved upon by their parents. But before the day fixed upon had arrived, circumstances occurred and difficulties arose, which caused this plan to be abandoned by Conrad and this the more readily, since other prospects presented themselves that were more pleasing and flattering to the Palatine's ambition.

Philip Augustus, king of France, who had just returned from a crusade to the Holy Land, demanded the hand of Agnes in marriage. His request was not more agreeable to the father, than it was disagreeable to the daughter. She had loved the Brunswick prince, and warmly expressed her wish not to marry any other man than the noble Youth who had been first chosen by her parents. The feelings of Henry, who was in the emperor's camp, ardently sympathized with those of the lovely Agnes and he therefore employed all the means in his power to obtain intelligence of what was passing at Stahleck. The lovers had a confidant in the Countess Palatine, who was averse to her daughter's union with the French king; she therefore favoured the wishes of the Guelphic Duke, hoping thereby to ensure the happiness of her only child.

At this period, it happened, that the Count Palatine was obliged to quit the castle for a few days. He had no sooner departed ere Irmengard, who had previously ascertained that her daughter was firm and resolute in her determination, profited by the

opportunity and dispatched a messenger to invite the fortunate Henry to Stahleck. It is needless to add that the happy lover lost no time in flying to the feet of his adored mistress. Consequently many hours had not elapsed before the Countess Palatine sent for the chaplain of the castle, who, that very day, joined the hands of the young couple. No public festival succeeded the nuptials and nothing for some time occurred to disturb the blissful days and hours which the Prince and Princess passed together.

It was not long, however, before the Count Palatine returned and Irmengard who was prepared for a direful explosion of his anger went forth to meet him, "My lord," said she, "a falcon has flown here, with a brown head and a white throat. Its beak and claws show it to be a powerful bird of prey; the feathers of its wings reach down so low, that one can well see it was bred by its father on a lofty aerie. This bird, than which you never saw a finer, I have caught and caged." And at these words, she conducted him to the apartment of Henry and Agnes, who both cast themselves at his feet.

Conrad's anger at first knew no bounds, yet in his outward demeanour to the Guelph he preserved apparent composure. He commanded him nevertheless to quit the castle immediately; the marriage he said had taken place without his consent and he swore, in despite of the prayers and tears of his wife and daughter, that it never should obtain his sanction. The young Duke was inconsolable at being obliged

to part from Agnes, under such circumstances ! But he comforted himself by the reflection that the father's wrath would abate and that in time he must acknowledge him as his son in law. Even Irmengard reproached herself for having carried matters so far, for she feared lest the Count Palatine, should seek to obtain a dissolution of the marriage. Gloomy and sad was the tranquillity that prevailed at Stahleck when Henry departed. The women gave way to their grief and shed abundant tears, but Conrad preserved an impenetrable silence and only showed himself to his wife and daughter at the hour of refection, passing the rest of his time in business and the chase.

A little way below Bacharach, immediately opposite the town of Caub, there rises from the river a flat rock, on which is erected a strange edifice, that seems to float on the bosom of the foaming waters. Broad is the base, large the circumference, massive the masonry, small and low the doors which can only be approached by a flight of narrow steps. Several square, pointed turrets, some of them resting upon projecting parts of the building and furnished with small windows surround the centre tower, on whose dome formed roof a beacon was formerly alighted at night fall. A bell was also rung in this tower to announce the approach of ships, which here had to pay the Rhine toll. A deep well with several small chambers and vaults exist in the interior of this strange castle, which is still in a state of good preservation. It is called the Count Pala-

tine's stone, and by abbreviation the Pfalz (Palatinate).

It was at the side of this edifice, that the banner of Conrad of Hohenstaufen's vessel, was seen one morning gaily flaunting in the wind. He had brought thither his daughter Agnes and briefly informed her, that the Pfalz should henceforth be her abode until he had resolved on further measures respecting her. Calmly resigning herself to her fate, Agnes seated herself at the window of the little room that had been allotted to her and occupied herself in gazing upon the foaming surface of the waters and upon the chain of hills that rose above their banks; whilst her thoughts were with her distant husband.

Rarely was Irmengard permitted to visit her solitary daughter. One day however she came, but not alone — Duke Henry in the garb of a pilgrim followed her and in an instant clasped his Agnes to his heart. The grief and sufferings of former days were forgotten for a moment. But they could not long enjoy the happiness of being together. — Prudence commanded them to separate after a brief interview.

In the mean while the Count Palatine's sentiments commenced to change. Being pressed by the Emperor himself to get Henry's marriage annulled, his paternal affection was roused and he could not make up his mind, to render his only daughter unhappy. The consideration of the evils that might ensue from another violent rupture with the house of Guelph, had likewise some weight with him. He had not

yet spoken to Irmengard on the subject, when she informed him that Agnes was in a fair way to become a mother. This sealed the reconciliation. But it was only upon his daughter presenting her husband with an heir that the father would permit her to enter the castle of Stahleck. — She remained in the mean time upon her rocky island, but no longer sad and solitary, for now the Guelfic Duke needed not to visit her in disguise. Henry of Brunswick, surnamed the Tall, succeeded Conrad of Hohenstaufen to the Palatinate and was followed by his son in the same name. Since the time of the beautiful Agnes it is said to have been the custom for the wives of the Palatines of the Rhine, to be brought to bed in the little castle. Many people doubt the truth of this latter statement, which is only founded on tradition.

THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

Among the noble families, whose names are recorded in the history of the Rheingau, that of Gilgen von Lorch was one of the most distinguished. A member of this family had proceeded to the Holy land; at the period when the whole German chivalry was summoned to the crusades; but he only did so after considerable hesitation and reluctance, and more because he feared the dishonour, which a refusal would attach to his noble name, than from piety and inclination. The fact was that his heart rebelled against his spirit. For having, but a short time been affianced to a beautiful and noble Lady he could not

make up his mind to tear himself from her. Indeed when he did follow the standard of the cross, there were many who doubted the sincerity of his resolve.

What people foresaw eventually happened. The army of the crusaders had not yet quitted the German territory, ere Gilgen under the pretext of sickness remained behind. If his conscience reproached him, it was silenced by love. The desire of again seeing his mistress, appears to have grown so strong during his short absence, that neither his sense of duty or fear of shame could overcome it.

But bad news awaited the impatient lover on his return. She for whose sake he had staked his good renown, she whom he expected joyfully to clasp in his arms had disappeared. Breathless and agitated by the most heart-rending agony he enquired in every direction for his lost bride but the reply he received drove him to despair, for his vassals pointed to the steep mountain of Hedrich, which rises above Lorch and upon whose summit there stood an inaccessible castle. A knight who dwelt in this strong hold and whose addresses had been rejected by Gertrude had waited for the moment when she should be deprived of her husband's protection. Then by a rapid and well combined sally, he made her his prisoner and when the alarm was given, the inhabitants of the village saw with consternation her gown already floating upon the rock, whilst her ravisher and a couple of his assistants were carrying off their struggling booty to their inaccessible den.

During the following days Gilgen roamed about the neighbourhood like a maniac vainly demanding the assistance of his friends against the ravishers — but they declared to him, that human valour or power could not avail in this case and that nothing else remained for him but to wait patiently and to see, if the firmness of the prisoner, would eventually induce the robbers to abandon their prey. But, where could Gilgen find patience or resignation? It was observed to him that however lamentable Gertrude's fate might be, the whole affair ought to be considered as a punishment from heaven for having broken his vows. But this instead of disposing him to repentance, only increased his grief and anger.

He was in this state of mind when, one evening, on his return from a ride through the intricate and winding valleys in the neighbourhood of Lorch, he halted before the Kedrich cliff. As he stood contemplating the steep acclivity and reflecting upon the impossibility of liberating his mistress, such terrible thoughts flashed across his mind as rendered him unworthy of being called a christian. Muttering horrid curses between his teeth, he was about to turn his horse's head homewards, when an unknown person stepped before him in the narrow path. Gilgen shuddered, for he had a presentiment to whom this emaciated visage belonged. Seized with sudden fear, he was going to ride past, but the stranger would not allow him to move without exchanging a few words, indeed the knight's horse stood still as if arrested by

some secret spell. "Sir knight," said an unearthly voice, "can I assist you?"

No answer was given. "I know what you demand and what you wish for," continued the interlocutor; "look up at yon cliff. Spur your charger bravely forwards: to so valiant a knight nothing ought to be impracticable."

"Return to hell again, you dog," cried Gilgen, irritated at this mockery. At the same time he dealt him a blow with his sword that would have sufficed to cleave in twain the head of the strongest mortal. — But a hoarse laugh was heard and the thin figure was seen standing unhurt upon a rocky eminence.

"Be reasonable, my friend," now exclaimed the figure, in a coaxing voice, "I alone can enable you to obtain what you desire, confide in me and this very day the beautiful captive shall be yours."

The knight trembled like an aspen leaf, at the thought that he was on the threshold of eternal damnation; he was irresolute and was about to put spurs to his steed to fly from the tempter, when the voice croaked out: "To-morrow your bride will be lost to you for ever — It is yet time—Comply and you may still regain her!"

Ungovernable passion instantly filled Gilgen's soul and he therefore concluded the usual pact with the stranger. At this moment the moon rose and shed her mild light upon the rugged cliff. "Courage, bold horseman!" cried the voice.

Gilgen saw himself alone; the wind howled and

chased the scattered clouds along the dark-blue starry sky. His steed neighed loud on feeling the spur and with one bound it reached the giddy path. With one hand the knight held the bridle tightly and grasped his drawn sword in the other. The animal seemed to be borne upwards by the demons of the wind for his hoofs firmly rested on places, that would not have afforded footing for the light heeled chamois. Gilgen, though in constant danger of falling backwards, sat undaunted in his saddle. Hearing the noise the ruffians that guarded the castle, ran to the walls. Mute with terror and astonishment they looked down and could scarcely believe their eyes, when they saw the intrepid rider, encouraging his horse by words and blows and ascending as rapidly as a spectre.

The moment of rescue was at hand.—Gilgen perceived Gertrude's white figure on the tower.—One more spring upon the dangerous cliff, and he attained the summit — stormed the gate and the ravisher lay a bleeding corpse, before the avenger's feet. A minute afterwards, Gilgen held Gertrude in his arms.

But happiness, purchased by so terrible a crime, could only be of short duration. Scarce was he reunited to her, for whom he had sacrificed worldly fame and eternal salvation, when she withered away like a flower exposed to the blast of the easterly wind and died in his arms. Gilgen did not long survive her;—consumed by grief and remorse he soon put an

end to his own existence. —The inhabitants of Lorch still point outwith horror the steep path, which, from that event, bears the name of the Devil's ladder and they preserve at this moment in their townhouse the bridle of Lord Gilgen's steed.

QUEEN HILDEGARDIS.

The emperor Charles the Great having marched with his knights and a considerable army to make war against the hostile tribes of Saxony, left his court at Ingelheim, as well as his young and beautiful consort Hildegardis, under the protection of his natural brother Taland.

Taland had long resided at the court of the Greek Emperor and his heart, tho' naturally noble and manly, there became dreadfully corrupt and demoralized; indeed to such a degree, that he no longer believed in the virtue of women, much less did he imagine that any maiden's innocence, or any wife's fidelity

could withstand the flattering tones of a seducers courtship.

Conspicuous above all the women and maidens at the emperor's court was the noble lady Hildegardis for beauty and virtue. Altho' she was the daughter of a knight of low degree and attired in the humble garb of a peasant, Charles had discovered her merit and drawing her from the solitude of her native village made her the partner of his Imperial throne.

But as the most brilliant jewel is that which excites in the highest degree the covetousness of the rogue, in like manner had the wicked Taland cast his eyes on the noble queen and made her, whose spotless innocence prevented her from suspecting his evil designs, the object of his criminal passion. Nothing therefore could be more agreeable to this dishonourable knight than the absence of his Imperial brother and his command to watch over and protect his court during his absence. Blinded by passion he took advantage of the first opportunity favourable to his treacherous intentions, to torment the noble lady, first, by soft and amorous words and afterwards, as she seemed not to understand him, by ardent declarations of love. The queen first hoped she could cure the guilty knight of his malady by gentleness and kind treatment. But she was mistaken, for, that which in the commencement was only vanity and gallantry, from daily beholding the charming queen and from the mildness with which she rejected his addresses, soon became deep rooted passion.

So audacious was he grown, that, one day, having managed to remove the Queen's ladies, he burst into her chamber, urged his suit with the most unseemly vehemence and concluded by declaring that he would kill himself, if she would not listen to him.

The virtuous Queen was at first so astonished at what he said, that she could scarce utter a word; but, recovering herself, she rejected his guilty proposals with the utmost indignation, menacing him with the heavy chastisement that must infallibly await him on the return of her spouse. However, as neither entreaties or menaces were of any avail, Hildegardis attempted to save her honour and render her wicked enemy harmless for the future. She pretended to grow gradually favourable to his wishes and at last promised him a rendez-vous, which for the sake of secrecy was to take place in a hidden and remote chamber of the palace.

On the appointed day and hour, Taland, burning with love, went to meet the Queen. She led him through a dark passage to a door which she opened and desired the knight to pass before her. But, no sooner had he crossed its threshold than she closed it upon him and quickly turning the key thus addressed the wretch who remained almost petrified with surprise and consternation: "Now, dishonourable madman," exclaimed Hildegardis, "you may cool your unholy passion between four damp walls and here await the punishment of your audacity till the return of my spouse, your Em-

peror and Lord." Thereupon she went away, abandoning the knight to his impotent rage and to whatever plans of vengeance his disappointed passion might suggest to him.

A lady of honour, whom the Queen had made her confidant in this matter, daily handed to the prisoner through a little window sufficient food. This lady, one day, brought word to her mistress, that the knight most pressingly besought her to grant him a short audience that he might make an acknowledgment of his fault and testify his sincere repentance. Hildegardis was rejoiced to learn this and acceded to the prisoner's request. Taland now protested in the strongest terms that he heartily repented his criminal enterprise, swore to the queen by the most sacred oaths, that in future he would allow no impure desire to rise in his soul and concluded by falling on his knees in a supplicating attitude and by imploring the queen not to expose him to the severe punishment which his brother and sovereign would no doubt inflict on him.

The tender hearted Hildegardis was moved by the apparent deep repentance of the knight and trusting to his promises, she released him from his confinement.

Thus Taland again appeared at court and as he gave out that he had been under the necessity of making a secret journey, none of the courtiers suspected the real cause of his absence.

A short time afterwards, messengers arrived

from the Emperor, announcing his speedy return. Everything was prepared at court for his reception and Taland accompanied by a few followers rode out to meet him. After the first salutations Charles enquired after his spouse, but instead of answering his question Taland requested permission to say a few words to him in private. This being granted the traitor related a tissue of the most diabolical falsehoods, in which he accused the Queen of infidelity to her Lord, confirming his infamy by the most blasphemous oaths and assurances of fidelity to his sovereign who, being of a violent and passionate temper, now broke into a most inexpressible fury and charged his brother instantly to cause his faithless wife to be put to an ignominious death.

Without waiting until the infuriated monarch should grow calm and probably retract his rash commands, the traitor galloped on before his majesty and immediately issued orders for the Queen's arrest. In the mean time, however, the lady of honour, who had been the Queen's confidant during Taland's imprisonment, escaped the fate reserved to her by a rapid flight and hid herself in the forest which surrounded the palace.

After Taland had proclaimed the Queen's crime and the will of his sovereign, he delivered Hildegardis into the hands of two soldiers who were devoted to him and gave them strict injunctions to deprive her of life. Therefore as soon as it grew dusk the innocent Queen was conducted into the wood, where as soon as she reached a

spot near a wide spreading oak, the soldiers who only answered with scorn and insult the moving prayers of the noble lady, desired her to kneel down, to recommend her soul to God and be ready to receive her death blow.

Suddenly, however, an angelic voice proceeding from the branches of the tree uttered these words: "Desist, malefactors, from thy wicked purpose, otherwise the wrath of heaven will overtake thee!" Fear seized the superstitious men, on hearing this, — their arms which were already uplifted to commit a cruel murder, grew stiff, as if petrified by magic and they looked timidly and fearfully at the tree, from which descended the wonderful voice. Not perceiving any human form, they were confirmed in the belief, that they had heard the command of some supernatural being; so they crossed themselves and fled as fast as they could from the spot.

Hildegardis' pious awe did not allow her to raise her eyes to the oak tree from which her miraculous deliverance had come; but she addressed ardent thanksgivings to the holy Virgin. Suddenly she heard a rustling both in the branches and on the ground, — and, before she could look round, she felt some one seizing the hem of her robe and covering her arms with kisses and tears of joy. It was the faithful lady of her court, who had escaped Taland's vengeance. Wandering about the forest in quest of a human dwelling, she had heard the savage voices of men approaching her and had sought refuge in the dense foliage

of an oak tree; thus through the gracious dispensation of divine providence she had become the guardian angel of her innocent mistress.

After they both had derived consolation and confidence from long and fervent prayers they lay down upon a bed of leaves and enjoyed the sweetest repose; until the warbling of innumerable birds announced the dawn of day. The berries and herbs, which they found in abundance, then supplied them with a refreshing meal, and trusting in the assistance of God they boldly pursued their course through the forest.

In the mean time, the miscreants sent by Taland to commit the murder, returned to the palace and fearing the resentment of their master, declared to him, that they had executed his orders. To corroborate their statement, they showed him their swords dripping with the blood of a doe which they had killed.

Taland first praised and rewarded the villains and then informed the King, who shortly reached his castle, that his command had been executed and that the vile adulteress had suffered the punishment due to her crime. The monarch expressed his satisfaction by a nod of the head, but from that moment he lost all his cheerfulness and falling into a state of sombre melancholy no longer took pleasure in any of the duties or amusements of his august position.

In the mean while Hildegardis and her faithful companion wandered for several days about the wood; at length they came to the hut of a venerable old hermit, with a long white beard, who willingly gave

them a lodging under his miserable roof. Here, separated from the rest of the world, these females lived a considerable time, passing the days chiefly in prayer and acts of devotion. Hildegardis, moreover, occupied her leisure hours in studying the healing virtues of plants and herbs, a study, to which she had applied herself with predilection in her early youth and in which she was now assisted by the skilful instructions of the hermit. By the advice of the old man to whom Hildegardis had made known her rank and misfortunes, they finally left the hermitage, to proceed on a pilgrimage to Rome; "There," said he, "persecuted innocence ever obtains justice and protection from the holy father."

Having reached the nearest town, the Empress and her friend assumed the garb of pilgrims, and, with light hearts, pursued their journey to Rome. Having at length arrived at the holy city, they visited all the churches and received the Pope's benediction. To gain their livelihood and satisfy their pious inclinations, Hildegard began to practise the science she had first learned in the joyful days of her youth in her father's woods and which had subsequently become better known to her, through the hermit's instructions. The noble lady visited the sick and infirm, assisting and curing the greater number and soothing by pious and edifying consolation the passage into eternity of those whom no ointment or herb could save. So that the whole city of Rome not only rung with praises of the virtue and divine art of sister Dolorosa, which was the

name she assumed, but all who were sick or afflicted repaired to the noble lady, to be cured, and to be consoled by her devout exhortations. By degrees, the fame of the holy physician spread far and wide, so that Pope Adrian likewise heard of her benevolent actions. One day indeed, as he was entering a church at the head of a procession, the pious woman having knelt down to kiss the hem of his garment, he gave her his benediction before all the people.

Thus it happened, that pilgrims, on their return from Rome to Germany, related at the court of the emperor Charles, the wonderful cures of sister Dolorosa.

No one listened more eagerly to this report than the profligate Taland, whom a malignant disease had deprived of his sight. Well aware that this affliction was a punishment from heaven, the cruel knight had heartily repented him of his base conduct towards the innocent Queen, but fearing Charles' wrath he dared not make any disclosure to him, hoping for the forgiveness of his sin from the mercy of God and the intercession of the soul of his victim. But when the Emperor resolved to undertake a journey to Rome, Taland begged and obtained leave to accompany him, that he might be cured by the far famed lady.

The report of the King's approach was soon spread over the holy city and carried to the pious Hildegardis by her faithful attendant. Her heart beat violently on hearing these tidings and a presentiment told her,

that now the prophetic words of the hermit would be fulfilled and that the end of her unmerited sufferings was near at hand. She therefore prostrated herself with fervour before the altar of the mother of God, and unable to speak, eased her oppressed bosom by a flood of tears.

King Charles, accompanied by Taland, had scarcely made his entry into Rome ere the latter despatched a message to the pious physician, begging permission to wait upon her on the following morning. Hildegardis consented and prepared to receive him without fear or agitation. At length the moment arrived and her mortal enemy, stricken with blindness, humbled and imploring assistance, stood before her. Suppressing her emotion, she said to him: "Sir knight!—before I can undertake, with God's aid and that of his son and the blessed Virgin, to cure your malady, it is necessary for you to purify yourself of your sins and crimes by a voluntary acknowledgment of them. Kneel down therefore, and confess your sins and testify to me your repentance, in order that you may thus become a partaker of God's mercy."

Taland replied to her: "Truly, most holy lady, I have committed sins of divers kinds, — being a weak infirm man. But none weighs more heavily on my conscience than that which I was guilty of against a pure and virtuous woman, whom, contrary to the laws of God and man I vilely slandered and ruined. If God in his mercy pardon me this crime, I may confidently hope for the forgiveness of all my other sins."

"Say!" replied the confessor, "have you

avowed your evil deed to him whom, after God, you have thereby most agrieved and injured?"

"No," rejoined Taland with considerable hesitation: "the dread of his just wrath has detained me; for he, whom I have wronged is my sovereign."

"The wrath of heaven is a thousand times more to be dreaded by sinners than all earthly punishments," rejoined Hildegardis, "I cannot assist you therefore until you have made known to your injured sovereign the crime of which you have been guilty. If you will do this candidly and without reserve, I will endeavour to obtain your pardon."

After reflecting a short time Taland replied with firmness: "Your counsel, holy woman, is good, for it is better that I should suffer mortal death, than that I should peril my eternal salvation. Come with me, I beseech you and be the witness of my confession. Preserve me, in the name of the blessed Trinity, from the anger of my sovereign."

Thereupon he ordered his servants to conduct him before the king, who was at that moment engaged in private with the holy Father. Upon entering the Royal presence Taland threw himself at his brother's feet and to the great joy of the Queen and her attendant, who had followed him to the door, avowed his crime with the utmost humility and repentance and warmly craved forgiveness.

Speechless with astonishment and indignation, Charles listened to the account of his vile treachery. Instantly placing his hand upon his sword he would

have chastised his unheard of wickedness, but at this juncture Hildegardis appeared and throwing herself on her knees between the King and the culprit cried out : “ Stop ! O most puissant Lord, heaven has already inflicted sufficient punishment. It becomes your majesty to forgive. ”

The astounded King drew back and would scarce give credit to his eyes or ears when he beheld the image of his consort whom he imagined dead and heard the sound of her once dear loved voice. In the mean time, Hildegardis approached the blind man, led him to a seat and, having desired him to sit still and recommend his soul to God, she undertook to cure him and did in fact restore him that instant to the light of day.

The first person he saw on recovering his sight was his deliverer ; — his terror and astonishment was more intense than that of the King, for he thought the object before him was a spirit. He therefore cast himself at her feet, crying out aloud : “ Unless a disordered phantasy has succeeded to my blindness, my eyes behold the spirit of her who was so cruelly and unjustly murdered by my orders. ”

“ You do not see her spirit — but herself, whom the Almighty rescued from death, thereby preventing you from committing a sin, and, ” added she, turning to her bewildered husband, “ thus preserving his faithful wife to my gracious Lord and spouse. ”

The Pope blessed the reunited couple and the Em-

peror Charles in the joy of his heart forgave his repentant brother; after which they all returned to Germany, where the news of the happy and wonderful event had preceded them and spread universal joy amongst both high and low.

King Charles enjoyed for many years the happiness of possessing his beloved Hildegardis and was never wearied of hearing the account of her adventures. He never ceased to deplore his credulity, or to thank God for the deliverance of his beloved Queen. Nor was he forgetful of the faithful maiden who had saved her mistress and who had been the companion of all her wanderings and tribulations. She was named lady of honour to the Queen for life and was shortly united to a nobleman of high rank, wealth and dignity.

CATHERINE OF HEILBRONN.

There lived at Heilbronn ages ago a gunsmith, of the name of Friedeborn, whose wife, who died soon after their marriage, had borne him an only daughter, called Catherine. The child was born upon Easter Sunday and, therefore, divers celestial beings may perhaps have held influence over its existence from its very birth, although nothing corroborated this supposition.

Little Catherine when she attained her sixteenth year was a lovely child—pleasing in the eyes of God, and as healthy in body and spirit, as the primitive dwellers on earth may be supposed to have been.

She was moreover a gentle, devout and interesting

creature, as it is only permitted to us mortals to see, when on the wings of imagination we soar up to heaven and fancy we behold the dear little angels, whose bright eyes peep out from amidst the clouds. When she sallied forth of an evening attired in a yellow straw bonnet, her bosom covered with a black velvet boddice and ornamented with a silver chain, — people whispered at every window: “See! — that is Kate of Heilbronn.” “Kate of Heilbronn!” — cried they, as if the sky of Suabia had been her father and the town under it her mother.

Relations who for three generations had never thought of their affinity to the industrious Friedeborn, invited her to christenings and weddings and called her their dear little Cousin. Every soul in the market where her father had his workshop, visited her on her birth-day to wish her joy and load her with presents. He who had only once seen her and obtained from her a passing salute, included her the eight following days in his prayers. Her grand-father had early made her his heir, to the exclusion of her father, and bequeathed to her an estate whereby he rendered her one of the most wealthy personages of the town. Five sons of citizens had already paid her their addresses and the knights who passed through Heilbronn could not help regretting that she was not of noble blood and expressed their opinion that, if she were, the east would lay its pearls and jewels at her feet. But she did not sigh after these vanities being exempt from all pride and ambition.

Nine months after she had completed her fifteenth year, the Sylvester night (31st Dec.) arrived and separated the old from the new year. It was then, as it is now, the custom to melt pieces of lead upon that night and to endeavour to ascertain the future from the strange forms that were produced by the molten liquid. Maidens also who did not yet know whose property they might become, prayed God upon this occasion to show them their future spouses in their dreams. Kate up to that time had not troubled herself about men, but, old Bess, her servant maid, advised her not to omit this part of the ceremony and so she followed her advice.

Midnight had already struck and she was reclining on her bed when the door opened and an angel, with snow-white silvery wings attached to its shoulders entered and introduced a knight who saluted her as his bride.—Kate who was no ways displeased with her extraordinary visitor, immediately called her two waiting women Elisabeth and Christina and then rising she fell at the feet of the angel, who seized her affectionately by the hand and pointing to a mole on her shoulder said to his companion.—“See, Sir knight, — it is by that mark you may recognize her again. ” When the servants came with lights, all had disappeared; but Kate was on her knees on the floor without other garments than her night dress—so she returned quietly to bed and carefully kept her secret.

Now it happened that some years before Kate was born at Heilbronn, the Countess Walter von Strahl was

brought to bed of a son and heir, who was a source of joy to her and his vassals. Having however attained his twenty second year he was attacked by so violent a malady, that in less than nine days the valiant and athletic youth lay a corpse upon his bed; round which his mother, aunts and cousins were kneeling in silent grief. But when the time arrived for interring the body, he, whom they supposed dead, suddenly opened his eyes and to the surprise and joy of his family and relatives rapidly recovered. Where he had been, during this interval of his earthly existence, whether he had been waking or in a dream, remained a secret. All that was known was that this occurred upon the Sylvester night, "three quarters of a year, after Kate was fifteen years old."

When the winter was passed and fine weather had returned, the Count Palatine threatened the town of Heilbronn with a great calamity, for he wanted nothing less than to deprive it of its freedom. Both knights and citizens armed themselves, therefore, and the market place rung with preparations for combat. Count Walter von Strahl was the foremost on this occasion to join his patriotic townsmen. Before he departed however he galloped up to the house of the gunsmith Friedeborn, armed *cap à pié*. Having alighted from his horse, he bowed his head almost to the ground in order to pass beneath the door with the high plumes which nodded on his helmet. "Master," cried he, "I am about to march against the Palatine who threatens to destroy our town. My anxiety to attack the

enemy is so great that I have burst my coat of mail. Take your tools, my friend, and mend it again, without my being obliged to undress myself." Friedeborn was ready to do what he was desired, so he begged his customer to sit down on a chair in the middle of the room and set himself to work having previously cried out to his servants "Hollah there! Bring wine and ham, wherewith to regale the Lord Walter."

Whilst the valiant knight's charger stood neighing and pawing the ground in the care of his squires, Catherine opened the door and entered carrying on her head a large silver tray, on which were placed bottles, glasses and viands of various kinds. Had she seen the clouds open and the glorious visage of the Almighty shining therefrom, she could have not felt more astounded than she did, on beholding the knight. Indeed she was so agitated that she let fall the tray, tankards and viands. Pale as death, she clasped her hands as if to pray and with her head reclining on her bosom she knelt before him, speechless and fascinated as if she had been struck by lightning. Her father justly alarmed at this, lifted her up, but she clung to him in order to prevent herself from falling again and stared with burning cheeks at the Count, as if he were an apparition. — "What in the name of the blessed Virgin ails thee, child?" exclaimed he gazing at her with great astonishment, whilst the whole household came running in to enquire, what had befallen their beloved young mistress. After staring about for a while in a wild and agitated manner, her look became more tranquil and she was

so far restored as to permit her father to complete his work. As soon as it was finished the Count stood up and looked thoughtfully and tenderly at the little maiden whose head scarcely reached to his shoulder. He then stooped over her, kissed her forehead and exclaimed in a soft voice. " God bless thee ! " after which he left the house. — But he had no sooner mounted his war horse and rode out of sight ere the maiden appeared at one of the windows and lifting up her hands to heaven cast herself headlong from a balcony at least thirty feet high; alas, her gentle body fell upon the pavement and, altho' she escaped with life, she broke both her legs immediately above the knees. The knight, in the mean time, having turned round saw that a crowd had collected before the house, but being ignorant of the cause he pursued his route.

The war with the Count Palatine ended to the satisfaction of the citizens of Heilbronn. But Count Walter in lieu of returning home continued his chivalrous adventures. It happened in the middle of summer that he was one day on a journey to Strasburg and being oppressed by the heat he stretched himself to sleep on a cool and shady bank near the Rhine.— Having awoken after a short repose, to his astonishment he found Catherine slumbering at his feet, as if she had fallen there from the heavens; so he hastily exclaimed to his squire : " What do I see ! Surely this is Kate of Heilbronn ! "

At these words she opened her eyes, replaced her

bonnet which had fallen off her head and behaved exactly as if she had been overcome by sleep in her father's garden. When the knight asked her, what brought her so far from Heilbronn, she replied: "I have business, noble Lord, that calls me to Strasburg, but being afraid to venture alone through these woods, I joined company with you." The knight supplied her with refreshments, gave her a guide, who was to conduct her to Strasburg and springing upon his steed pursued his journey.

In the evening he reached an inn and was about to retire to rest, when his servant, Gottschalk, entered and informed him, that the girl was below and requested permission to pass the night in his stable. The Count ordered his groom to give her some straw to repose upon and retired to rest. The next evening the same thing happened; in short a similar scene took place every day during the whole course of his journey. The knight permitted it, for the sake of the old man her father, saying to himself: "When I return to Heilbronn, he will thank me for bringing back his daughter." In the mean time Gottschalk had grown as much attached to the girl, as though she were his own child and he therefore showed her every kind of kindness and attention.

At Strasburg the Count resided at the Archbishop's palace and was surprised that Kate likewise came thither, as if she formed a part of his suite. This however displeased him, so one day seeing her at the stable door, he went up to her and enquired what

business brought her to Strasburg? Kate blushed up to the very eyes and answered : “ Oh my Lord ! you already know the cause.” It then occurred to him that the girl was come on his account and he resolved immediately to send a messenger to Heilbronn not only to apprize her father that she was with him but to request him to hasten forthwith to the castle of Strahl to convey her home.

The old man was not in a very good humour when the message reached him, for he could only explain the whole affair between Kate and the knight, by attributing to the latter the art of witchcraft.

He recollected that, after she had broken her legs she was carried to her bed and that she laid there six weeks without moving ; but, although tormented by a violent fever, neither that or the delirium of her brain could induce her to pronounce a single word, that could give a clue to her thoughts. Scarcely had she recovered when one morning, ere the first rays of the rising sun had gilded the Church spire, she hastened down stairs and was about to cross the threshold when her father seeing her exclaimed : “ Whither art thou going ? ” “ To join Count Walter von Strahl,” answered she and disappeared.

Unable to follow her the forsaken and broken hearted father remained at home cursing his undutiful daughter, but still more deeply cursing her wicked seducer. No sooner however did the Count's messenger arrive than he quickly set out to liberate and bring her home. The Count received Friedeborn with as much

kindness as the latter displayed irritation; nay, the old man carried his suspicion with regard to the innocent nobleman so far that, on entering his house, he sprinkled himself over with holy water. The Count ingenuously related to him the whole affair and then conducted the afflicted father into the stable, where Kate was occupied in cleansing a sword. But no sooner did she perceive the old man, than, pale as ashes, she fell at the Count's feet and begged of him to protect her from her own father. Friedeborn stood for a moment petrified, then, ere the Count could recover from his own astonishment, he threw his hat in his face, as if to chase away some horrid apparition and then took to his heels as if the devil and his legions were at his back.

The blacksmith knew however that there existed a secret tribunal, who judged impartially both high and low. He therefore hastened to accuse the Count before this high court, as guilty of witchcraft and seduction. The Count appeared on the first summons bringing with him the trembling maiden, who was likewise cited, but the simplicity and truth of his narrative clearly convinced the judges how ill-founded were the charges brought against him. Indeed he was fully vindicated by the maiden's spotless and unsullied innocence, which was elicited in the most satisfactory manner by the cross examination of the high assembly.

Count Walter von Strahl was acquitted, and after he had forbidden Kate again to appear at his castle,

old Friedeborn was entrusted with the paternal care of the body of his child. Yes her body — for her soul, which was beyond the limits of human power remained, as before, with her beloved Lord who like a flash of lightning had entered her young heart and completely set it on fire. On the other hand Walter in despite of his apparent indifference and coldness, had long been deeply affected by the attachment and charms of the lovely girl; but there were three things which served to repress the feelings that were rising in his bosom. One was: his principles of honor which made him reject with horror the base crime of seduction: the second was the prejudices of his rank, which prevented him from gratifying his passion by making her his lawful wife and the third was a secret between him and God, but as it afterwards came to light, it may here be related.

On that Sylvester night, in which the Count von Strahl lay like a corpse on his bed, he thought a cherub came to him and taking him gently by the hand led him in the dark to the bed chamber of a maiden, who lay sleeping on a white bed with a red quilt, with nothing on her person but her night garment.

It seemed to him, that, on his entrance, the charming maiden first fondly gazed upon him with her large black eyes and exclaimed. “Elisabeth!” Then radiant with joy, she had risen and thrown herself on her knees before him, saying: “My Lord, my noble Lord.” The angel then told him, that she was an emperor’s child and showed him a dark mole

on her shoulder, observing that he might recognize her by that mark—but when he was about to examine her face in order to obtain more certain means of recognition lights were brought and every thing disappeared. When he opened his eyes he was lying on his bed in the castle of Strahl and his mother and cousins were weeping around him. He had never communicated this occurrence to any human being, but he did not the less deeply cherish the remembrance of it in his own bosom. He was in fact so convinced that heaven itself destined him to marry an Emperor's daughter that he believed it unlawful on his part to think of any other maiden and he, therefore, quickly silenced every inward emotion favourable to Catherine. He consequently strove by every means to forget the whole affair and turned his attention to war and other chivalrous occupations.

When Kate saw herself separated from her knight, she desired nothing more in this world, than to be instructed in religious duties by his friend, the prior of an Augustine convent, preparatory to her becoming a nun of the order of St. Ursuline. Her father granted her request with great sadness, indeed one evening, on her arriving at the gate of the said convent, the thought of burying his child for ever in a cloister, affected him so painfully, that he himself proposed to her to proceed once more to the castle of Strahl. "There," said he "on the declivity of the hill, under the shade of the lilactrees, where thou wert fondest of sitting thou mayest reflect upon the matter ere it be too late."

Kate gazed at him with her large, melancholy eyes and said. "I dare not do so, the Count has forbidden me." Upon this her father offered to obtain the Count's permission. This act of paternal love, had such an effect upon her that she forthwith resolved not to take the veil and still less to go to the lilac bank, but to say her prayers at the Priory and then return to Heilbronn with her father.

It happened at that time that Count Walter von Strahl was at variance with a Rhenish nobleman of the name of Stein. The latter, not being able to overcome his opponent by open violence, had hired a servant whom he sent to the castle of Strahl with directions, if possible, to obtain service there and this for the most vile and treacherous purposes. An opportunity for putting his plans into execution having arrived the Rhenish Count despatched two messengers with letters, one for Peter Quanz, the treacherous servant at the castle of Strahl, in which he acquainted him, that precisely at twelve he would be before the gates with his troops and would expect his aid from within. — The second was to Hatto, prior of the Augustine convent, where Kate was going to pass the night, to inform him, that he would visit him late in the evening in order to receive absolution.

Now divine providence so ordained it that the letters were changed and thus the one destined for Peter fell into the hands of Catherine. Thus was she apprized of the danger which threatened her knight. Regardless of the perils of the road and of the darkness of the night, she

immediately set out for the castle of Strahl, into which however she would certainly not have obtained admittance at such an hour, had not Gottschalk fortunately seen her approach and conducted her to his master's presence. The latter no sooner saw her than he waxed exceeding wrath and the more so since he imagined he had got rid of her for ever. He therefore severely rebuked Gottschalk for admitting her into the castle and addressing himself to the faithful Catherine he not only reviled her as a wanton and vagabond but would not allow to open her lips. Nay more when she held up the letter and insisted on obtaining a hearing, he took down a whip from the wall to drive her out, for at the moment he thought more of the accusation before the secret tribunal and all the embarrassment the maiden's love had already occasioned him than of the duties of chivalry.

In despite however of his rage, Kate succeeded in delivering to him the letter through Gottschalk. Upon this the knight's heart was immediately touched with contrition and gratitude. Conscious of the peril from which the heroic girl had saved him, he immediately took measures to frustrate the intended attack on his castle. The most difficult thing was to meet the eye of poor Kate whom he had so ill-treated and to whom he was so deeply indebted. He treated her indeed kindly and sought to atone for his injustice, but there was no rancour in the maiden's heart; for, what injustice could a knight who had been conducted to her bed side by an Angel of God, be guilty of in her sight!

Whatever he did or said was therefore looked upon as just and right by her.

Henceforth Kate never quitted her beloved knight. She brought him his arms when he was going forth to battle; she followed him through forests and camps; she attended him across rivers and mountains and through heat, cold and perils of all kinds; in short there was no more talk of her returning to Heilbronn. The Count nevertheless conducted himself towards her with the same frigid indifference. He scarcely seemed to remark her presence and never uttered a single word that could sooth her heart. — But at the same time he knew that care would be taken of her for she had a true protector in old Gottschalk. When peace was restored, Kate again returned to Strahl and took up her old quarters in the stable. But her favourite couch was under the lilac tree before the castle, so she built herself a hut beneath its branches whose foliage afforded her shelter from the burning rays of the sun. Gottschalk in the mean time had often found her sleeping. He remarked on these occasions that her dreams were disturbed and that she either whispered or spoke in a voice as sweet as that of nightingales warbling on a summer's night. He consequently related all he saw and heard to his master, who determined, after due reflection, to take an early opportunity of watching her during her sleep.

It was upon a mild summer's evening, that the knight descended the steps of his castle and directed his steps towards Kate's lilac tree, where he found her

reposing with flushed cheeks and clasped hands. After gazing at her for a long time with deep emotion he resolved to try if it were not possible to discover, why this girl, whose wealth and beauty were sufficient to ensure the happiness of the first citizen in all Suabia should follow him about like a dog through good and bad fortune. It occurred to him to ask her some of those questions during her sleep, which he had so often put to her whilst she was awake, but to which he had never received any other reply than. "Ah, my Lord, you are already well acquainted with the cause." He therefore approached her softly, knelt down beside her and gently encircling her waist with his arm, addressed to her various questions, to all of which she returned rational answers. At last he came to his chief query. "Hast thou lost thy heart to me?"

"Alas—yes"—replied Kate.

"But I love thee not, whatever thou mayst think," answered Walter?

"You deceive yourself," said she smiling, "for you are desperately enamoured of me."

The knight started for she had told the truth. He was however more astonished than pleased at the assurance with which she ventured to confess her sentiments. A breeze of wind, rising from the valley, chancing at this moment to blow aside her scarf it caused Lord Walter no slight surprise, for his eye immediately fell upon a mole, such as the cherub showed to him during his Sylvester vision. And in an instant he saw and was fain to acknowledge that Catherine

was the maiden who had appeared to him on that occasion.

As he stood there gazing upon her she awoke, and greatly was she terrified at being thus surprised by Lord Walter who, she feared would rebuke her as he was wont to do. But in lieu of exhibiting anger he addressed her in gentle accents and forthwith ordered Gottschalk to prepare suitable apartments for her in the castle.

Henceforth his hours of solitude were occupied in meditating upon this singular occurrence. "How is it possible" said he to himself "that this girl can be an Emperor's daughter!" but that she was so, he was as firmly convinced as that there was a sky above the castle. He therefore did not hesitate to confide the matter to his confessor and other grave personages and to ask their advice. No one, however, could relieve his anxiety or aid him in solving the mystery.

It was in the midst of this perplexity that the Count was summoned to the Emperor's court at Worms. Friedeborn, whose accusations had been rejected by the secret tribunal, having heard that Lord Walter had declared that his Kate was the Emperor's daughter, thereby injuring the good fame of his deceased wife, lost no time also in hastening to the foot of the throne, in order to prefer his complaints to his Imperial Majesty in person. The Emperor, as was his custom, listened attentively and was highly incensed at the knight's proceedings, for although he was conscious

of many little peccadillos, yet being otherwise a just and virtuous Prince, he was grievously vexed at seeing himself so publicly exposed.

On the other hand the Count was no less displeased than his royal master at his private affairs being thus trumpeted forth to the world, so he declared before the Emperor, that it never was his intention to give any credit to such a report. This declaration would have contented his Imperial Majesty, but Friedeborn doggedly insisted upon a trial by mortal combat between him and the Count. Consequently the latter at last lost all patience and cried out before the whole Court, that Kate was in truth the Emperor's child and that he would instantly prove it with his sword, which he forthwith drew from its scabbard and Friedeborn having followed his example the latter, after a few thrusts, was disarmed and slightly wounded.

When the Emperor beheld his accuser victorious, the colour fled from his cheeks, but a light was suddenly kindled in his memory, for he recollected to have been at Heilbronn, seventeen years before, at the marriage of his sister the Countess Palatine. He also remembered to have been present at a public festival and to have chatted rather freely in an arbour with a pretty citizen's wife to whom he had not revealed his rank, although he had presented her with a golden medal bearing his own effigy. Now, as it appeared upon inquiry, Kate had received this identical piece of money as a precious legacy from her mother, on her death bed. There was no possibility

of denying this evidence, so the Emperor, decided on settling the business amicably, fearing lest a second cherub should descend from heaven and announce the secret to all the world. He therefore requested the humbled Friedeborn to surrender the child to his Imperial care. The latter having no means of refusing, gave his consent and the Emperor forthwith acknowledged her as his adopted daughter, under the name of Catherine of Swabia, and announced his intention of marrying her; with exceeding pomp to Count Walter von Strahl, adding that Friedeborn might then pass the rest of his life in peace and tranquility with the young couple.

This proposal satisfied all parties. A few days afterwards the court of the Imperial castle glittered with all the pomp of chivalry and the gentle Catherine, mounted upon a beautiful white palfrey and surrounded by a bevy of lovely damsels and gallant knights, was led to the hymeneal altar by the brave Count Walter von Strahl.

HENRY THE FOURTH

at Aleppo.

Few can peruse the history of Germany, without deploring the sad fate of Henry the Fourth, or without lamenting the misfortunes which, through his mistimed obstinacy, weakness and changeful humour, were entailed upon his Empire, his subjects and himself. From his earliest youth this misguided prince was disobedient, haughty, inconsiderate, and unfortunately opposed to a powerful adversary (Pope Gregory VII), who united in his character all the virtues in which Henry was deficient. His whole reign presented a dark and unbroken chain of bitter defeats, brightened here and there by some transient victory, but clouded







W. H. Stiles del.

J. C. Smith sculp.



again by the treachery and ingratitude of those who owed him submission. Discord and insubordination constantly prevailed even in his own family, so that he had neither peace at home or abroad.

The disposition of his eldest son, Conrad, seemed to accord with that of the Emperor's enemies. Thus he and his father were constantly at variance until the former met with an early death at Florence. Henry, the youngest Prince, to whom the father clung with extreme fondness and who was crowned king of the Romans by his desire, in the Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle, was also seduced by the Emperor's enemies, who, after vainly trying every possible means to bring the young Prince back to repentance and allegiance, ordered the "arrière ban" to march against the rebel, with whom most of the spiritual Princes and nobility were united.

It was hoped that this affair might have been decided at Regensburg, but the Emperor again experienced the inconstancy of mankind at that place, as the greater part of his troops basely deserted him and he only found safety in flight. Upon this the Princes of the Empire, acting as mediators in the quarrel, assembled a Diet at Mayence, where the majority secretly resolved to compel the old Emperor to abdicate. But at this moment the young Henry suddenly appeared to repent him of his unnatural behaviour. When he heard that the Emperor was tarrying on the Rhine with his followers, he hastened to Coblenz, where they met, embraced and wept in each others arms;

the one promising forgetfulness, the other obedience. From thence they proceeded together to Bingen, where the Emperor wished to make preparations for his entry into Mayence.

On a hill immediately behind Bingen, at an angle formed by the junction of the Nahe and Rhine, stands the once strong castle of Klopp. This fortress owes its origin to a small tower which Drusus Germanicus built as a protection to the boundary stream. But both founders and towers have long since sunk into oblivion. A delightful garden now replaces the once impregnable fortress, to which the traveller will do well to ascend. For from thence he will enjoy the most magnificent views across the Rheingau and the dark and picturesque Rheinthal. Thence also his eye will be cheered with a sight of the old town of Bingen, surrounded by fruitful lowlands and watered by the silvery Nahe, which flows through the valley of Kreuznach.

The same admirable prospect existed in the days of Henry, that now greets the traveller from this spot; but in lieu of the moss-clad towers of our days, high walls and battlements presented themselves to the old Monarch's gaze when, upon Christmas day in the year of our Lord 1105, he looked down upon the land and stream from the pointed oriel window of the great Hall in the Castle of Klopp.

The Monarch seemed insensible to the sombre beauties of the landscape, which was then clad in its gloomy winter attire, as if desirous to accord with the sorrowful tone of his mind. Sufferings and mis-

fortunes more than age appeared to have scattered their snows over his hair. His figure though bent was still imposing, and although the light of his bold eye was dimmed with tears its eagle glance was unextinguished. Instead of attending the diet at Mayence Henry the Fourth remained at Klopp, but not of his own free will. For his son, feigning repentance and suppressing the voice of nature, allured his father to the castle where he treacherously imprisoned him. It was because he feared lest the people of Mayence should declare in favour of the old Emperor, whom they had always sincerely loved, and thus put an end to his own base project of obtaining the imperial crown, that the treacherous Prince had committed this act of filial impiety.

Not content with this he attacked and seized the few followers who, faithful to their old master, were disposed to oppose this unnatural proceeding, and ordered them to be chained and confined in the castle dungeons.

The Emperor's meditations were soon interrupted, however, for the neighing of battle horses and the clang of trumpets, rising from the narrow streets of the adjacent town, suddenly struck upon his ear. The whole place seemed alive with horse and foot soldiers and betokened the arrival of princely visitors. He had scarcely time to turn from the balcony ere the sentinel, who held watch at the door of the hall, slowly entered and cast a scrutinizing and suspicious glance around. "What wilt thou?" demanded the

Monarch, "and what means this tumult in the town below?"

"The spiritual Princes are arrived from Mayence," replied the man. "Sire," continued he "people say they are come to compel your Majesty to resign the crown, in favor of your son. But despair not, neither in God's name, betray me. If you have heart to follow—I can point out a secret passage through which you can safely escape from the castle."

These words restored the ill-fated Emperor to a consciousness of his dignity, so after gazing at the soldier with a stern look he replied: "How darest thou make such a proposition to thy Emperor?" Then majestically drawing up his figure he added: "What! wouldst thou have me fly like a conscious thief? Never!—Let them come, the traitors dare not lay hands upon their Emperor and master! But who art thou, that thus offerest thyself as my helper and preserver when all the world else have deserted me?"

"In the days of my youth I was present at Worms, when Your Majesty first girded on the sword of knighthood," replied the Soldier, "I then vowed that I would never abandon you, whatever might be my destiny. I served as a common soldier, when you fled from Harzburg castle before the rebellious Saxons. I fought at the battle of Mersberg near your side, against the Pope-made King; there they took me prisoner and after much suffering I was compelled to enlist with the Mayencers; but, nevertheless, I remain faithful to my vow and true to my liege Sovereign."

A tear moistened the eye of the old man at the thought that his own son was less faithful to him than this stranger. "I thank thee for thy devotion," said he after a moment's reflection: "Continue to serve me — perhaps thy offer may be useful in the hour of need."

With these words the Emperor withdrew to an adjoining chamber and had scarcely closed the door ere the castle yard was filled with people, whilst heavy footsteps and the clang of armour resounded through the stone corridors. In a moment more the Archbishops of Mayence and Cologne accompanied by their Counsellors and many knights entered the Hall, without even waiting to solicit admission to the presence of that once sacred personage whose dignity they were come to insult. For awhile they looked around and not seeing the Emperor they seemed at a loss how to act, but a door soon opened and Henry stood before them. The royal mantle waved over his shoulders, the crown of Charlemagne adorned his hoary head, his right hand held the Sceptre of the Empire and around his waist was girded the Imperial Sword. With majestic steps and resolute countenance the venerable Emperor walked up to the intruders, who in the first moment of astonishment respectfully fell back, abashed at the majesty and dignity of his demeanour.

"What wilt thou, Ruthard of Mayence? And thou Archbishop of Cologne what brings thee uninvited here?" demanded Henry regarding the two Prelates

with an air of haughty majesty. Confounded for a time the two Priests remained silent, but the Archbishop of Mayence, excited by the enmity which he had long nourished against the feeble Emperor and of whose downfall, as well as of his son's revolt he was the principal instigator, was not long in recovering himself.

“ We are come ” replied he with a loud and stern voice, “ to claim what no longer belongs to you. Henry the Fifth is our Sovereign by right and by election, we have sworn allegiance to him. To him belongs, what you, whom the church has driven from her bosom, dare no longer wear. ”

Having spoken thus he stretched forth his dastardly hand to the mantle, which flowed from the Emperor's shoulders. During this time the Knights at the entrance of the hall and those waiting on the staircase, cried out : “ Long live our king — Henry the Fifth ! ” which was repeated by hundreds of voices in the court yard. On hearing this the bereaved old man's resolution abandoned him, though he still preserved his dignity. Mute and without a murmur he suffered the servants of the church to lay hands upon him, so that they quickly despoiled him of the Imperial Insignia.

Soon after this unwarrantable spoliation, which history would fain cover with the veil of forgetfulness the hapless Monarch was removed to Ingelheim. This magnificent palace of the Emperor Charlemagne thus witnessed the sad spectacle of the degradation of one who had occupied the throne of that mighty Sove-

reign. As the deposed Monarch Henry proceeded on his way to this latter place, he chanced to look around upon his escort and remarked amongst them the soldier, who had guarded his door at Klopp. Having subsequently appealed to the German people to assist him against his unnatural son it was this faithful adherent who accompanied him in his flight from the place of his captivity.

BROMSER AND GISELA.

Although the whole Rheingau abounds in scenery of the utmost beauty, no part can be compared to the vicinity of Rudesheim, both as regards its picturesque situation and the number of chivalrous feats for which its neighbourhood was celebrated in former times, not to mention the mellow richness of that delicious wine which has served to spread its renown to the farthest quarters of the globe. Its celebrity on this score is of no recent date, for it was Charlemagne himself, who amused himself, whilst manœuvring his army at Ingelheim, with planting the adjacent mountains with vine plants from France, and he often ascended to

the topmost crags to gaze upon the smiling panorama, which from its varied hues and changing forms presented to him a vivid image of the most distant portions of his vast empire.

The little tower which nestles at the foot of the hills, is still remarkable for its four castles and its Franconian hall. These goodly remnants of the days of chivalry, combined with various old monuments, tales and legends still keep alive the memory of the renowned family of the Bromser's, who sprung from the Lily branch of the Lords of Rudesheim. In short, history, tradition and the rich juice of the grape seem to have combined in contributing to the glory of that name which forms the subject of the following legend.

The period with which our story is connected is that when Bernhard de Clairvaux raised his standard and voice at Spire and enthusiastically excited his hearers to follow him to the holy war. Nor did he preach in vain, for of the many noble knights and gallant squires who heard his pious words, there was not one, who did not readily offer his life and fortune for the deliverance of that blessed land, where the Redeemer suffered and where the glorious work of salvation was accomplished. Amongst the foremost of those who eagerly affixed the red cross upon their mantles was Hans Bromser, Lord of Rudesheim, whose beloved wife had recently been removed to a better world leaving him an only daughter, whose budding charms bade fair to outrival all that the Rheingau possessed most graceful and lovely.

The parting between the fond parent and his child was heart-rending, but Hans consoled himself with the thought that he was about to fight for the honour of the Christian faith and the eternal redemption of his own soul. We will pass over the many adventures and perils encountered by the warrior pilgrims ere they set foot upon the sacred soil of Palestine. All we shall say is that many days had not elapsed ere the Saracens felt the weight of the German battle-axes and fled in terror from the banner of the chivalry of Rudesheim. Valliant amongst the most brave, Bromser upon all occasions where peril was to be found was seen amidst the foremost ranks, so that he was distinguished above all others for his prowess and his name, honoured by the Franks, was feared by the unbelievers.

It once happened that the Christian host, pitched their tents in the neighbourhood of a shady grotto, whence bubbled a cool spring, which invited the warriors to quench their burning thirst in its limpid waters. But as they approached to drink, a hideous dragon, which had selected this spot as its retreat, rushed hissing from this cave threatening death to the first adventurer that dared draw near. Notwithstanding the want of water and excruciating thirst of the Christians, no one was bold enough to encounter so fearful an enemy, until the Lord of Rudesheim seeing the distress of his companions in arms gallantly offered to rid them of the monster.

Bracing on his polished armour and firmly grasping

his two edged sword, he fell upon his knees, uttered a short prayer and advanced towards the horrible cave. No sooner did the dragon discover the approach of a human being, than he arose and with flaming eyes and wide extended jaws darted upon the knight. But Bromser nothing daunted placed his right foot firmly on the ground and extending his sword arm thrust his blade down the monster's throat, at the moment it opened its hideous jaws to seize him. Maddened with pain the brute recoiled one or two paces back, but ere it could again rush to the attack Bromser sprung forward and plunged his trusty weapon into its heart. In a moment more the beast lay weltering in bloody and convulsive agonies at his feet.

Having thanked the Almighty for his victory the victor unbuckled his armour and his helmet and stooped down to drink of the refreshing stream; but scarcely had he wiped the stains from his sword and quenched his thirst ere an ambushed host of unbelievers, mounted on fleet steeds, rushed suddenly upon him from behind a neighbouring sand hill. The foremost dashed upon Bromser, but was instantly felled to the ground by his redoubtable two edged sword. Another — and another shared a similar fate as standing like a lion at bay he dealt death and destruction around him. On a sudden, however, a blow from a sling struck his bare head and felled him to the earth. His assailants then rushed upon him and having disarmed and bound him, led him in triumph to

an adjoining castle where the crescent still bade defiance to the holy symbol of the crusaders.

Days passed away and the unfortunate Lord of Rudesheim continued unransomed in the dark and dreary solitude of his noisome prison, where he was compelled to listen to the distant though soul inspiring battle call of his friends and gaze through the gratings of his window upon his brave companions, at whose head he had so often fought and who were still fighting the fight of faith, while he himself remained inactive and enchained. Dejected and heart broken he withdrew from a sight so galling to one whose soul was enflamed by the thirst of glory, and casting himself upon his miserable bed hoped to find some balm for his throbbing heart.

At length sleep closed his eye lids, but his dreams were more frightful than his waking thoughts. In one of these dreams Gisela his adored daughter, whom he had left upon the banks of the Rhine, appeared before him. By her side stood a dark haired youth and Gisela raising her mild blue eyes beseechingly to heaven and stretching her longing arms towards her father, put her hand into the youth's hand and he pressed her to his bosom. Then all vanished; but presently the knight thought he heard a noise and he looked up, and there flowed the impetuous Rhine raging and foaming as it is wont to do when the winter floods increase its current. Upon this Bromser awoke, but a change had come over his mind and his sole desire now was to return to his native land and to the castle

of his forefathers. After remaining for a short time in deep reflection, he fell upon his knees and swore to devote his only daughter to heaven, if God would deliver him from his present affliction and conduct him once more to the banks of his beloved Rhine. His prayer was heard ; for on the following dawn the army of the crusaders attacked and took the castle and restored him to liberty.

Who is the pilgrim with scollop-shelled hat and staff, that strides along with such active steps , alternately praying and singing as he goes? See ! he has already left the rich plains of Lombardy and the freezing regions of eternal ice far behind. Look how he descends the dangerous track that leads from St. Gothard into the valleys of fair Switzerland. His head is bent but not with age, for his eye is keen as that of the eagle and his hands and face are swarthy like those of one who has long sojourned beneath a southern sun. It is Hans Bromser, Lord of Rudesheim. No longer able to resist his desire to revisit Germany, he had abandoned his brothers in arms and left behind him the snow-clad Alps. Wildly did his heart throb and brightly did his eye glance as he came nearer and nearer to his home. At last, when his eye caught the first sight of the castle of his forefathers, standing proudly above the rushing stream, his heart overflowed , he sank down upon the bank and moistening it with burning tears he poured forth his thanks to God for having thus vouchsafed to bring him in safety to his dear loved

father-land. Tho, overpowered by his feelings and weak with conflicting emotions Bromser arose and ascended towards his castle, where every object he met reminded him of the days of his youth, of his first love, his departed wife and beloved child. As he drew nearer he perceived a maiden radiant with youth and loveliness standing upon the balcony which overhung the stream and gazing at the last golden rays of the setting sun as they glittered upon the glorious landscape. As she hung forward her fair hair waved in luxuriant curls, as if to catch the evening breeze which swept in gentle murmurs o'er the flood.

It was Gisela! the bud had now become a blooming rose. The pilgrim paused awhile lost in admiration and then entered the castle yard. But no one recognized him; even the old boar hound he had reared rose surlily and growled as at a beggar, for the deep brown colour of his complexion with the broad brimmed hat which concealed his noble head and his long beard made it impossible even for his oldest vassals to know him. Having at length attracted the notice of one of his serfs he desired to be conducted to the Lord of the castle. But the man answered that his Lord was far away at the Holy sepulchre and that no one lived there but that Lord's only daughter. "Lead me to her presence," replied the Pilgrim. "I have tidings of her father, and bear his signet as a proof."

Upon seeing the well known ring engraved with the Lily of the Bromser arms, the menial summoned

the grey haired senechal, who without asking any questions, bade the stranger follow him up the stone staircase and then across the ancient hall filled with the armour and spoils of his forefathers. At length they reached the door of Gisela's bower and the knight was ushered into the presence of his child. In an instant more, the pilgrim cast aside his hat and cloak and then exclaiming : " Gisela! Gisela! my dear, dear child" he extended his arms and pressed his beloved daughter to his agitated heart.

The first intoxication, the first bliss of meeting having passed, the knight took his daughter's hand and visited all the apartments of his castle;—here enjoying the welcome of the faithful vassals whom he had left behind and there stopping to gaze upon the surrounding country, whose image was unalterably graven upon his memory. He then retired to enjoy a short repose and to converse with his child on all that had occurred to him and her during their long separation. Notwithstanding this effusion of soul there evidently existed a certain degree of restraint, a secret misgiving on the part of both, which prevented that entire confidence which otherwise would have existed between the father and daughter. Was it because they had been strangers to each other during so many years that their overflowing hearts could not express all they felt, or did it spring from fatal recollections on one side, and gloomy forebodings on the other? It was clear that something existed which prevented the communing of their thearts. For some

time both sat in silence, watching the passing inhabitants of the little town or gazing upon the vessels as they cast anchor near Hatto's tower to pay the river toll, which rendered this small rock so valuable, that there was not a single Lord, holding a hand's breath of land in the neighbourhood, but was ready to wage war to obtain possession of it.

Suddenly, however, Bromser's attention was attracted by seeing a horseman gallop round the corner of the castle wall and dash into the inner court. He was not long in discovering that the rider was a young knight, who throwing himself from his saddle ran up the staircase and in an instant more stood upon the balcony where the two were seated. The stranger, for such he was to Bromser, was about to hasten towards Gisela, but her unusual embarrassment and the imposing look of him who sat beside her and who arose at the same moment, rivetted his feet to the threshold.

For awhile there was a dead silence, but Gisela recovering herself exclaimed: "Father, dear father. This is the knight of Falkenstein, the Lord of yonder castle." Then turning to the stranger she added: "Sir knight of Falkenstein, this is my beloved father whom Providence has brought safely home from the holy war." The embarrassed youth drew nearer, intending to embrace the Lord of Rudesheim; but Bromser received him coldly for he quickly remarked Gisela's blushes and discovered the object of the stranger's visit; whereupon his countenance

gloomed more darkly than before, for the remembrance of the vow he had made to heaven came vividly o'er his soul. On the other hand the young Falkenstein was not less surprised than alarmed, for he was entirely unconscious of the father's return and his heart misgave him when he saw the coldness of his manner. The interview was but of short duration and both separated mutually dissatisfied. Gisela remained the while with downcast eyes and did not trust herself to address a syllable to her lover, nor he to her, especially as Bromser soon dismissed his unwelcome visitor in a hurried and unfriendly manner.

As soon as the last clang of the retreating horse's hoof had died away, Bromser thus sternly addressed his daughter. — "Gisela!" cried he, "what brings the knight of Falkenstein thus uninvited to my walls, as if he were already the owner of the castle?" There was a pause. "Gisela, my child" continued he in a milder tone and taking her hand, "trust thy father and reply with candour to his enquiries. How couldst thou, a modest maiden, the daughter of a Bromser, or how could the instructress of thy youth, whom on my departure I placed over thee, allow this?"

Gisela now regained her presence of mind and determined on speaking the truth.

"Wax not angry father, I will tell you all. While yet a child I often saw Otto. A more noble or valiant knight does not exist upon the Rhine. All love him! Why should not I?" added she blushing as she spoke, "when I hear his praise from every mouth?"

Bromser's features betrayed deep emotion and his lips quivered. A fearful contest arose in his bosom between paternal affection and that unbending severity which, through a long life passed amidst camps and the horrors of war, had become natural to his disposition.

"Gisela!" exclaimed he after a pause, "Hearken to my irrevocable words. — Thou must never more see the Falkenstein. A union between thee and him is utterly impossible."

"Father, father, in mercy recall thy dread command," stammered out the terrified, half frantic, girl, "Oto is the idol of my soul, he is my betrothed!"

Bromser made no other answer than a fierce and startling. — "Ah! is it so?" — as he struck his clenched fist upon the stone balustrade with a force that made the very castle shake to its foundations. But he soon contrived to subjugate his emotion and inwardly concealing his passion, forced himself into seeming calmness and tranquility.

"Thou hast done this without my assent, without my knowledge," continued he with assumed coldness; "thou mayest thank thyself alone for the consequences. Hearken, girl," added he, whilst his dark features gleamed with a fierce expression, "thou art no longer free — a higher power holds dominion over thy fate. Wouldst thou have thy father cast away his soul, or break his vow? Confined in a gloomy prison, menaced with the vengeance of the Saracens, I vowed, should I regain

my freedom, to devote thee to Heaven. God heard my prayer. Liberty came upon the morning beams and thy fate was irrevocably fixed."

At this, Gisela threw herself at his feet and firmly clasped his knees.

"Father," said she with a voice nearly choked with anguish, "if thou wilt not that I should become the wife of Otto, in mercy assign me a chamber in thy castle. In the name of the blessed Redeemer, whose sepulchre thou didst aid to rescue from the wicked infidels, let me remain here—where thou hast carried me in thine arms. Suffer me to watch and attend thee in thy old age. Do not condemn me to pine away my youth within a dreary convent."

But she sued in vain. Her prayers were lost upon her father. Her opposition served but to inflame his choler — and in a voice of thunder he replied.

"Thy supplications are useless. My resolution is unchangeable. The only favour that I will grant is that thou may'st select the spot where thou wilt seek repose. Beware! Thy disobedience will bring down a father's curse upon thy head."

At this the unhappy maiden sank exhausted on the floor where Bromser left her. When her senses returned her mind was bewildered. — The terrors of a convent, of a living grave, appeared to her like some dreadful apparition. The idea of renouncing the dear object of her only love and all the joyful blessings of the world for ever was too much for her reason. The thought maddened her. Darkness

encompassed and racked her soul. Desolation chilled her mind ; whilst on the other hand her father's horrible curse hovered over her ! As Bromser entered and cast himself upon one of the high backed, antique chairs, his daughter rose and listened first to the dull plashing of the flood beneath the window, as it mingled its hissing murmurs with the noise of the thunder which boomed and roared amongst the distant mountains. A cold, death like shivering fell upon her and she stood for a while like a marble statue, motionless and sad. Then approaching her father, she threw her arms about his neck, but shed no tears. Then solemnly raising her hand towards heaven she exclaimed : " Father, mayest thou never repent thy vow ! My resolution also is irrevocable." Then uttering the words : " Otto ! Otto ! I come," she sprang to the window and plunged headlong into the stream beneath. Bromser followed her but he only perceived the fluttering of a white garment in the twilight and heard some heavy body fall into the river. A fearful foreboding seized him. Calling on the name of his daughter he rushed to the balcony, but the bright flashings of the lightning only glared upon a white form drifting in the flood. " Gisela ! Gisela ! " exclaimed the wretched father. The wind and breakers overpowered his agonized voice and the thunder alone responded to his lamentations.

ADOLPHUS OF NASSAU

and Imagina.

The transitory repose, which Germany had enjoyed during the active reign of Rodolph of Hapsburg, terminated at the death of that Monarch and a terrible war once more desolated the fruitful plains of Thuringen. The Count Adolphus of Nassau, whom the Electoral Princes of the Empire had selected as Rudolph's successor though of resolute character and great personal bravery, was not distinguished for the firmness of his government, while his vain endeavours to aggrandize his own family, were more prejudicial to himself than to his numerous enemies, who united under the banner of Albert of Austria, son of the late

Emperor. This Prince only considered Adolphus as the usurper of the imperial crown, which he expected to have obtained without opposition.

A favourable opportunity of extending his own possessions soon presented itself, however, to the Emperor. The Landgrave Albert, surnamed the Degenerate, on account of his unnatural conduct towards his wife, Margaret of Hohenstaufen, and his sons Frederic and Dietzman, whose sad fate has been so often recalled to memory, then reigned in Meisen and Thuringen. Desiring to disinherit his sons, with whom he was continually at variance, he sold his possessions to the Emperor, during the Imperial assembly at Nuremberg, for the sum of 12000 silver marks. It is not however our purpose to discuss Adolphus' right, but, by recounting the misfortunes and sad events to which this action gave rise, to show that it was alike dishonourable and imprudent.

In vain was Albert the Degenerate opposed by the young Landgraves. For among other misfortunes the town of Eisbnach the ancient residence of the Princes, situated amidst extensive forests of oaks and pines at the foot of the verdant mountain crowned by the Wartburg, was taken by their adversary. The most atrocious acts of cruelty and ferocity were committed, the inhabitants were plundered and the neighbouring villages were pillaged and destroyed.

During the period that the Emperor's army lay encamped at Freiburg in Austria, Adolphus one day accompanied a small detachment with a view of recon-

noitring the country which was overrun by armed bands, supported by the peasantry. The Emperor having encountered one of these bands, the combat was not long doubtful, the Thuringians took to flight, but Adolphus received a dangerous wound in the arm. The camp being too far off, for the wounded Prince to be carried there, he was obliged to seek temporary shelter in the immediate neighbourhood. Therefore horsemen were dispatched, for that purpose, who soon returned with intelligence that they had discovered a convent upon the skirts of a forest, at no great distance.

It was consequently determined by the Imperial attendants that they should forthwith proceed thither with their royal master. Having reached the outer gate, the horn sounded and admission was demanded, but the guardians of the nunnery declared that their duty and the rules of their order granted no admittance to strangers. At length having made known the Emperor's rank, the wounded Prince was permitted to enter one of the outer courts accompanied by one of his attendants, the greater part of his escort being compelled to take up their quarters in the neighbourhood, while the rest returned to the army with the intelligence of what had occurred.

In the mean time the holy inmates of the convent took the greatest care of Adolphus, whose wound proved to be of a more serious nature than was at first supposed, especially as the Emperor's eagerness to rejoin the army, added to the natural impetuosity of

his character, increased the violence of the fever. During the long fits of delirium caused by the severity of his wound, he at one moment thought himself reposing in the dreary silence of the grave and then again he fancied himself amidst the din of combat and fury of the battle field. It was during the intervals of these fits that he imagined he saw a tutelary angel hovering over him, endeavouring to alleviate his sufferings and to wipe from his burning forehead the trickling dew drops caused by the excess of his sufferings. At last these deadly trances ceased and the wounded Monarch became conscious of his situation. At first he was unable to recall the events which had placed him in his present situation. At length his scattered senses returned and as he lay revolving in his mind the deeds that were done and others still to be performed, to his surprise he saw a beautiful female form kneeling by his side. Her habit bespoke her to be a novice. It was in fact she who had been his angel, who had watched over him during his illness and refreshed his parched lips with healing draughts. From this time the Emperor quickly recovered. The vigour of his constitution triumphed over his remaining weakness and he was soon considered sufficiently strong to return to the army.

But a wound deeper than that which he had received in the combat now racked the monarch's heart. Nor was he the only sufferer; she who had so faithfully watched over him during his sickness, the lovely Imagina, shuddered at finding that a profane love had

taken possession of that heart, which should have been devoted alone to heaven. She had spared no efforts however to combat the rising flame. Racked by contending feelings she sometimes wished for the arrival of the moment, which was to separate her from Adolphus, and then again her heart trembled at the idea of losing him perhaps for ever.

These struggles of her mind did not escape the Emperor's notice. He soon discovered not only that the passion which enflamed his own breast had communicated itself to that of the lovely Imagina, but he even divulged to her his secret and implored her not to forsake him, as in her and her alone was centered his very existence. Duty opposed itself strongly to the Monarch's prayer, but human weakness yielded at last to the influence of mutual love.

The night preceeding the day of Adolphus' departure was passed by Imagina in sobs and tears. Prostrating herself upon the steps of the altar in the convent chapel, she attempted to soothe her tortured heart with the thought of being the guardian angel of him whom she loved and of being able, through his influence, to be the instrument of benevolence and charity. This hope somewhat appeased the voice of conscience and she rose with greater calmness.

The next day the Emperor departed, but dropping behind his escort, he waited the fall of night in the neighbourhood. As soon as darkness had begun to veil the surrounding scene, Imagina hastened to the convent gate, enveloped in a mantle. There she was

met by Adolphus, who lifted her upon his horse, and carried her to the camp, where he clothed her in the garb of a Page and concealed the adventure from all but one of his confidential servants. The whole of the country though not the hearts of its inhabitants, being reduced to submission Adolphus raised his camp and soon after returned to his beautiful Rhenish provinces.

At a small distance from the salubrious waters of Schwalbach on the banks of the Aar, there is a small hamlet inhabited by a few peasants, overlooked by the gloomy ruins of Adolphseck, which to this day bears the name of its founder.

It was to this spot where the clamours of the world could not penetrate, that the Prince of Nassau led his beloved. It was here that he enjoyed at her side a few hours of short lived stolen bliss during the brief intervals of repose that were left him by his restless life and the continual wars in which he was engaged.

But the enjoyment of the present was denied to Imagina. A presentiment of the future tormented her continually, when she fancied that the crime she had committed would meet its punishment even in this world. She also perceived that Adolphus became every day more serious and thoughtful, that the hopes he had formed of the future began gradually to vanish. His visits to the castle were less frequent and shorter; his love alone remained the same, but it had a certain tincture of melancholy which did not belong to his ardent temper and general manner.

As he one day arrived at the castle, he could no

longer conceal the truth from his beloved, who had waited for him with impatience. The long prepared tempest had burst above his head. The Electoral Princes, induced by promises and intrigues, besides being deceived in their hopes of finding in the Count of Nassau a weak Prince without any will of his own and only fit to execute their designs, had assembled a Diet at Mayence, where they deposed him and placed the crown upon the head of the Duke of Austria, his most bitter enemy. The greater part of the accusations against the Count of Nassau were false or unjust, but he was not a man, to submit patiently to an affront, which put both his honour and life at stake, especially as his influence in the Empire seemed strong enough to make head against his enemies. Although several encounters took place still matters remained in suspense, but the main body of the enemys army having reached the Rhine a bloody and decisive combat was inevitable.

The fear which Imagina now felt for her beloved prevented her from remaining at Adolphseck. She could not separate herself in the hour of danger from all that she held most dear. Having attired herself in light armour she quitted the castle, her eyes overflowing with tears at the recollection of the happiness she had enjoyed in its now deserted halls. At five leagues distance from the ancient city of Worms the immense plain of Gelnheim extends in almost interminable perspective far up the course of the lovely Rhine, having on its right the Harat mountains. It was in the convent of

Rosenthal near Gelnheim, that Imagina impatiently awaited the issue of the battle. Her heart was full of the most direful apprehensions, she could hardly find sufficient strength to recommend to God the cause and the preservation of her lover.

The day was near its decline, when intelligence of the Emperor's defeat was spread abroad. Frantic with grief Imagina flew from the convent and regardless of the tumult of battle wandered over the field of strife, calling upon her beloved Adolphus.

Nothing but confusion, carnage and plunder, met her eye. At length the unhappy girl reached the foot of an ancient oak, where several bleeding victims lay stretched on the ground. She instantly threw herself with a terrible shriek upon one of the bodies. Never to rise again. Her heart had burst, she had breathed her last — embracing the mangled remains of the ill fated Emperor.

The Elector of Mayence who had been the principal instrument of Adolphus's death, but who now seemed to forebode his own lot, no sooner saw his enemy fall by the hands of Albert, than he ordered the body to be buried in the convent of Rosenthal, a resting place having been refused to it in the vault of the Emperors at Spire.

A cross with a short inscription, marks the spot where Adolphus fell and it is he who is still recalled to mind by the ruins of Adolphseck, although the implacable Albert caused the castle to be destroyed a short time after the battle of Gelnheim.

THE
GIANT OF EPPSTEIN.

The green valleys of the Taunus abound in healthful springs and its woody uplands are crowned with decayed castles, the recollection of whose chivalrous owners has outlived the perishable monuments of their power. Like a chain of antique coins these ancient relics embrace the fertile and picturesque country, which extends for many leagues along the right bank of the Maine. Powerful and illustrious families formerly resided where the ruins of Falkenstein, Königstein, Eppstein, Sonnenberg and Hohenstein now rear their proud turrets, and where the Altking and the Feldberg raise their lofty heads above the neigh-

bouring hills, some of the mightiest deeds that immortalize the history of romance were performed.

In the richest part of the country called "the Nassau Switzerland" embosomed amidst hills and dales, still lies the village of Eppstein. The lofty tower and strong walls of its castle, still point out the spot that was the hereditary seat of a rich family, who furnished many Counts to the Empire and not a few shepherds to the Archbishoprick of Mayence. The origin of this noble monument of feudal splendour is to be traced to its having formerly been the abode of a huge and savage giant, who insolently relying on his immense strength would not suffer any one to settle in the valley; especially if the owner were of gentle blood, for the humble cot of the peasant was infinitely less hateful to his eye than the lordly castle of the noble. Had it depended upon him not a single castellated habitation would have embellished the mountains of the Taunus.

Now it once happened that the giant was obliged to leave the neighbourhood, in order to go to the assistance of one of his monstrous brethren in Alsace, who it appears found it no easy matter to defend himself against the harassing attacks of the ordinary sized mortals by whom he was beleaguered and who though comparatively weak and diminutive acted upon the principle of "*l'union fait la force*," and kept the monster penned up in his fortress. The terrific ranger of the woods and fields had scarcely departed when all the neighbourhood having assured themselves that

he really was far out of reach, became all at once mighty courageous, so, after summoning a meeting beneath the shade of a gigantic oak, they resolved to avail themselves of his absence to divide his property among themselves. While they were thus occupied in vainly endeavouring to arrange the disputes and altercations, which are sure to arise among those who have to settle the partition of other men's property and while none of the disputants would yield to the claims of their equals, a young knight made his appearance in the valley. He appearing to be quite impartial and demanding no share in the spoil was unanimously chosen umpire by the contending parties, and in spite of his extreme youth acquitted himself so skilfully of the duties of his office that in two days not only all disputes were settled, but he found himself some how or another in possession of a fruitful and verdant hill which rose with a gentle slope from the bosom of the lowlands.

Eppo, for that was the stranger's name, was well aware of the nature and duties of his situation. 'His purse which had never been overstocked was now nearly empty, but he found means by his eloquence and powers of persuasion to supply that deficiency from the pockets of others; for although all the peasantry loudly clamoured against paying fee or tithe to their rightful Lord the Archbishop of Mayence, they willingly gave their mite to him. The good country people were soon convinced that they could do nothing better than assist the knight in building a

castle, which would not only vie with those of the neighbouring barons, but secure them against all future inroads from the giant or his formidable family. Eppo represented to them how ornamental it would be with its crenalated battlements towering above the trees, and what protection it would afford to the whole country, if the giant should ever think of returning to his deserted possessions. But the truth was, that although the knight affected to attach great importance to this latter argument yet his grand object was to fill his own coffers and to build his castle at the expense of the ignorant inhabitants, then after having well feathered his rocky nest to leave them to shift for themselves. Be that as it may, the good country people set about the work with such hearty good will that even if Eppo had been a powerful prince, surrounded by numerous vassals and skilful artificers, the building could hardly have advanced more rapidly. Indeed the walls seemed to rise by magic from the soil and so eager were the workmen to complete the castle, that they forgot their own wants and poverty, and whenever a passing traveller enquired into and marvelled at the cause of this extraordinary activity, he was informed that the fortress was constructing for the defense and freedom of the country.

In the mean time the wily Eppo secretly exulted over his own good fortune, for he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the basement completely finished and so far rendered habitable that he determined one fine summer night to pass the few hours of darkness

within its walls. As yet indeed there was no chamber furnished, but the thought that possession was nine points of the law and that he was reposing within his own dwelling, made even the couch of moss appear like a bed of down to him. Day had not yet dawned however ere he was suddenly awakened from his profound slumber by a tremendous clattering over his head and on all sides of him. He listened for a while intending to curse the workmen for troubling his repose. His choler, however, soon gave way to alarm and he could scarcely credit his senses, when he saw the beams and rafters of the upper story tumbling and rattling about him, as if shaken by an earthquake. And well might he have mistaken it for one, for the earth trembled with the violence of a general convulsion and fearful noises, like the roaring of raging bulls, struck upon his astonished ear. Now, although Sir Eppo noways lacked courage, yet he thought it most prudent, in the first instance, to provide for his safety and to enquire into the cause of the uproar afterwards. In this he showed his judgment, for the vaulted ceiling above his head began to crack and the stones already threatened to fall in and bury him in the ruins. Indeed he had no time to spare, for he had scarcely leaped out of one of the windows, when a part of the edifice fell in with a thundering crash and the old giant, who it appears had returned during the night from Alsace, was seen above the ruins battering the walls with his iron mace and laughing in bitter derision at the terrified peasants, who fled

in the utmost consternation, without power to look behind and much less to endeavour to oppose the work of destruction.

When the sun rose above the mountains nothing was to be seen on the spot, where the beautiful structure had begun to rise, save a desolate heap of stones and rubbish. Here, however, the giant again fixed his head quarters and continued as before to harass and oppress the neighbourhood in every possible way, so that the whole surrounding country was filled with alarm and despair and sorely deplored the few months of repose they had enjoyed during the residence of the knight, who had quitted the valley, but not without pledging his word to return in due time. The country people, who saw him depart with much of the money they had subscribed for building the castle, placed little confidence in his promise and even regretted their own credulity and the more so as several weeks elapsed, without their receiving any tidings of him. They consequently gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again and began to reconcile themselves to their fate, resolving to make the best of a bad job and to forget that Eppo had ever been their guest.

One day as they were lamenting their unhappy lot and complaining of Eppo's infidelity who should appear among them but the knight himself, accompanied by half a dozen servants, driving before them several mules laden with heavy sacks. The knight would by no means tell them, what was contained in these sacks and strictly enjoined his servants, who had all

the air of blacksmiths to observe the most profound secrecy concerning his intentions. In the mean time he inquired when the giant was wont to take his afternoon's nap and how long it usually lasted. On being informed that it was then precisely the monster's hour of rest and that in that hot season of the year it was not likely to be of very short duration, Eppo ordered his companions to proceed with the utmost speed, but in perfect silence to his demolished castle.

The knight scarcely knew whether to weep or smile on reaching the well known spot, and his heart throbbed when he heard the awful snore of the usurper, for such he denominated the giant. Indeed it was not without considerable difficulty that he succeeded in preventing his companions from taking to their heels at the sound of this unusual music, which resembled the low bellowing of a distant herd of wild bulls, mingled with the droning tones of enormous bagpipes.

The sleeper was lying upon his back in an open space inclosed by the remains of the walls, with no other shelter than a few ells of coarse sail cloth which served to protect his face from the burning rays of the mid-day sun. Having reconnoitred the enemy's position, Eppo communicated his orders to his followers and in one instant the sacks were opened and a multitude of strong iron rings taken out and linked together with the greatest caution and dispatch. As good luck would have it the giant had drunk nearly half an anker of Johannisberg for his breakfast, and

was comfortably sleeping after the meal; thus every thing succeeded to perfection, so when at length he opened his eyes, he found himself caged in a heavy net work of iron, which was so firmly rivetted in on all sides that he vainly strove to extricate himself and no less vainly filled the air with his horrid blasphemies. Eppo now rose upon the wall and in his turn laughed heartily. Seeing the monster nearly exhausted with his efforts, he blew a loud blast upon his horn and soon summoned all the neighbouring peasants to the spot, who were no less astonished than rejoiced to see their dreaded foe impotently cursing and raving beneath the heavy iron web. Nobody however ventured to approach, until having taken all necessary precautions the whole body mounted upon the walls and commenced hurling down fragments of rock and stone upon their prisoner. They then returned every one to his own home, until the men, who had been left to watch, brought intelligence that he had breathed his last, overwhelmed and crushed by the weight of stones.

In gratitude to Eppo for their delivery the honest people forthwith recommenced building the castle which, when completed, yielded to none of the fortresses of the neighbouring barons either in beauty or strength and was called Eppstein in honour of their liberator. In order to remind future generations of the wonderful circumstance that had led to its erection, the bones of the giant were fixed up over the grand portal and when they mouldered away their effigy was carved in

stone, as an undeniable testimony to the truth of the story. Whether the expectations of the country people were fulfilled or whether Eppo was a grateful and kind Lord and protector, history does not say. The chronicles, however, inform us that the family of Eppstein became exceeding rich and powerful and played an important part in the events of the German Empire, until it became extinct sometime during the sixteenth century. The castle is now in ruins, but in the village church are still to be seen several of the tombs of its ancient Lords.

EGINHARD AND EMMA.

It was a great, glorious and happy period, when the mighty Charlemagne held his court in the splendid imperial castle of Ingelheim. Fourteen children, the most costly and precious jewels of his royal diadem, stood beside his chair. But the eyes of the father rested with peculiär pleasure upon the youngest, who according to tradition was christened Emma. As marvelous for her beauty as she was admirable for every female virtue, the lovely girl eagerly sought every opportunity of enriching her mind with the treasures of science, while she neglected no means of improving the graces of her person. In short so fault-

less were her form, her face and mind, that had not christianity then shone in its fullest splendor, men might have worshipped her as the goddess Venus, once more descended from Olympus to win them back to paganism and idolatry.

The Emperor exceedingly approved of her intelligent direction of his domestic arrangements, for the beautiful Emma not only presided over her handmaids in the work room, but superintended the Imperial buttery, where she zealously and minutely regulated all matters connected therewith, especially such as concerned the appetite of her royal father, for to please him she could prepare and season his favourite food, a dish of savoury Roe buck, better than the most accomplished cook. While she was thus busily occupied the delighted Emperor would affectionately gaze upon her and call her "His beloved bee."

Emma, however, occupied herself much more with other matters, than her good, though severe father could have anticipated. For tho' her days were passed in domestic employments the hours of repose were devoted to softer joys.

Among the ministers of the great Charlemagne, was the young Eginhard, the most graceful, and withal the most learned and intelligent of the Imperial Counselors. Eginhard worshipped the beautiful Emma and his affection was returned with equal tenderness by his imperial beauty. Notwithstanding the acknowledged condescension and benevolence of Charlemagne, yet there was too vast a distance between

Emma and the youthful minister, to permit of their indulging in a single hope of obtaining the Emperor's sanction to their attachment. Their intercourse was consequently opposed by a thousand difficulties. Ere long this restraint became so oppressive that the youthful pair resolved to steal from the silent hours of night some solace, to atone for the wearisome privations of the day. It was therefore by the soft moonlight that they contrived to meet and to yield to the influence of those ideal visions of future happiness which were dispelled or blighted by the sunshine of reality.

Let us then fancy Eginhard admitted to the apartment of his adored Emma, where by the feeble light of the pale stars there no longer existed any distinction between the Emperor's daughter and his servant. Here in the silent time of night, free from the observation of men and alone with God, their hours were passed beside the open casement, in that calm holiness of affection, in which earth had no share. Conversing of worlds and creations little thought of by this world schildren, they confided to each other their deep concentrated feelings and now talked of scenes and images, holier and purer than those of earth.

It was during such hours, that Eginhard opened to her the rich stores of his great and powerful mind, and taught Emma to live, like him, a life of ideality and sentiment. Often when no voice save that of the lovely nightingale was heard upon the air and the glorious moon rode high in the bright firmament, they sat

together enjoying the silence of night. Emma would look out with ecstasy upon the richly wooded heights and lovely smiling valley; then raising her eyes upwards to the calm pure canopy of heaven overshadowing all, tears, pure as those of angels, bedewed her cheeks and her spirit seemed linked to earth, by no other bond than the small white hand which lay within that of her Beloved. But the autumnal blasts soon commenced and the high swelling Rhine poured forth its rushing flood with angry murmurs. The lovers would then draw closer together as they watched the gathering clouds, which gloomily portrayed their own darkened prospect.

It was upon a dark November evening, that they sat together heedless of the tempest's fury, when the sand-glass suddenly reminded them that the moment of separation had arrived. Emma, as usual, conducted Eginhard to the outer door of her apartment, his own chamber being situated at the opposite extremity of the castle court. No sooner however had she carefully unbarred the portal, than both started back with affright, for the wide space which Eginhard was compelled to traverse, was now sheeted with fresh fallen snow. Alas! what was to be done! — Poor Emma! Eginhard's footsteps from the threshold of her chamber to his own apartment would inevitably betray them. Her heart quailed at the idea of her father's anger and the scandal of the Court. The thought was insupportable. A short time only remained for deliberation, for the ruddy sun already tinged the

snow capped hills. Of a sudden however Emma be-
thought her of the stratagem, which has since fur-
nished subject for many a minstrel's lay. Raising the
knight upon her lovely shoulders, the generous mai-
den stepped swiftly and lightly over the white surface,
which now only betrayed the impression of a woman's
tapering foot.

As ill fate however ordered it Charlemagne also
had passed the whole night, not in love's dalliance but
absorbed in the anxious duties of his station. Having
signified his intention of partaking of the pleasures of
the chase on the following day, the Emperor approached
the casement and looked out upon the night ere he
retired to his couch. It was at that moment that the
unfortunate Emma made her appearance in the court-
yard laden with the knight, whom she no sooner depo-
sited in seeming safety than she bounded swiftly back
to her own apartment.

Oh, unhappy Emperor! how could slumber visit
thy weary eyelids after such a sight as that? To sleep
was impossible, Emma had murdered sleep. Day
had therefore scarcely dawned ere Charlemagne as-
sembled his ministers and seated himself in his chair
of state. Infinite was the terror of the bystanders
when they observed the stern marks of mingled grief
and wrath that furrowed the lofty brow of their august
Master. After a momentary silence the assembly was
startled by the following question.

"What punishment," exclaimed the Emperor in a
deep and thrilling voice, "What punishment does an

Emperor's daughter merit, who wakes at midnight to receive the secret visits of a menial lover?"

The ministers meditated and consulted with one another; but knowing the wild and hasty spirit of their master they, with one voice, declared that in all affairs of love their counsel was—"forgiveness!" The Emperor mused awhile and then continued thus. "What punishment, I ask, does an inferior noble merit who dares intrude his midnight visits upon the apartments of an Emperor's daughter?"

The ministers by whom the young Eginhard was universally beloved, conjecturing who might be the offender, again considered and again replied: "In affairs of love our counsel is—"forgiveness."

Eginhard, who sat the lowest in the circle, alone remained silent. At length he arose and lifting up his voice, exclaimed with modest firmness: "He merits death!"

The Emperor regarded him for some moments without replying, then in accents that plainly indicated his emotion he answered: "No, not death—but exile. Let him and his paramour be exiled from all whom they have loved and be forgotten by all who have loved them." He then rose, and without adding a word dismissed his council.

Intelligence of this sentence was soon conveyed to Emma who wept as though her heart would break, yet she felt sensible that she could expect no milder sentence, she therefore calmly divested herself of her princely garments and removed the jewels from her

long, golden hair and girding around her slender form a coarse robe of dusky grey, bade a tender farewell to the place and handmaidens she so dearly loved and even to the birds and animals, she had reared and fostered. She then kissed her dove which perched upon her shoulder, hoping for its accustomed food, and having restored it to liberty, she obeyed her father's mandate.

Turning her back upon the imperial castle of her ancestors, the unhappy Emma sought a footpath laying to the right of the public road. She had advanced but a short distance, when as she wiped away the falling tears, with her auburn hair, another person approached, whose drooping head fell heavily upon his heaving bosom. It was Eginhard and his appearance caused the tears of Emma to flow faster than before. Thus they continued without uttering a word, until the footpath suddenly terminated in a narrow cleft between two rocks, where Emma, fearing to fall, extended her hand to her lover. Eginhard grasped it with emotion and pressed it to his heart.

Why I know not—but Emma wept no more. The shades of evening now fell fast around and threatened them with impenetrable and unsheltered darkness. Suddenly however a distant fire glimmered thro' the dark foliage. Exhausted and hungry the wanderers at length reached the cheering blaze, near which sat two charcoal burners enjoying their frugal meal. The beautiful eyes of Emma soon obtained not only a portion of the honest men's store, but a bed of leaves and moss. Eginhard leaving her

to the repose she stood so much in need of, seated himself beside the glowing embers and, being overcome with fatigue, soon closed his eyes and slumbered until morning dawn.

The sun was already high in the heavens, when the maiden awoke to the sad reality of her situation and the solitude of the forest. Leaving her place of repose, she sought Eginhard, whom she perceived standing mournfully at a distance. Approaching him, she extended her hand, saying with a melancholy smile "Whom but thee, have I now in the world, whom hast thou but me?" They then sunk into each others arms and wept. The colliers in the mean time had departed leaving them food sufficient for several days and also various working tools. The young pair immediately fell to work and soon erected a large and commodious cottage. Eginhard filled the interstices of the walls with moss and hung the interior with the skins of animals. Their dwelling being completed, he approached his beloved, saying with a timid voice: "Who will now bestow the blessing of the Lord upon our union?"

Emma replied not, but led him to a tall and slender tree, with whose pliant boughs she had formed a cross. Both knelt before the symbol of redemption and prayed for the divine blessing. Scarcely had they uttered this prayer ere a rustling of wings was heard above them and, in a moment more, Emma's dove descended upon her bosom, as a symbol of peace and heavenly favor. Long and tender was the em-

brace which then united the lovers, so that the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, when they entered their new habitation.

In the mean time the walls of Ingelheim re-echoed with the notes of sorrow. For Charlemagne incessantly mourned the absence of his favourite child. His hair turned grey and his features became so attenuated with grief that he was scarcely to be recognized. With his beloved daughter had disappeared the happiness of his life. He daily indulged in the chase to divert his sorrow and destroyed abundance of game, but there was none who now welcomed him so tenderly as once did Emma. The courtiers sighed for the return of the young pair and numerous were the secret messengers dispatched in search of them. But all was in vain, they had disappeared nor could any trace of them be discovered.

Five times had the golden harvest yielded to the sickle of the reaper, since the maiden had left her fathers halls. It was again autumn but the heath still gaily smiled under the cheering influence of an October sun and the air was still warm and redolent with the breath of flowers. The Emperor exhilarated by the beauty of the day proposed to extend the chase to the neighbourhood of the Odenwald. The Courtiers rejoicing at the reviving cheerfulness of their august Sovereign, merrily joined in the sport.

The evening had declined and the brilliant God of day had sunk behind the distant hills, when the Emperor found himself alone in the midst of a dense

wood. The hunting call, which he blew upon that mighty bugle horn whose fame has outlived its glorious possessors, remained unanswered, so that the royal huntsman had no alternative but to stretch his weary limbs upon the soft and dewy moss and thus resign himself to slumber. Suddenly however the brushwood beside him gave way and a stately roe bounded forward, closely followed by a lovely boy. The child no sooner perceived a tall and powerful man extended upon the heath, than he approached and offered his little hand. The heart of Charlemagne beat within him at the beauty and grace of the boy, who commenced playing with the Monarch's weapons and at last bounded into the forest, carrying with him the imperial huntsman's ponderous sword. The Emperor shouted after him but the little urchin heeded him not, so that Charlemagne was compelled to follow the child; in order to recover his weapon. After a short walk he reached an open space, upon which stood a charming cottage, surrounded by a grove of flowery shrubs. Before the door there sat a beautiful woman nursing an infant, behind whom the boy had concealed himself with the sword. Upon the approach of the noble stranger the female rose and courteously greeting him, desired to know his wishes. The Emperor had scarcely uttered a short reply, ere she disappeared with her infant into the cottage leaving him to gaze in vain astonishment, for he recognized her not. Five years absence — change of attire and her matronly appearance, had

but added to her loveliness, and the father's eye no longer saw in the stately and beautiful woman his once sylph-like and delicate Emma.

After an absence of a few moments, however, she returned with fruit and cold venison and entered into courteous conversation with her guest, who, to use his own recorded expression, could not conceal his surprise at discovering "such a bird in such a nest."

With the twilight there also appeared a stalwart huntsman, carrying a bag of game, whose long brown hair and thick curling beard rather added to than detracted from his noble appearance. He also extended to the stranger a friendly hand and entered into conversation. In the mean time the beautiful female prepared a dish of roe buck for their evening meal and the infant frolicked around the Emperor, who seemed to watch his graceful movements with a delighted eye.

Darkness had scarcely closed around when the female summoned them to the cottage and great was the astonishment of Charlemagne at the neatness of the apartment, which was hung with the most beautiful skins and adorned with feathers and glittering pebbles. It was truly an inviting abode. But a strange tremor agitated the Emperor as he glanced around the board, which was illuminated by an immense iron lamp suspended from the ceiling. All was arranged as it was formerly wont to be, at his own cheerful home, by his dear Emma. Mournful recollections of by gone days came over him and he raised his eyes

with mingled hope and fear upon his gentle hostess, until Emma, who could no longer restrain her emotion, suddenly threw herself before him and clasped his knees, whilst Eginhard dreading the Monarch's choler withdrew with his boy.

The Emperor however soon recalled him and assuring both of his forgiveness pressed them to his heart.

The clang of horns and the baying of hounds now resounded through the forest and the happy Charlemagne greeted his assembling suite with a loud "hollah". No sooner had his retinue dismounted than he led forth his children and presented them and their lovely infants to the surprised and delighted courtiers. Ere the moon had risen in the firmament the whole party were on their way to Ingelheim.

On the spot where Emma and Eginhard had resided for five years the former erected the beautiful cloister of Seligenstadt and, in due time, the remains of its lovely founder were deposited within its hallowed precincts.

FREDERIC AND GELA

OR

The founding of Gelahausen.

The traveller, after having enjoyed the beauties of nature, that every where present themselves to his eye upon the borders of the glorious Rhine, will do well to make an excursion from Mayence through Franckfort, up the valley of the Maine, to Hanau. He will be repaid for his trouble by the delightful scenery of the valley of the Kinzig, and the heights of the Wetterau, near which he will discover the crumbling remains of the once magnificent imperial palace of Gelahausen. If he be inclined to moralize he will find here ample subject for his reflections by turning his eyes upon the dilapidated walls of the once rich

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age has increased from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion, and the number of people aged 65 and over has increased from 0.2 billion to 0.4 billion (United Nations 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of the young and the old. The United Nations (1999) has identified the need to address the needs of the young and the old as one of the eight Millennium Development Goals. The United Nations (1999) has also identified the need to address the needs of the young and the old as one of the eight Millennium Development Goals. The United Nations (1999) has also identified the need to address the needs of the young and the old as one of the eight Millennium Development Goals.

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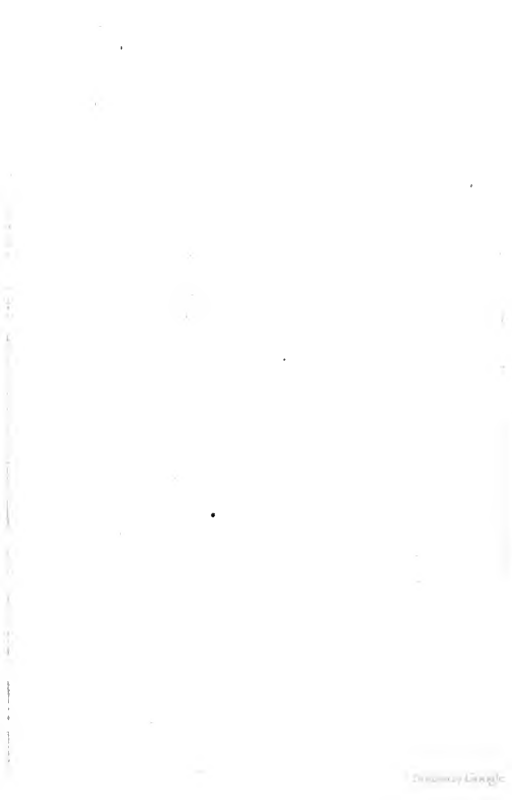
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and imperial city of Gelnhausen, round which the slothful Kinzig holds its lingering course. A sad example of the transitory nature of all earthly grandeur.

It was upon the crest of those beautiful heights, called the Rhöngelberg, where they are united to the Vogelberg, by a picturesque ridge of hills and where nature has been most lavish of her favours, that Frederic, "Red-beard," son of Frederic, "the One eyed," Duke of Swabia passed the fairest days of his youth. Skilled in all the arts of chivalry, the noble youth was equally redoubted in the camp and at the chase, for he exclusively devoted his time to these noble pursuits. Few opponents withstood his lance and never did the savage denizens of the forests, which covered the hills around him, escape his spear or bolt. The most perilous adventures of the chase, were those best suited to his ardent temper, for it was then that he gave the highest proofs of his courage and dexterity. It was seldom, that he assisted at tilt, tourney, foray or hunting party, without bearing off the prize of victory, so that he was esteemed not only the bravest but the most accomplished cavalier of all the neighbouring courts.

When the winter's tempests prevented him from indulging in his favourite sports he amused himself with reading the chronicles and legends of former times and with practising the minstrel's noble art.

No sooner however did spring revisit his native valleys, bringing with it its choir of winged songsters, its blossoms and its whole train of sylvan joys than he

sallied forth to revel amid the thousand merry voices and sweet perfumes of the expanding flowers. It was then that he enjoyed with the true lover of God's splendid works the forest's early cloak of green, the rippling streams and the universal joy of reanimated nature. Every reviving object filled his soul with new pleasure and delight, for the beauties of nature which he had so often admired and so often sung always appeared new to his youthful and pious spirit. Spring, as we said, had returned so Frederic rambled forth through the green valleys and smiling woods, with his bow upon his shoulder and was joyfully received at the surrounding castles and by his father's vassals, who gladly hailed the day, when his favourite sports and exercises brought him once more among them.

In one of his excursions the path happened to lead him to a noble castle, but what was his surprise on approaching the gate, which was overhung with clustering branches of full blown lilac, to see beneath the porch a gentle maiden, who was busily engaged at her spinning-wheel, whilst on one side sat the owner of the castle cleaning some pieces of armour, and on the other several faithful watch dogs, reclining in the sun beams.

"God be with you," exclaimed the youth.

"And with you!" replied the old man, laying aside his work, and saluting him cordially.

"Do not disturb yourself, Erwin," answered Frederic, "and you fair maiden will not, I am sure,

refuse a traveller a meal and shelter till the lark summons him to pursue his journey."

"Gela, bring a draught of fresh mead for our guest," said the old man, "my Lord will excuse the homeliness of our fare."

The maiden was about to rise from her seat, but Frederic requested her to proceed with her work and added with a smile, that he would earn his cup of welcome like a true minstrel. Both assented to his proposal, but when he sang of the joys of spring and the delight with which it fills every breast, a delight which never ceases, never cloy, Gela's work insensibly dropped from her hands and her eyes were suffused with moisture; the old man also discontinued his employment and even the dogs raised themselves up, as if listening to the melodious accents of the youthful singer.

A thrill of pleasure vibrated through Frederic's heart when he heard the maiden's praise and far sweeter did he find the cup of welcome, which she handed to him, than the richest beverage he had ever tasted in his father's halls. Frederic's heart had remained unmoved by the smiles of the most beautiful ladies of the court, but Gela's blue eye had awakened in his breast a new feeling. A sensation to which he had hitherto been a stranger and to which he was unable to give a name, now animated his soul. He had but one thought and that was of Gela, and he felt within him an inexpressible bliss, to which even his lute was unable to respond.

Scarcely did the first rays of morning gild the foliage of the surrounding woods, when Frederic sprang from his sleepless couch, to confide to his lyre the sweet yet melancholy emotions of his heart, but for the first time his skilful fingers did not respond to the workings of his soul and he hastened out to quell the storm of his feelings in the cool morning breeze. But as he crossed the spacious hall, he was met by Gela, beautiful as the rose, when the first rays of the sun kiss the dew drops from its fragrant cup. Struck with admiration he approached and greeted the maiden, who returned his salutation with graceful courtesy. Then seizing her hand he whispered in a trembling voice: "Beautiful Gela, hear me but for one moment and let me learn my fate; I love thee, — thou art dearer to me than life itself!"

Burning blushes suffused Gela's cheeks, she stood, mute, motionless and with downcast eyes before him. — "Be not angry with me, Gela!" continued Frederic, "thy anger were worse than death."

Then pressing her unresisting hand to his fevered lips he immediately hurried from her presence nor did he again venture to revisit the castle to which he felt so irresistibly attracted. On his return to his father's palace he concealed his love in the inmost recesses of his heart, but it could not escape the observation of his companions, that an extraordinary change had taken place in him. The chase no longer delighted him, nor could the chivalrous pastimes of the age divert his melancholy; his guitar was the

only confidant of the secret sorrow, that agitated his bosom. Vainly did his father endeavour to discover the source of his melancholy and no less vain were the enquiries of his tender mother, Judith, the daughter of Henry Duke of Bavaria, surnamed "the Black."

He sometimes strolled into the woods, armed as usual with spear and bow, but the beasts of the forest passed unheeded and unscathed by his unerring shafts. On one of these occasions his steps were unconsciously attracted towards the castle where the star of his existence radiated in all its gentle splendour. But he dared not approach the idol of his affection, for first love is timid as the startled roe and often imagines that the road to success is that which menaces defeat. One morning, however, as Frederic was wandering through the forest, which surrounded the castle where Gela resided, he suddenly perceived the beauteous maiden seeking for wild herbs within bow shot of the walls.

His first impulse was to speak and throw himself at her feet, but the words died upon his lips and his limbs refused their office. The maiden seeing this blushed deeply and regarded the youth with astonishment, for he stood before her, motionless as if transfixed by enchantment. Women on these occasions often evince more courage than men, so she raised her voice and said : " You seem unwell, my Lord; will you not enter our castle and take rest and refreshment ? "

“Gela!” cried Frederic throwing himself at her feet as if restored to life by her words : “Thou dost not then reject my suit, may I ever hope to see thee again and wilt thou listen to the outpourings of my heart—For I swear—.”

“Oh swear not,” said Gela, interrupting him “but rise, for it is not fit, my Lord, that I should see you thus before me.”

“Gela, my life is at thy disposal, I love thee,” replied the impassioned youth. “Say but the word : may I hope, may I live?”

Gela answered hesitatingly : “Let tomorrow’s earliest dawn find you in the chapel of the castle—” And before Frederic had time to reply she had disappeared among the trees. Rising upon his feet he stared wildly about him; for what he had seen and heard seemed to him like a dream. At length he entered the building and tried to kill the hours in conversing with old Erwin whose daughter did not appear. If ever youth passed a tedious day, it was that, which saw him again a guest at the castle of his beloved.

Scarcely had the warder announced the hour of midnight from the donjon turret ere the impatient Frederic descended with a hasty step into the vaulted chapel, where he anxiously awaited the appearance of the lovely Gela. Long had he to wait, for it was not until the morning twilight shed its first grey streaks through the painted windows, that the door, which communicated with the corridor of the castle and served as a private entrance for its inmates, creak-

ed upon its hinges. Frederic started up scarcely able to breathe with emotion and fixed his eyes upon a shadowy figure, which at first he mistook for one of old Erwin's pages but which gradually became more distinct and at length showed him the adored form of Gela. He flew towards her and in impassioned accents renewed the declaration of his affection, intreating her to listen to his love. Gela did listen for a while and then leading him to a stone bench seated herself without embarrassment by his side and exclaimed in a calm and solemn voice.

"My Lord, my meeting you here and at this hour, is a sufficient proof that your love has struck a responding chord in my poor heart. But alas your love must be my only guardian, my inward devotion your only hope. I never can be yours. No, my Lord, you are called to higher and more glorious destinies. The noblest ladies await your selection, a Princess becoming your exalted rank must be your bride. An humble maiden such as I can never aspire to that honour. Leave me then I beseech you, I never can be yours!" Her lovely cheeks were now mantled with the rich dyes of virgin modesty heightened by the red glare of the never fading lamps burning upon God's altars. Frederic cast himself at her feet—embraced her knees in excess of extacy and endeavoured to overcome her resolution by impassioned arguments and by fresh protestations of his love. But Gela replied in a tone of mild submission.

"Here in God's presenee I swear to you, that my

love shall never cease. May heaven forgive me, if my affection is deserving of punishment, but my love shall and must be pure as the place, in which I have made you this confession. The holy mother of our Saviour will arm me with the necessary fortitude."

Frederic dared not interrupt the maiden ; his eye rested upon hers, but when she ceased speaking and his ear was no longer enraptured by the sweet melody of her voice, he exclaimed in despair :

"Wouldst thou kill me, Gela ? must I never see thee again?"

"Yes," answered Gela. "Here, in the presence of the blessed Virgin, whose image looks down upon us from that altar and at this hour, as often as you please. But at no other place, for I will keep my love in all its purity for another and better world. Here our feelings will be under the guidance of God and his angels."

Frederic who flattered himself he should eventually overcome her scruples could not contain his excess of happiness, he clasped her to his bosom and burning kisses sealed their vow of eternal love and fidelity, Henceforth each morning dawn found the lovers seated within the holy sanctuary, where they indulged without reserve in the unspeakable felicity of their mutual passion, but that passion was pure, as heaven's ether, and their souls were free from every earthly thought. When the news of the fall of Edessa in the year 1146, became known in Germany and Bernhard de Clairvaux preached the crusade throughout Europe,

the Emperor Conrad, the Third, was amongst the first to answer the inspiring appeal and to prepare himself for the holy war. It was then that a noble thirst for glory was rekindled in Frederic's bosom. He also affixed the cross to his mantle and, having assembled his faithful Swabians, followed his uncle the Emperor to Palestine.

Though heart broken at this interruption of their innocent affection, Gela was the first to urge him to join the expedition as became the future Duke of Swabia. The parting hour at length arrived. At the same holy spot, where they had so often met, the unhappy lovers bade adieu to each other and as Frederic imprinted the last kiss on the maiden's lips he said : " Thus let our love be sealed for ever."

" For ever," answered Gela, and quickly she disengaged herself from his embrace, for the trumpets already sounded for the warriors' departure.

Throughout the various perils and vicissitudes of the crusade, Frederic was animated by the inspiration of his love, which excited him to the performance of prodigies of valour. The rose bud, a symbol of his Gela's youth and purity, was the emblem on his shield and banner. This symbol was his protection. Often when overpowering numbers oppressed the Christian hosts, Frederic's war cry, " Gela to the rescue!" struck terror into the hearts of the Saracens and turned the scale of victory.

At length when the imperial army was compelled by the reverses they sustained in the burning deserts

of Iconium, to retreat to Constantinople, Frederic received the mournful tidings of his father's death, which rendered it necessary for him, immediately to return home. No sooner had he received the allegiance of his subjects, than his love, which had augmented by long separation, called him to the castle where his Gela lived.

Impatient of delay and already enjoying in anticipation the delights of their reunion, Frederic hastened towards the Kinzig. But judge, gentle reader, of his utter disappointment and agony, when he heard by the way that Gela had already taken the veil. He still proceeded but received confirmation of this overwhelming intelligence from her father, who presented him with a letter and scarf which Gela had placed in his hands for the young Duke, on the very day that she entered the convent. Frederic seized the scarf and letter and pressing them to his quivering lips and with eyes bedimmed with tears, read the following words.

"It behoves the Duke of Swabia to select a wife amongst the Princesses of his own rank. For a whole year his love was the sole happiness of Gela's life, so it will ever be. Let that love be as eternal as it was pure and holy." — Casting himself upon his knees the unhappy Duke swore to obey the mandate and he kept his word. The scarf, the dear pledge of his Gela's affection, accompanied him upon all his expeditions and in the hour of peril was wound around his casque. Yielding at length to the wishes of his

family and the representations of his counsellors, he married Adelheid daughter of the Margrave Theobald of Vohburg in the year 1149, yet love was a stranger to their union; and when the Imperial crown was placed upon the brow of this noble scion of the house of Hohenstaufen, he immediately separated himself from Adelheid, whom however he treated with all the respect and courtesy becoming her rank.

His love for Gela in the mean time remained unchanged. At the place where her father's castle had stood, he built a magnificent palace, which was his favourite place of residence and on the spot where he had so unexpectedly met her in the woods, he founded a town to which he gave the name of Gelahausen. The last relic of the heroic race of Hohenstaufen has long since descended to the grave and the name of Frederic Barbarossa has been transferred to the pages of history, but his love for the beautiful Gela still lives in the traditions of the people and is commemorated by one of the most beautiful monuments of the age, the smiling town which bears her name.

THE
MINNEBURG OR THE THREE SISTERS,

a Legend of the Neckar.

The Neckar which rapidly winds its serpentine course through one of the most picturesque countries in all Germany, as if impatient to unite its waters with those of the majestic Rhine, flows through a romantic valley where the ruins of the Minneburg may still be seen upon a beautifully wooded eminence, opposite to the hamlet of Neckargerach. If the traveller ascend the mountain on the eastern side he will be repaid for his fatigue by the most enchanting prospect. Before him stretches the smiling valley, intersected by the woody ravines and uplands of the Odenwald, while the romantic ruins on which he

stands and the grey towers and moss-clad walls which surround him, enhance the loveliness of the view.

The following tale respecting the origin of this castle is related by the inhabitants of the valley of the Neckar. —The story takes its date from that part of the fourteenth century, when Germany began in some measure to breathe from the succession of horrors caused by those civil wars between the rival houses, whose opposing claims had so long torn and desolated that wretched country.

The castle of Zwingenburg, situated near the village of Lindach, was at that time inhabited by two brothers and three sisters, the only remaining descendants of an ancient and noble house. Dark and ferocious were the lineaments that marked the characters of the two young Barons, Frederic and Conrad of Zwingenburg.—Brave but lawless they lived at perpetual feud with the neighbouring Barons, whose revenge they feared as little as they did that of the wretched Serfs whom they trampled underfoot.

They went still farther, they contemned and defied the authority of their liege lord the Emperor, Charles IV, son of that John of Bohemia whose plume and motto had not long before adorned the spoils of Crescy*.—The rebellious spirit of the brothers, which had broken out in sundry excesses, had already entailed upon themselves and their family divers chatisements and was destined to draw down still grea-

* *Ich dien* the motto of the prince of Wales.

ter misfortunes. Reckless of consequences and heedless of the prayers of their wretched sisters they rushed headlong on their wild career.—The unfortunate maidens who were thus made the victims of their brothers selfish and cruel conduct were often left, within the narrow limits of their feudal domain, to weep over the obstinate fury that seemed to dictate their course.

During the long and frequent absences of Frederic and Conrad the maidens had constant opportunities of meeting three youths, sons of the Baron Hugo von Zabern, to whom they had long been attached and with whom they had exchanged vows of fidelity and love. Many were the hours they passed in the woods that skirt the banks of the Neckar, less mindful of the present than dreaming of bright days to come, checquered and clouded though they were by the fears with which the headstrong wildness of Frederic and Conrad inspired their timid breasts, nor were their forebodings of evil without foundation.

The crimes of the brothers could no longer be supported with impunity. Charles, whose patience was exhausted and who was irritated beyond measure at some new act of violence committed by these young men, gave orders that the castle of Zwingenburg should be immediately invested and that it should be attacked and razed to the ground. — It was in vain that these insolent knights prepared for an obstinate defence — it was in vain that they summoned around them their numerous vassals and that they fought

with the fury of despair to save the inheritance of their ancestors.—All proved fruitless, unavailing as the feeble effort of mortals to arrest the fiat of a higher power, for the sword of justice was uplifted and the hand of God was against them.

Overpowered by the Emperor's troops they were at last obliged to surrender and their lives atoned for the atrocities they had committed. Ere, however, the castle was delivered up to pillage and the flames, diligent search was made for the three luckless maidens, who had remained there during the siege, but no traces of them could be discovered. — It was supposed therefore that they had either been killed, or that they were secreted in some part of the building unknown to the besiegers. — The young Barons of Zabern, who only arrived at the spot after all had been given up to sword and flame, wildly rushed from spot to spot amidst the smoking ruins searching for the remains of those beloved beings, who they had no doubt were buried beneath the crumbling fragments of the stately towers, which so short a time before had adorned their native valley. Frederic and Conrad had fallen but not a tear of sorrow was shed over their fate. The black catalogue of their crimes had been filled up, they had met with a just reward. — But strong was the feeling excited by the horrible fate of the lovely and innocent Sisters.

The three lovers were frantic. — For a single moment they did not entertain a suspicion of the possibility of their having escaped. Hugo, the youngest

who was of a more ardent disposition than his brothers and more deeply attached to his lovely Elisabeth, felt the loss more poignantly than the others. He was inconsolable. Their utmost efforts were therefore employed to prevent him from pining in hopeless despair. — They sought to buoy up his spirits with hopes of a recovery that had so long faded in their own minds. — No means were left untried to discover even the black remains of all that had been once so beautiful and was still so cherished. But even hope at length abandoned them.

One day, however, as they wandered by the banks of the river pondering over the happy hours they had so often passed on those banks — their melancholy abstraction carried them further than they were wont to go. — As if in mockery of their feelings the sun shone forth in all its splendour, gilding with its beams the lovely valley which stretched before them. — The stream, which reflected on its crystal bosom the cloudless azure that arched above them, smiled as if in derision at the contrast between the beauty and the repose of nature and the passions which too often agitate and torture the mind of man.

The brothers felt this, but they nevertheless pursued their way urged on by that strange contradiction in human nature which makes it love to brood over the recollection of past joys and to contrast them with present terrors. — Their path lay through a kind of thicket hitherto apparently untrodden by the foot of man. Heedless of all around, they continued

their course, stopping now and then to clear a passage through the opposing shrubs and briars, in order to follow a faithful blood hound which usually accompanied them. At first they were regardless of the noble animal's movements, but their attention was at last arrested by seeing him suddenly stoop his nose to the ground and follow an almost imperceptible track, which seemed to have been frayed thro' the underwood into a more dense part of the thicket.

There was no apparent cause for this, but partly by a kind of instinct unaccountable to themselves, partly thro' mingled fear and curiosity they followed the hound into the darker recesses of the wood. The eagerness of the sagacious beast appeared to increase as he approached a group of rocks covered with briars and climbing shrubs.— Until at last he stopped before what appeared to be nothing but a mass of brushwood with here and there a mossy fragment of rock peering above the thorns and foliage.

The brothers seeing nothing there to arrest their attention were about to proceed onwards, when the blood hound suddenly bayed long and deeply. This made them not only turn to ascertain the cause but they commenced hacking and hewing with their swords at the plants around, thinking that some wild animal must be concealed close by. It was with some difficulty that, by dint of tearing and cutting the thick mass of foliage, they made some little progress. But, seeing nothing, they were on the point of desisting when Hugo, having torn aside a huge over-

hanging bough, discovered the mouth of a cavern nearly choked up by leaves and brambles. — On seeing this the hound sprung forward with a long and plaintive yell. Hugo followed him brandishing his sword and calling to his brothers, who imagined that a wolf or bear had made his lair therein.

A slight tremor thrilled through their frames at thus encountering such savage animals within their own den. They paused therefore for a moment, questioning the prudence of risking their lives in such an encounter. But Hugo had already entered and their fears for his safety prevailed over all selfish considerations. They blushed, therefore, at their hesitation and dashed headlong after him.

At first all was darkness; save the gleam of their steel nothing was to be seen, but a rustling was soon heard among the dried leaves that formed a carpet beneath their feet. They thought for a moment that it was their own movements which had caused the noise but as it was repeated they turned to search for the glance of the savage eye that would indicate the spot where their expected enemy lay crouching for the attack. Every hand was upraised, every sword was ready to defend the life of its owner and another moment of breathless suspense succeeded, which was broken by a spring made by the hound towards the remotest corner of the cavern followed by a woman's shriek.

The brothers instantly rushed forward to the place whence the noise proceeded, but instead of wolves or bears, ready to devour them, they saw their faithful

dog crouching at the feet of four forms, which were huddled together in the farthest corner of the cave. Their eyes no sooner became accustomed to the darkness than they discovered that they were women. Hugo instinctively rushed up to one of them and, bearing her away fainting in his arms to the mouth of the cavern, discovered what his heart had before told him, that it was indeed his own, his long lost Elizabeth. Though every trace of colour had left her cheek, though suffering had marked its funereal characters on her lovely brow he at once recognised her. It was indeed she who with her sisters and one faithful old man had sought refuge here during the siege, not knowing what had since taken place at Zwingenburg, their fears had kept them shut up watching for an opportunity of deliverance ; though when it came the joyful transition almost overpowered them.

The brothers lost no time, however, in removing them from the spot and when the roses of happiness had replaced the lillies of despair on their cheeks, they were each united to the object of their love, so that the sufferings all had undergone were quickly forgotten, or looked upon merely as a gone by dream, the memory of which they resolved to record by building near the spot a castle, which received the name of the Minneburg.

There Hugo long resided with his beautiful Elizabeth, and in commemoration of the fortunate recovery of his adored wife he ordered a statue of the faithful bond, through whose agency her retreat had

been discovered, to be hewed in stone and placed over the gate. Although the Minneburg has long since fallen into ruins this stone still remains and is shown in the neighbouring village of Gutenbach, where the peasants never omit to relate the legend of "the three sisters."

THE WOLF'S WELL.

Many years before Conrad of Hohenstaufen removed his residence to the banks of the Neckar, and erected a castle upon the hill, (which not only overlooks the city of Heidelberg but all the distant plains and heights as far as the chain of the Vosges), there stood on that part of the mountain, which is still called the Jettenbuhl (Jetta's hill) an isolated hermitage tenanted by a virgin whose parentage and mode of life were wrapped in unfathomable mystery.

Jetta's lonely dwelling was surrounded by those impervious woods which to this day clothe the Geissberg and the lofty Konigstuhl. From between the

openings, amid the trunks and foliage of the venerable oaks, the view extends far along the valley through which the noble river winds its silvery course. Here from its silent flood being enclosed by mountains it almost assumes the appearance of a lake, while there it dashes impetuously over the huge fragments of granite which impede its course and with which its tortuous bed is often nearly choked up. At the time we refer to no habitations existed there, saving a few thinly scattered cottages, which then scarcely arrested the eye as it wandered along the tranquil banks, but on whose site now stands an animated city intersected by populous streets and surrounded by lofty battlements.

The neighbouring peasantry looked upon Jetta as a superior being — and it was not without a thrilling sensation of awe that any of them dared approach her dwelling. Her figure was noble, yet she possessed all the grace which more immediately belongs to woman. Her countenance was beautiful, though of a grave and thoughtful cast — her blue eye rested with a penetrating gaze upon every object which attracted her notice and her flaxen hair hung in long and luxuriant tresses over her snowy neck and partially covered her flowing garments. She appeared to have dived deep into the secret springs of nature to be well acquainted with the changes and courses of the planets and other celestial bodies, and to have studied the properties of plants and herbs. She was even gifted with an insight into futurity and when some peasants, bolder than the rest, ventured to

approach the window of her quiet dwelling, to crave advice or information, the soft tones of her voice seldom failed to give a short but satisfactory reply. The oracle which proceeded from her lips was never known to prove fallacious. But she delighted most in discanting upon the future destiny of the beautiful country which extended before her in fertile magnificence and then, like a Sybil of old, her eye beamed with inspiration and she prophesied of brightness and glory to come—of palaces and towers that should arise upon each mountain summit, of an active and laborious race destined to occupy those valleys, then uninhabited save by a few poor fishermen.

It happened that, being lured by the splendour of a glorious summer day, the prophetess left her retreat and wandered along the mountain-path which follows the Neckar in its eastern course. Descending gradually into the valley she arrived at a bubbling spring which gushed from beneath a group of lofty limes, filling a natural basin with its sparkling water. All nature around was hushed in calm repose; the woods the very air were still. All was intensely silent. The sultry heat of a mid-day sun, the coolness of the stream, the soothing stillness of this lovely spot all combined to induce the maiden to rest and bathe her fevered limbs in this refreshing pool. For awhile she gazed around, timid and fearful as the starting deer. But not a step, not a murmur was to be heard. Reassured, she flung aside her loose and flowing garments and plunged into the crystal flood, whose wave for a

moment parted and as quickly closed around her snowy limbs.

Forgetting her fears she abandoned herself to the delicious enjoyment, till she was suddenly startled by a noise in the adjacent wood. In the first impulse of her terror she imagined she had been surprised by some intrusive peasant or sportsman. But ere she had time to envelop herself in her robe the hoarse and savage howl of a wild beast reverberated through the thicket and at the same instant a huge she wolf, followed by her whelps, sprung forward. Flight was useless—cries were of no avail. Alas! the luckless maiden had scarce time to recommend her soul to God, ere the limpid element was dyed with the purple stream that gushed from her mangled limbs.

From that moment the spring acquired and retained the denomination of "the wolf's well" in commemoration of this tragic event. At a later period when her prophecies concerning the city of Heidelberg were fulfilled, when art, science, industry and wealth crowded to the banks of the Neckar, attracted by the riches of the Rhenish Palatines, the spot where Jetta met with her cruel and untimely fate became justly celebrated and was adorned with cottages and resorted to by numerous pilgrims. Never however was it more interesting than when the castle of Heidelberg was inhabited by Elizabeth Stuart daughter of James the 1st of England and consort of Frederic Elector Palatine who unfortunately accepted the Bohemian crown.

Even at this period it presents many attractions although the venerable trees which for centuries had surrounded the trout ponds are now no more. Thither the lover of nature escapes from the tumult of the city. Having traversed the beautiful castle gardens he will do well to direct his steps along the brow of the hill beneath the shade of the stately walnut trees that line the road. Thence, following the course of the stream, he will visit the village of Schlierbach and enjoy the prospect on the right bank, where on one side the Heiligenberg crowned with the ruins of an ancient convent raises its proud head, and further on the white walls of the Neuburg, glistening in the rays of a declining sun, smile upon the spectator and lend a cheerful variety to the lovely landscape.

THE MOUSE TOWER.

"Passengers are requested not to speak to the Steersman." Such are the words that I saw written in three different languages upon either side of the elevated platform on which stood the Pilot of the good steam ship, Concordia, wherein I last ascended the noble Rhine.

Heaven only knows what impulse it is that always prompts one either to taste of forbidden dishes, especially if he be going to the Taunus baths in hopes of mending his digestion, or to thrust oneself into batteries, bastions and casemates, especially if a grim sentinel declares them to be tabooed to strangers.

In short, heaven knows why we should always desire to fly in the face of law and medicine and to consider every thing ordered for our benefit as an encroachment on our liberty. But such, since the days of our first mother down to the present hour has been, and such until the end of time will be the contradictory tendency of our frail nature. Thus, I could not withstand the desire I felt to transgress the above mentioned warning, and the more so, since the features of the old man at the helm indicated more than ordinary quickness and intelligence. I therefore cautiously made my way through the crowds of fair dames and gallant cavaliers who crowded the deck, displaying their stores of hand books, panoramas, albums and drawing apparatus. Having succeeded in only treading upon one gouty foot, whose proprietor returned my apology with a look so grim that it made me wish to tread upon the other, and having only deranged one new married couple who, strange to say, seemed so glad to have even that interruption to their tête-à-tête that I no ways wished to tread in their steps — I at length reached the afterpart of the vessel and placed myself near the venerable Rhinelander, whose weather worn features and long flowing grey hair gave him a strong resemblance to the river God whose portrait embellishes the title page of this work.

Having saluted him with the usual common place, "Heavenly weather, Mr Pilot!" I ventured to point to and demand the name of a tower which rose grim and solitary from the bosom of the flood near Bingen, as if

it had been spared by the hand of time to record some dark and terrible event. In lieu of giving me a surly reply and pointing to the "noli me tangere" painted beneath his feet, the veteran pilot turned his quid in his mouth and replied : — "If you will wait ten minutes until Hans relieves me at the wheel I will tell you its history.—It is Archbishop Hatto's death place" and so saying he gave a rapid turn of the wheel in order to bring the steamer's head in a proper direction to meet the increasing current and I proceeded to thread my course to the forecastle, where I found the usual group of merry, green-veiled Abigails coquetting with the whiskered couriers who are so indispensable to the travelling comfort of every Englishman.

Many minutes had not elapsed ere I was joined by the pilot who leaned over the bow of the vessel and commenced his yarn in the following terms.

Tradition has given the name of the Mouse Tower to those old stone walls, which the most courageous boatman cannot approach without a feeling of awe or without uttering an inward prayer for his own safety and for the repose of his soul who met with a death so appalling within its battlements. Indeed there are few who steer towards that part of the shore, where pious hands have raised a consecrated effigy of the "Noth Gottes" (God's need), as an encouragement and boon of peace to mariners, without repeating an Ave, or invoking the blessing of the Almighty on their voyage.

In by gone times, so says the story, there lived an Archbishop of Mayence, named Hatto, whose heart was

obdurate and whose conduct towards the poor and needy was oppressive and inhuman. It chanced, unfortunately, during the sovereignty of this cruel Prelate-Prince, that a terrible famine desolated the Rhine and neighbouring states, spreading death and misery far and wide. Hatto whose immense granaries and stores were filled with grain and provisions, willingly opened them to all those who had the means of purchasing, but to the unhappy poor of his extensive principality they were inexorably closed.

The distress of his vassals becoming daily more urgent, they assembled in crowds before his gates and implored him to have pity on their suffering. But in vain did they lift up their withered arms and starving children and supplicate him, in God's name, to grant them a few sacks of flower in order to save them and theirs from a lingering death. In vain did they invoke the benediction of the Almighty on his head. His heart was steeled and he bade his retainers drive them thence like dogs. At this the poor wretches murmured and uttered deep though impotent curses upon their Princely tyrant.

Now, although Hatto's heart was closed to pity it was singularly alive to anger. Waxing exceeding wrath, therefore, he sent forth his pampered men at arms and commanded them to seize and bind the seditious hounds, as he called the famished creatures. This barbarous command having been obeyed he ordered the miserable wretches to be confined in a large barn and then, horrible to relate, he bade his myr-

midons set fire to the building. This hideous mandate was promptly executed for no one dared disobey the tyrant Prelate. So that ere long the flames burst forth, roaring and hissing and soon scorched and burned to death the unhappy prisoners.

The winds quickly bore the wretched victims death cries to the Palace where it reached the ears of their hellish destroyer and his infamous boon companions, who sat around him at his festive board. Whereupon he exclaimed in fiendish mockery. "Hearken to the corn mice! Hark how they squeak there! This will teach them to creep into my granaries."

At length the sounds of woe were hushed and all was still — save the avenging wrath of God, which gleamed forth in forked lightning and awful bursts of thunder at the sight of the calcined bones of his creatures. But Hatto laughed and defied this sign of God's anger and in his drunken mirth roared out: "Hark to the corn mice's requiem." Suddenly, however, the mid day sun withdrew its light and darkness, like that of night, overspread the tyrant's hall. But this had no effect on Hatto, for he laughed the more and bidding them bring lights and fill the goblets to the brim with sparkling Rudesheimer, he called out: "Here's a toast — Let us drink to the merry corn mice."

The servants upon this brought torches, but they burned not, nor could a thousand tapers dispel the gloomy darkness that hung around the tyrant's chair. Suddenly, however, the thunders ceased, the light-

nings no longer flashed — and for a while there was a dead and awful calm.—Then, rattling, grating sounds like that of rushing waters or ten thousand saws was heard on every side and in an instant more the mighty hall teemed with life and movement. The vengeance of heaven was about to show itself in a manner little expected by the despot, for, from all corners — from all crevices — from the windows, doors, walls and cellars a host of ravenous mice came leaping, squeaking in interminable legions — so that the whole Palace from the roof to the lowest vault was filled with these strange guests. Fearlessly did the little brutes clamber upon the side boards and spring upon the tables — devouring or carrying off the viands before the eyes of the terrified guests. Every instant the number increased so that the very floor was hidden by them. Many were destroyed but their places were instantly supplied by others, so that at last not a single crumb in the buttery, nor a single grain of corn in the granaries was spared, even to the very morcel which Hatto clenched in his hand.

Fear and amazement now fell upon the tyrant and his impious companions, so that Hatto's servants and retainers, seeing that the hand of God was on him, determined to abandon him and to fly from the service of a man, whom they regarded as proscribed by heaven. The terrified but still incredulous Archbishop vainly urged them to remain and ordered all the cats of the city to be collected and turned into his Palace. Then he boarded a vessel well stored with

provisions and descended from Mayence to yonder tower in hopes of escaping the vengeance of God. But his hopes were vain. — His unwearied tormentors, following his steps in countless thousands, rushed along the banks without injuring the land or vineyards.

No sooner did they perceive his vessel anchor near that tower, into which Hatto quickly entered and shut himself up, than the little animals plunged into the bubbling waters and swimming through the whirlpools clambered over the battlements. And, as they approached, Hatto heard or thought he heard the voice of a thousand demons laughing at his terrors and then arose shouts and scornful outcries of "Hearken! heark to the corn mice." At this his heart quailed and he felt that the Avenger's hand was on him.

Marvelous to say the host of half starved cats had likewise followed, but in lieu of falling upon the mice and satisfying the cravings of their hunger, they sat upon the river's shore purring and mewing as if in token of approbation—so that the mice fell to work and, having overcome every obstacle and gnawed through doors and walls, cast themselves upon the deserted wretch and fixing upon his hands, his face and body tore him to a thousand shreds. — Having devoured his flesh they left the blanched bones upon the turret, as an awful example of God's avenging wrath, and then disappeared no one knows whither.

"Such," said the Pilot, "is the legend of the Mouse Tower which I've told to a thousand travellers before and I'm now ready to drink your honor's health as I did theirs."

THE
WHITE HEN OF WOLFSHAG.

At no great distance from the castle of Windeck , there exists a farm, called the "Hennegraben" (Hen's ditch). Between its smiling vineyards and dark and lofty chesnut groves, traces may still be seen of a moat which surrounds one of the outworks of the castle. About the time we allude to the Bishop of Strasburg was held prisoner at Windeck, and an aged crone, who was called by the surrounding inhabitants "*the woman of the Wood,*" lived in a small hut of moss near the adjacent Wolfshag.

The old dame, according to report, was skilled in many secret arts and above all, was well acquainted with the healing powers of herbs and roots. She was respected by some and feared by all, nay even by the wild beasts of the forest. For they not only offered her no injury, but seemed to obey her voice. Her whole property and in fact her only secret consisted in a few white hens of extraordinary size and beauty, which were accustomed to seek their food in the woods and to perch by night at the head of her lonely couch.

One day, as the old woman was sitting before her hut, she beheld two boys of exceeding beauty approaching by the narrow track, leading from the mountain-road. They appeared weary and sorrowful and upon seeing her demanded the shortest path to the castle. The crone after scrutinizing them for a moment bade them a friendly welcome and offered them refreshments of bread and fruits. The younger of the two, a boy of thirteen, joyfully accepted her offer, but the elder, who might have been between sixteen and seventeen, held his apple in his hand with a dejected air, whilst his eyes were filled with tears. But he endeavoured nevertheless to conceal his sorrow by going to the little well, hewn in the neighbouring rock, where he washed his face in the fresh and crystal water. As the rose is refreshed by the morning dew, so were his cheeks now restored to the ruddy glow of health; whereupon the old woman of the wood regarded him awhile with a look of unwonted

kindness, and then exclaimed. "Come, come, strippling, thou canst not deceive me ! Thou art no boy, but a gentle maiden, clad in mans attire. Confide in me therefore, my children, and tell me where your parents live and what you seek at the castle of Windeck ?"

The children both began to weep, but at length the elder of the two answered :

"Thou hast spoken truly, mother. I am indeed a maiden, my name is Imma von Erstein and this is my brother. We are orphans—Our uncle the Bishop of Strasburg reared us with more than paternal care, but he now lingers a prisoner in yonder castle and we are on our road to implore its lord to liberate our second father."

"Have ye then brought his ransom ?" demanded the old woman.

"Alas !" replied the maiden, drawing a diamond-cross from her bosom, "I have nothing else but this to offer, but we will beg the Lord of Windeck to detain us as hostages, until our uncle shall have paid the ransom."

"Fear not," said the old woman of the wood, smiling at this pious answer, "Your devotion shall not go unrewarded, I will release the Bishop myself," and she parted the curls from the maidens forehead and kissed her brow. "Listen to me, my children !" continued she "The Strasburghers will shortly advance upon the castle and besiege it. Last night I met two spies, who had concealed themselves

in this thicket. After thoroughly reconnoitring the defences of the fortress they discovered its weak side, which is near yonder wood of firs, where the stone cross stands. Hasten therefore to the castle, demand an audience of Sir Reinhard, the young knight of Windeck and tell him, if he values his safety, he must forthwith throw up an entrenchment upon that spot, and that it must be finished before sun set, for, I fear the enemy will be here this very night."

"But will the knight restore our uncle to liberty?" demanded Imma.

"I will intrust you with a ransom that shall insure his freedom," answered the old woman. Thereupon she clapped her hands and instantly her white fowls came flying and running towards her from all sides. Having selected one of the finest, she gave it to Imma saying; "Carry this bird to Sir Reinhard of Windeck and say, in my name, that he must release the Bishop of Strasburg; that will be sufficient."

The children looked at her with astonishment, and thought that she was making sport of their distress. But she again exclaimed. "Do as I bid ye; as soon as the sun has sunk behind the distant hills, the knight must place this hen near the holy cross, where the enemy will make their attack and let him leave the rest to me. He has not sufficient hands in his castle to make the trench broad and deep enough, but my good hen will soon finish it for him."

Having said this she caressed the bird and chanted

in a soft and scarcely audible voice the following mysterious and irregular rhymes.

List ! list ! to what I say
And, at the fall of day,
When all but owls do sleep
Dig, dig—both wide and deep ;
The earth thou must scrape
Until the grave doth gape
And discover a hero's brand
Which doth the rust withstand.
Go ! and ere midnight strike,
Finish the magic dyke."

Imma took the hen, but not without a thrill of terror. However, the open-hearted and friendly manner of the old woman somewhat restored her confidence and gave her courage, though she could not imagine, that a hen could throw up an entrenchment, which was considered impracticable for a body of soldiers. Her brother did not show the slightest signs of fear, but rather rejoiced at the wonderful sight, which the hen would afford him. They then took their leave and set out towards the castle.

Scarcely, however, had they ascended half way up the mountain, on the summit of which stood the fortress, ere they saw the young knight coming towards them. He was of a noble form and although his calm and serious demeanour somewhat terrified the maiden, yet the gentle tone of his voice entirely dispelled her apprehensions.

To his questions, who they were, and what they sought at the castle, Imma answered.

“ Noble knight, my uncle the Bishop of Strasburg, is detained a prisoner in your dungeons. He is our father, for alas ! we have no parents, we therefore humbly implore you to set him at liberty and to keep us as hostages, in his stead. ”

The knight who could not conceal his emotion examined the children, one after the other, until his eyes rested accidentally upon the hen, which Imma carried. She blushed and related in incoherent sentences all the circumstances connected with it.

The Lord of Windeck listened to her attentively and cast on her such a penetrating look, that she was sorely embarrassed, so that she hesitated and could make no answer until her brother stood forward and exclaimed.

“ Imma, that is not what the woman said.”

At these words, Imma felt as if a flame of fire was burning in her countenance. “ Noble maiden,” said the knight “you have come hither under the direction of God and you shall remain here and return home again under the protection of my arm, whenever it shall so please you. Come then and prepare an agreeable surprise for your uncle.”

Whilst Imma and her brother were engaged with the Bishop, the knight proceeded with the preparations for the defence of his castle. He was well aware of the weak part of the fortifications near the fir-wood and had been at work for some days excavating a ditch at that place. — But the time was too short and therefore the message from the woman of

the Wood was very welcome to him, and when he considered all the circumstances, he felt himself inclined to place the greatest confidence in her commands.

When the first stars twinkled in the heavens, he carried the hen to the cross, where his grand father had fallen and had been buried. At the hour of midnight he returned to the spot and found to his utmost astonishment, a deep and broad trench, with a breast-work and by the bright star-light he saw his grand father's sword, which had been laid by his side in the grave, glittering before him. He then turned to look for the magic hen but she had disappeared.

Towards morning the Strasburghers approached in three columns and prepared to storm the battlements, but the trench, made by the hen, defeated their purpose and they were driven back with great slaughter.

In the mean time Imma made a deep impression on the heart of the knight of Windeck, nor was she indifferent to his chivalrous gallantry and noble virtues. But the Bishop who was still detained prisoner would not hear of their union, until he at length obtained his liberty and granted his consent. Imma then became the wife of the Lord of Windeck and the Bishop joined their hands, in the cathedral of Strasburg.

The "hen's ditch" has retained its name, but the tradition, like all other memorials of the olden time, is gradually dying away and would perish altogether were it not for the researches of the traveller and lover of antiquity.

NOTBURGA.

More than a thousand years ago an Emperor held his brilliant court upon the Hornberg. In those days this now desolate spot resounded with mirth and revelry; even the still hours of night were frequently disturbed by the noisy roistings of the court.—But Notburga, the Emperor's only daughter, shared none of these amusements, as they were ill suited to her refined mind and alarmed her piety by their close resemblance to heathen customs. Oppressed as was her breast by the most painful apprehensions, it was not possible for her to enjoy even the most innocent pastimes. Her Otho had gone to the wars and a year had

elapsed since any tidings of his fate had reached her.

When the Emperor remarked his once blooming daughter gradually fading away in all the budding beauty of early youth, he decided in his own mind, that the cause of her declining health could only be the result of some romantic attachment. He therefore called her to him one day and tenderly embracing her addressed her in these words. "Burga, my child, I can no longer bear to see thy silent tears! Let thy cheerfulness and gaiety return. See, I have chosen for thee a fitting consort, the young pagan Prince. Dry up thy tears therefore and let thy heart rejoice. Be prepared, my dear flower, in three days the bridegroom will be here."

This communication filled poor Notburga's soul with secret apprehensions, for she dared not open her heart, and confess the truth to her impetuous and stern father. When the night came, she stood at her casement and gazed upon the moon-illuminated clouds and upon the glittering waves of the Neckar, and then turned her eyes towards the gloomy woods which flanked the far distant mountains. Tears bedewed her cheeks and trickling thence descended on the ramparts. "My Otho, Oh, my Otho," she cried "has some foreign maiden's beauty driven thy Notburga's image from thy recollection? Has thy heart become colder in the land where the sun diffuses greater warmth? Oh, holy Virgin—" continued she, "perhaps he has fallen by the sword of the enemy and already sleeps beneath the green turf? Oh, that I was reposing by his side in the

cold grave ! Alas ! why should I remain alone in the world in which my heart is a stranger ? See how the roses of my youth are faded. Do they think that with my cheeks pale as the lily I can joyfully take my place amidst the guests as a bride, when the chosen of my heart is far away ! Oh that I had now but one faithful soul to lead me to a wilderness, where I might die far removed from the haunts of men, or live in remembrance of thee alone."

Her faithful old servant, Caspar heard her lamentation and pitied her affliction. He called to her therefore from his window below and promised to conduct her over the woody mountain to the secluded chapel of St. Michael, where this pious old man had passed the greater part of his life. "Then," said he "we will consult with him how you may avert this hateful marriage with the pagan Prince."

Thankfully did the distressed Notburga follow her aged guide. They had already passed unseen through the gates of the castle and were near the forest when they heard the sound of hoofs behind them. Uncertain as to whether they were pursued, Notburga looked anxiously round, but her fears were changed into an agreeable surprise when she saw the white stag, which Otho had caught and tamed while yet a fawn.

Bounding joyfully towards her, its countenance illumined with almost human intelligence, it seemed to proffer its services. Notburga sprung on the affectionate animal, which her beloved Otho had sometimes assisted her to mount in former times.

The stag no sooner felt her weight than it proceeded at a rapid pace down the mountain and disappeared with her among the trees of the woody declivity.

Before the trembling Caspar was sufficiently recovered from his astonishment, to think of hastening after or of calling to her, he suddenly saw the stag bound with his fair burden into the Neckar and swim to the opposite side. For awhile he saw Notburga's snowy arm beckoning to him in the moonlight, but she soon disappeared concealed by the dark foliage and the shade of night.

When her absence was made known to the Emperor and he found that none of his servants could give him any information respecting her, he dispatched messengers in all directions to search the banks of the Neckar, whilst he himself mounted his horse and rode out with his retainers to seek her in all the castles and cottages in the neighbourhood. But his search was vain.

The day after her flight, as old Caspar stood at his little window sorrowfully looking through the small round panes, Notburga's stag made its appearance and gazed at him in a supplicating manner. "Ah! couldst thou but speak!" said Caspar as he hastened to cut it a morsel of bread.

But the stag, instead of thankfully nibbling the food as was its custom, bent its head and stretched its antlers towards the trusty old servant. "Ah must I fix it upon them" said he, and he attached the bread to

its horns. The animal then struck its foot against the ground, as if in token of satisfaction and, having gratefully regarded him for a moment, sprang like an arrow from a bow towards the Neckar. On the following day Caspar again stood at his window and the stag returned and again presented his horns, to which a large oak leaf was affixed by an embroidered band which Caspar's wife knew to be Notburga's garter. On examining the leaf the following words were found to be scratched upon it in almost imperceptible characters : "Notburga thanks him who, thro' God's grace, sent her manna in the wilderness."

The tears chased each other down the aged cheeks of Caspar and Else as they deciphered these words. "I was not wrong," exclaimed the former, "the noble beast carried her the bread."

"Can it be possible, O merciful Saviour!" exclaimed Else, "that the tender maiden should have no other nourishment than our dry bread?" Whereupon she hastened to the buttery, fetched some of the best provisions and having fastened them in a cloth, affixed it to the stag's horns, who lost no time in bounding towards the Neckar. The generous animal continued his duties as messenger and purveyor to his lovely mistress with great regularity, and whenever he appeared the old people always furnished him with the best viands they could procure, in return for which he sometimes brought them back a few grateful words, written as formerly upon an oakleaf.

The spring was past and the cuckoo and nightin-

gale were silent, when Notburga's father returned home but without being able to discover any traces of his daughter. At length the visits of the white stag to the castle attracted his attention and as he once saw it standing near the window, while Caspar was loading it with a small basket of ripe summer apples gathered from Notburga's favourite tree; he suddenly approached and demanded an explanation of this strange proceeding.

The Emperor no sooner heard the miraculous story than he called for his swiftest steed, and bidding his train attend him he pursued the stag with all possible speed. He and his whole party drove their spurs into their horses flanks, and plunged after the stag into the rapid stream of the Neckar, which it had no sooner traversed than it disappeared among the underwood on the other side. The Emperor having reached the opposite bank sprang from his horse and followed the animal's track. But his progress was suddenly arrested, for, to his extreme amazement, he saw the stag incline its antlers towards a narrow crevice in the huge rock, whence a white arm instantly protruded itself and untied the basket.

"That must be my daughter's lily arm!" exclaimed the agitated parent. "To none else can such perfect symmetry belong." Saying this he darted forward, and before Notburga could withdraw he seized her hand and retained it in his iron grasp. But when the nimble stag sprung on one side and the Emperor saw the pale countenance of his daughter, his heart

softened and he thus mildly addressed her. "Notburga, beloved child of my heart, return with me again to my castle. All shall be forgotten and thou shalt be mistress there as before."

But Notburga answered: "The Lord has taken to himself all that could constitute my happiness in this world. I have therefore dedicated the rest of my short life to Heaven. Here must I henceforth remain to serve my God." And notwithstanding her father's earnest entreaties she calmly but firmly repeated the same words.

This excited the Emperor's choler to such a degree that he attempted to drag her out of the cave by force, but she placed her other hand upon the simple cross, which she had herself fashioned of pliant willow branches. Enraged at her resistance he pulled with increased violence — until at last, horrible to relate! the maiden's arm separated from her body and remained in his hands. Both he and all his followers were struck with horror at this sight. Blanched with terror and amazement the whole party turned their backs and fled, nor was there one that dared again approach the cave, where the unfortunate Notburga lay bleeding and helpless upon the rock-strewed earth.

But the Lord took compassion upon her and sent a snake, which brought her a bundle of medicinal herbs wherewith to heal the wounds. Inspired and aided by heaven she applied these to the parts and quickly recovered.

From that time forth she was venerated as a saint by all the neighbouring country and whenever a penitent sinner came to the hermit of St. Michaels chapel, the pious monk sent them on a pilgrimage to the blessed Notburga, who forthwith prayed for them and they never failed to return home light hearted and consoled.

At length, at the close of a fine Autumn, as the leaves began to fall from the trees and the variegated tints of the mountains announced the approach of winter, Notburga fell ill and the hand of death smote her. Then it was that heavenly music was heard in the air, and the cherubim descended from heaven on their resplendent wings and bore away the soul of the maiden to a resting place of eternal bliss. But ere her spirit utterly departed she raised her eyes towards the clouds and with a sigh joyfully exclaimed : "Life of my life, I see thou art already there and dost summon me to join thee. I come—I come."—Her beatified soul then quitted its earthly prison and ascended to the abode of never dying happiness. In the mean time the angels wrapped her mortal remains in rich garments and set a royal diadem upon her head. They then placed the coffin on a new carriage, to which they harnessed two milk white oxen, which had never borne the yoke. And when the people collected from the neighbouring valleys to escort the holy relics to their place of rest, the angels of God accompanied the procession, filling the air with a chorus of heavenly music.

Of a sudden, however, the oxen became restive

and refused to advance. This was looked upon as a sign from the Heaven, so the body was lifted from the car and committed to the earth upon the spot where they stood. There the Emperor erected a church and caused a monument to be placed in it to the memory of his sainted child. Notburga's stag was never seen again.



Phidiasman 22

Bartolomeo 10



RODENSTEIN.

“Hold strict watch over the castle during my absence—draw up the bridge, let the sentinels be vigilant and see that the men at arms remain steadfast at their post. In a few days I shall return.”

Thus spoke Hans von Rodenstein to his old and faithful senechal, as he mounted his steed in the court yard of his stately castle which derived its name from the red stone of which it was built. For a short time he might be seen descending the gentle slope of the hill, accompanied by a train of horsemen and sumpter beasts, but ere long he disappeared, concealed by the sombre foliage of the forest paths.

The Elector Palatine, Rupert, called "the Old," did not neglect chivalrous exercises, although he devoted much of his time and treasure to science. For the university of Heidelberg, which vied with the most celebrated schools of Italy and France was founded by him in 1386, and his faithful and wise counsellor, Marsilius von Jugher, was appointed its first rector.

In order therefore to gratify the numerous chivalry of the Palatinate, the Elector had proclaimed a tournament at his magnificent castle of Heidelberg which, both at that period as well as in later times, was remarkable amongst the most splendid palaces of the surrounding Princes, on account of its agreeable situation, its beauty and the extent of its buildings, which were for the most part erected by the Elector himself.

No sooner was this proclamation made known than knights thronged from all quarters; scarcely in fact did a single inhabitant of the numerous castles, whose ruins still continue to adorn the valleys of the Neckar, of the Odenwald and of the trans-rhenane Palatinate, decline the chivalrous appeal. Indeed there were few who did not deem themselves sufficiently strong of arm and sure of eye to gain a prize. Many dames and maidens also of noble birth were seen entering the Prince's hospitable palace, mounted on their richly caparisoned palfreys.

Hans von Rodenstein was not the last to present himself at the festival. There had been a long interval of peace and he was weary of the tedious life he

led in his secluded castle, which lay buried in a woody nook in the Odenwald, where his only diversion by day consisted in chasing the stags and boars that abounded in the mighty forests, which stretch as far as Krumbach and Erbach to Reichelsheim and the Malchenberg, and in drowning the hours of night by drinking and carousing with his wild companions. The knight was of a reckless and violent character, he had been reared amid feuds and the excitements of war. Huntsmen and warriors had been his only companions since the premature loss of his parents; and he now drew towards the close of an uncontrolled and irregular youth without ever having experienced the influence of gentler feelings.

To few therefore were the news from Heidelberg more welcome than to him. On the morning after receiving the notice, he set out and before evening he reached the bridge thrown over the Neckar and found the little city filled with knights and squires, who were attracted thither by the same object. The lists were erected in the court yard of the castle, where many valiant nobles had already presented themselves and had suspended their shields in token of defiance.

The appointed day having arrived, crowds of beautiful women took their stations in the balconies surrounding the lists, in which a very sea of glittering armour, nodding plumes and flashing swords blended together and presented a most splendid and varied scene. The neighing of gallant steeds as they pawed the ground; the running to and fro

of squires, the clashing of knights armour joined to the cries of heralds and umpires and the shouts of the spectators formed a spectacle more gay and animated than any that had been witnessed since the peace.

Among the ladies, whom Rupert's noble consort had assembled round her, none was more fair than the Lady Maria von Hochberg. The eyes of all were attracted towards her and many secretly hoped to receive the prize of valour from her fair hands. Not one of the gallant nobles, however, bore her colours, for she was still disengaged and this was her first appearance in public. Blushes of modesty and embarrassment therefore tinged her cheeks, when she saw the multitude of admiring eyes that were directed towards her, than which none were more ardent than those of the Rodensteiner who experienced an unknown sensation at the sight of this beautiful creature. He had before paid but little regard to female beauty ; but he now felt its power in his rude breast, the more intensely from its having been steeled hitherto by indifference, as securely as by its case of plated mail.

The trumpets having sounded the note of preparation, Rodenstein started from the unwonted reverie into which he had sunk. A desire to distinguish himself above all his competitors burned in his bosom, for he knew that Maria would be a witness of the contest. This feeling nerved his arm with super-human strength, so that more than a dozen brave knights were successively hurled from their saddles by the force of

his unerring lance. At length the lists being exhausted and no one venturing to encounter his powerful arm, the first prize was awarded to him. This consisted of a Milan casque of rich and curious workmanship, which the Electress first received from the hands of a page and then presented it to Maria von Hochberg, requesting her to place it on the head of the victorious combatant. Maria performed this service with mingled grace and modest embarrassment. Hundreds envied the fortunate knight, when he rose from the kneeling position in which, according to custom, he had placed himself and approached the Elector, who greeted him in the most friendly and cordial manner.

From this day Hans von Rodenstein was an altered man. His former restless spirit seemed to have abandoned him. Those who had known him from childhood, were astonished at the change. He often absented himself from his castle during several days—but he did not lurk in the forest, as formerly, watching for foemen and wild deer, for his hours were passed in gentle dalliance in ladies bowers. In short it was not long before he entered the gates of Rodenstein, beneath arches of flowers and verdure and amidst the shouts of his vassals. For at his side rode the angelic form of his beautiful bride Maria von Hochberg, who gained the hearts of all who looked upon her.

Peace, happiness and festivity now reigned in the castle whose halls had formerly only resounded with

the din of war. No couple ever were more faithful or more tender. The man whose thoughts had been hitherto solely occupied with the sports of the field or those of the cup and banquet, seemed now to require and wish for nothing else than undisturbed domestic happiness. The gentle Maria congratulated herself in having effected so great a change in her husband and indignantly disbelieved the stories, which were related of Rodenstein's former dissipated life. But to her sorrow, she was soon destined to find that the demon of evil slumbered, but was not destroyed within him. By degrees he grew weary of passing his life inactively by the side of Maria, whose gentleness and soft caresses had lost their magic influence. His fondness for the chase gradually returned — his visits to the neighbouring castles became more frequent and his former dissipated companions, who had ridiculed and at length deserted him, again assembled within his halls.

Maria perceived that the influence she had formerly held over her husband daily decreased. At first she endeavoured to restrain him by caresses and tender reproaches, but both were ineffectual, so at length she abandoned herself entirely to the silent grief that overwhelmed her heart. She frequently sat whole evenings and even spent half the dreary night watching and wailing, whilst the sound of boisterous revellings rose to her lonely chamber from the vaulted halls below. There Rodenstein banqueted with his profligate companions. He had become in-

different to his lovely wife; her gentle spirit had lost all power over his rekindled and libertine passions.

In this manner Maria passed her tearful and joyless life. The only thing, which supported her sinking spirits was the prospect of soon becoming a mother. She comforted herself with the hope that this tie would be a means of recalling her husband's alienated affections and of reviving the better feelings of his heart. Alas! there is no gleam of hope, however feeble and languid, which is not hailed by the dejected and wretched spirit as a light of deliverance.

One evening as she waited in anxious expectation for her husband, for the day had passed without his having visited her chamber, her waiting maid entered and informed her, that he had ridden out early in the morning, attended by a numerous retinue. On a sudden she heard the clatter of hoofs and the barking of dogs in the court yard, and, in a moment more, the knight appeared before her armed *cap-a-pié*, shaking the very walls with his clanging sword and rattling spurs. Maria, quailed with terror at his appearance, for his eyes rolled wildly and his cheeks and forehead changed alternately from fiery red to deathlike paleness. "Maria," said he roughly, "Maria!" I must remain abroad to night. The knight of the Schnellert has dared to insult me in a manner that can only be washed out with blood. My brave followers stand ready in the court yard.—Nay—attempt not to dissuade me—farewell—I must depart."

The unhappy Lady threw herself despairingly upon

his neck, entreating and conjuring him not to expose his life, but to think of her and the child she bore in her bosom. With a voice half suffocated with emotion she reminded him of the blissful days which they had passed together in that castle and of her subsequent sorrow and solitude. But neither prayers or tears could make any impression upon his iron heart or alter his determination. Indeed when she clung to him in an agony of grief, throwing her arms round his neck and bedewing his armour with her scalding tears, he thrust her brutally from him and cast her senseless upon the floor.

Midnight approached and the Knight of Rodenstein lay concealed with his troop amidst the dense thickets, which surround the Schnellertsburg. He was anxiously awaiting the favourable moment for attacking the strong hold of his enemy, when of a sudden he saw the dark forest illuminated by a bright light, and a pale form, which bore the features of his ill-treated wife, appeared before him carrying a dead child in her arms and then vanished, casting upon him a mournful glance, which pierced his inmost soul and chilled the very marrow of his bones.

The awful vision not only announced the death of his once adored Maria but appeared before him as if to reproach him with having murdered both her and her innocent child. Stung with remorse, Rodenstein threw himself upon the ground and wept in bitter agony — but in another instant he was aroused by the clash of armour and by the battle cry of the ad-

vancing enemy. His adversary, the brave Lord of Schnellertsburg, had been apprized of his hostile intentions and had watched his movements. Having collected a powerful body of men at arms, he had availed himself of the darkness to surprize his foe, whom he thus surrounded and attacked with overwhelming numbers. Rodenstein and his vassals fought like lions at bay, but a blow, which he received in the forehead, at length laid him lifeless on the blood stained ground. Upon this his followers lost courage and taking to flight surrendered his castle to pillage.

The neighbouring convent bells had scarcely tolled twelve upon the following midnight, ere the inhabitants of the Odenwald were aroused from their slumbers and struck with consternation, by the most hideous and extraordinary apparitions. Frightful noises and howlings arose around and over the Rodenstein. A spectre horseman with a ghastly countenance, like that of the slaughtered knight, was seen scudding wildly through the air, mounted upon a coal black steed whose nostrils snorted fire and whose hoofs rung with the dire echo of rolling thunder. At his heels came a thousand hellish fiends of horrid and fantastic shapes, some half resembling men, some beasts, some dogs, who pursued him, until the crowing of the village cocks announced the approach of day.

Each night at the same hour did this awful vision invariably return and thus has it appeared ever and anon, leaving the miserable horseman neither rest or repose from his torments.

The peasants of the neighbourhood crossed themselves in terror as they listened to the infernal uproar of the wild chase, which is said to presage some dire misfortune to those who hear it. The history of Rodenstein and his inhuman conduct is still the subject of converse to the present day with the inhabitants of the Odenwald, who point out his fate as an example to their children.

Upon leaving the neighbourhood of Erbach, so rich in antiquities and works of art, the traveller will do well to pass through the village of Krumbach to visit divers wonders of nature, that abound in the vicinity. Amongst these are the granit-column and the Felsberg. There also he will find the ruins of Rodenstein embosomed in the deepest solitude of the forest and still crowning a low hill not far from Reichelsheim. It is nearly two centuries since the family to which it once belonged became extinct, but the story of the wild huntsman is still related by old and young, and causes this sequestered spot and its deserted ruins to be regarded with no ordinary sentiments of awe and curiosity.

FINIS.

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PRINTED FOR HAUMAN AND CO — BY DELTOMBE.
Rue du Nord, N. 8. Brussels.

575339

